The Outlook

VOLUME 100 MARCH 23, 1912 NUMBER 12

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

Copyright, 1912, by the Outlook Company

Cover Design by Edward Edwards
Enforcing Monopoly by Law 599
The Mine Labor Situation 600
The Pre-Nomination Campaign 601
Presidential Primaries 602
Delegates to the National Conventions. 603
Senator La Follette's Doctrines 603
President Taft on the Recall of Judges. 604
President Taft on the Recall of Decisions 604
Mexico and the United States 605
The Mutiny of the Chinese Troops 606
"Mona" 606
"The Jewels of the Madonna" 606
New York's "Little Theater" 608
Mr. John Galsworthy 608
The Director of Columbia's School of Journalism 609
"Punch" 609
Newspaper Misrepresentation 610
A Lenten Thought: Corporate Repentance 611
Revolution in Russia and in China 612
Light in the Darkness 614
The Third Term: A Poll of the Press. 615
The Right of the People to Rule 618
By Theodore Roosevelt
On the Trail of the Red Letter 627
By Harold J. Howland
Glass Houses 640
By James Oppenheim
The Founder of Chautauqua 648
Two Indian Stories: A Man and The Gift 650
By Grace Coolidge
The Sun and His Family 656
By Garrett P. Serviss
The Island of Desire 666
By Robert Haven Schauffler
Fish, Fur and Forest—And a Few Other Things 674
By W. D. Hulbert
What Toledo Did 684
The Cyclops of Trade:
The Menace of Cyclops 685
By Frank Y. Gladney
What Shall We Do with Cyclops? ... 690
By Lyman Abbott
The Woman of Two Professions 693
By Helene Buhlert Magee
April (Poem) 697
By Pauline F. Camp
The Spectator 698
The New Books 699
By the Way 702

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Outlook Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent Two Weeks before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

RENEWALS. The date opposite your name on the yellow label which appears on your copy of The Outlook shows to what date your subscription has been paid. Your renewal should be received two weeks before the date of expiration thus indicated, to prevent any interruption in your receipt of The Outlook.

COPYRIGHT. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising must be received two weeks before the Saturday on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago Office, 122 South Michigan Boulevard London Office, 3 Regent Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delicate though they are—made of sheer lawn, linen, swiss, fine net, some of them of lace—the vestments of church choirs must be kept spotlessly white and, when used, must be laundered every week.

The fact that Ivory Soap is used to wash them is but another instance of the widespread recognition of its value.

Ivory Soap cleanses without injuring the fabric, because it is absolutely pure soap.

How to Wash Sheer Materials to Lengthen their Life

Use water that is warm, not hot, and if the water is hard, soften with borax. Make a thick lather with Ivory Soap. The soap should never be rubbed on the fabric. Soak the pieces thoroughly in the lather; then rub the spots gently with the hands, "sousing" the material up and down in the suds. Rinse in several warm waters, until all traces of the soap are gone. Rinse once again in boiling water, followed immediately by rinsing in as cold water as you can obtain. Dry in the sun, if possible.

Ivory Soap . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

MARCH 23, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

ENFORCING MONOPOLY BY LAW

No recent decision of the United States Supreme Court has excited more discussion than that of last week in the mimeograph case. Briefly, the facts are these: The A. B. Dick Company, of Chicago, make a patented mimeograph, or apparatus for duplicating copies of documents. With every machine they sell they make what they call an agreement by notice with the purchaser of the machine, stipulating that he is not to use with it ink or materials except those prescribed by the A. B. Dick Company. This notice or license is stamped on each machine. It might seem that such a restriction is in itself questionable, but the manufacturers went a great deal further than this; they maintained that if a stationer or a rival manufacturer or anybody else sold to purchasers, to be used on their machine, other ink than that prescribed, this third party was guilty of violating the patent rights of the A. B. Dick Company and liable to prosecution for infringement. To test the point, persons interested in it had a machine bought by a woman detective, and the complainant in the case sold to her ink to be used in the machine. The Supreme Court, by a vote of four Justices against three, upheld what seems the extraordinary contention of the A. B. Dick Company. They state that the mere selling of other ink than that specified in the license to a user of this machine was a violation of the Dick Company's patent rights, provided the seller of the ink knew of the company's restriction by notice or license. The four Justices who concurred in this opinion were Justices Lurton, McKenna, Holmes, and Vandeventer. The three other Justices, Chief Justice White, Justice Hughes, and Justice Lamar, dissented, and the opinion of Chief Justice White was vigorous and full of sympathy for the rights of the public as opposed to the establishing of monopoly. The Ghief Justice declared that "the inevitable result of the Court's holding would be to declare that a patent protected a use which it did not embrace"—that is, "that the patentee has the power by contract to extend his patent rights so as to bring within the claims of his patent things which are not embraced therein, thus virtually legislating by causing the patent laws to cover subjects to which, without the exercise of the right of contract, they could not reach, the result being not only to multiply monopolies at the will of the interested party, but also to destroy the jurisdiction of the State courts over subjects which from the beginning have been within their authority." With not a little warmth the Chief Justice added that such a decision "curtails the rights of States, reaching into the home of every man." And he carried on by homely illustrations his *reductio ad absurdum*, saying that under this reasoning a patentee of a cooking-stove might prosecute for infringement if food not bought as specified by him were cooked on the stove. The Chief Justice suggested that at least the dissenting opinions of himself and the other two members of the Court who concurred with him might serve as an "antidote for the poison;" that is, that they might promote new legislation. Already steps have been taken in Congress toward amending the patent laws in the direction indicated, and it is probable that a rehearing before the Supreme Court will be asked for and granted when the whole bench can give its attention to the case. It ought to be pointed out that because a law is bad it does not follow that the Supreme Court should set it aside. It is always possible for a legislative body to pass laws which must be upheld by the courts, even although they are contrary to public interest; on the other hand, although the legislative body must not be relieved entirely from responsibility, knowledge of life and devotion to human justice must actuate the court. If the pres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent law is a support to monopoly and a hindrance to the enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, it cannot be too quickly changed.

THE MINE LABOR SITUATION

In Great Britain, in Germany, and in the United States the industrial disputes between coal-miners and coal-owners continue to be serious, and to affect or endanger the interests and comfort of private consumers, manufacturers, and wage-earners in industries dependent directly or indirectly on the coal supply. In Great Britain earnest efforts by the Government to bring about an agreement between strikers and owners last week failed to effect peace. In Germany some 300,000 miners are on strike, and troops have been sent to places where disorder has existed. In the United States the mine-owners have flatly refused the demands of the miners. It is thought that the latter may modify their demands. The present agreement expires on April 1, and unless a new one is made by that date the coal-consuming public may expect at least a suspension of mining operations by the 180,000 employees in all the anthracite collieries. This may continue as long as six weeks or two months, with the possibility of its developing into a strike if finally the representatives of the operators and mine employees cannot agree as to wages and terms of employment. It is generally believed that the operators will make no important concessions beyond present wages and terms of work. These were determined nine years ago by the award of the Anthracite Commission appointed by President Roosevelt. To understand the present demands, therefore, reference to its findings is necessary. The demands before the Commission were four in number: A twenty per cent increase in wages, a twenty per cent reduction in the hours of labor, the establishing of a weighing system for wage payment with 2,240 pounds as a ton, and recognition of the union, including arbitration of grievances. The Commission granted an increase of ten per cent in wages and a reduction in the hours of work from ten to nine hours, the latter being equivalent to another increase in wages of about ten per cent. As to the third demand, while the Commission continued the methods in vogue for the payment of coal mined "unless changed by mutual agreement," nevertheless it recognized that the car system gave opportunities for "unfairness on the part of the operators." It did not change these methods because it could discover no other plan by which opportunity for mistakes or injustice could be removed. It expressed the hope, however, that through mutual agreement on the part of operators and miners "some improved method of payment" might be secured. It recommended as a part of this scheme check-weighing and check-docking bosses to be paid by the miners themselves. As to the fourth demand of the miners before the Commission, there is much misrepresentation and misunderstanding of the award of that body. It did not consider "that the question of the recognition of the United Mine Workers of America is within the scope of the jurisdiction conferred upon it by the submission," notwithstanding that both operators and miners recognized this issue as "one of the most important involved in the controversy" which culminated in the memorable strike of 1902. Therefore "the Commission is constrained to decline making an award which would compel an agreement by the operators with the United Mine Workers of America," for "it is not a party to this submission. . . . It is the striking mine-workers who appear before the Commission," although their representatives were in reality the officials of that labor organization. Thus the submission of the matters in dispute before the Commission was as between the operators and their employees, "whether the latter belong to a union or not," so that the Commission could not in fairness have made an award that would have bound non-union men in an agreement between the mining companies and the union. The Commission, nevertheless, approved of the principle of the trade agreement based upon the doctrine of collective bargaining for which the miners' union contended, and which recognition of the union embodied, although even in this the Commission "does not see that, under the terms of the submission from which the powers of the Commission are derived, such an agreement can be made to take the place of, or become part of, its award." Nevertheless it created the Board of Conciliation, of which the three presidents of the district unions became members as representing the employees. The working of the Board of Conciliation is highly approved by the mine-owners in their reply to the miners' demands, and it is argued that to recognize the United Mine Workers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(which includes both anthracite and bituminous miners) would substitute an unpractical way of dealing with disputes for one that has proved fair and wise. The Roosevelt Commission indorsed in principle the claim of the employee to the right to organize and be represented by his union officials.

THE BOARD OF CONCILIATION

The demands of the anthracite miners include one for "a more convenient and uniform system of adjusting local grievances within a reasonable time limit." It was for this purpose that the Roosevelt Commission created the Board of Conciliation. The miners now by implication demand the abolition of this very same Board because it is not, they claim, a satisfactory method. To this is joined a demand for an agreement for one instead of for three years. The Board's authority is limited to the settlement of "any difficulty or disagreement" arising under the Commission's award, and cannot be extended to new causes of controversy or differences. In consequence, the miners are thoroughly dissatisfied and discontented with its operation. But for the evident willingness of the representatives of both operators and miners to work out some kind of a satisfactory solution to the innumerable questions that have come before them, the whole industrial machinery created by the Strike Commission's award would long since have been wrecked. To-day we have the anomalous situation of finding the mine employees, upon whose demand the Board was created, asking for its abolition, while the operators, who fought so bitterly and so determinedly against the injection into the industry of any such idea of industrial democracy as is represented in the Conciliation Board, are just as strongly favoring its continuance. In the creation of this Board the miners' union won a great victory and achieved a marked advance towards establishing in the anthracite industry a limited form of industrial democracy. Until the Board came into existence the employees had no tribunal or authority before which they could present their grievances and have their side of the case argued, and from which they could secure substantial justice amid the conflicting interests. This the Board has brought to the mine-workers. It has not been a perfect piece of industrial machinery, because fallible human powers cannot create this, but it has guaranteed to the toilers in the mines a much greater degree of industrial justice than they had ever before been able to secure. As to the operators, no other one event in all the history of anthracite mining, with the possible exception of the corporate organization of the production and distribution of hard coal, has brought to the owners of the industry greater advantages than the creation of this Board. If it had done nothing else, the advantage that has come through its control over the causes or source of strikes and lockouts would alone justify its existence and prove its great value. Before its establishment serious strikes and lockouts through the most petty of causes were frequent and quite general; since its operation these usually useless and costly industrial disturbances have been reduced to the minimum. This has brought greater certainty in production and more steady employment. Surely, in view of all this, there must be some way to harmonize the present differences between the operators and miners over the continuance of this Board. A piece of industrial machinery that has proved of such great value to the operators, the miners, and the public must not be destroyed or abolished; if necessary, it should be modified or reconstructed to meet changed conditions.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

We do not share the feelings of those who regret the activities and agitations of the present pre-nomination campaign. If it can be kept free from personalities, the discussion of great public policies ought to be and will be educational. Many of the campaign speeches exhibit a spirit of reasoning and argument which has not always been characteristic of American political campaigns. One such speech is that of ex-Ambassador Oscar S. Straus, which was delivered at Manchester, New Hampshire, on Friday evening, March 8. Mr. Straus is frankly supporting the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, but in his speech he makes three points which are worth the serious consideration of any citizen, Democratic, Republican, Prohibitionist, or Socialist. He is of the opinion, and we agree with him, that the coming Presidential campaign is more important than any other since the Civil War, because it concerns a distinct stage in our National growth. "Our country," he says, repeating the interesting point he has made before.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"has passed through two distinct stages in its development. They were political—first, its National Construction Period under the Fathers, then the Civil Rights or Preservative Period; and now we are in the third stage, the Period of Social Justice." In selecting men who are to pilot us through this stage we must not forget that "one of the cardinal principles of our democracy is that 'public office is a public trust,' and not a debt due any man or the prerogative of any man." Mr. Straus goes on to say that the founders of this Government had this principle (enunciated by President Cleveland in epigrammatic form) clearly in mind when they framed the Constitution. "By Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that no person holding any office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed as a Presidential elector. The purpose of this provision clearly was to prevent choosing a President, or re-electing one, without regard for the welfare of the people, but with regard to such electors' personal interest, in order to prolong their continuance in office." Mr. Straus urges that if our fathers had foreseen the modern use of Presidential patronage for political ends, they would have forbidden it in the Constitution as distinctly as they forbade the prostitution of the Electoral College to political ends. Referring to what has been done in the South by many Presidents, and in a very marked degree by President Taft, who, as he reported, recently withdrew ten nominations for postmaster in North Carolina in order to influence politicians in that State, Mr. Straus says: "One thing is clear—that this practice of a President using the power of office-holders to gain a renomination should be effectually prohibited in accordance with the spirit, if not the very provisions, of the Constitution itself." It is on this ground, remembering that such methods deservedly defeated President Harrison for re-election, "that the Progressives insist upon preferential primaries for the election of delegates to the National Convention." The third point upon which Mr. Straus touches is not so important, but it is at least of distinct human interest. Those who oppose Mr. Roosevelt's nomination on the ground that if elected to the Presidency he would be elected to a third term, often refer to what they believe to be Washington's condemnation of a third Presidential term. Mr. Straus quotes from a letter of Washington to Lafayette, dated April 28, 1788, in which the Presidency is referred to in the following words:

> I confess I differ widely myself from Mr. Jefferson and you as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that appointment. . . . There cannot, in my judgment, be the least danger that the President will, by any practical intrigues, ever be able to continue himself one moment in office, much less perpetuate himself in it. . . . Under an extended view of this part of the subject I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who, on some great emergency, shall be deemed universally capable of serving the public.

We repeat in this connection what was said in this journal by its present editor-in-chief thirty years ago—there is no objection to three terms or thirty terms as long as the people have free access to the primaries and the polls.

PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES

The Presidential primary is the logical outgrowth of the direct primary for the election of State officers. The increasingly widespread interest in the Presidential primary is indicated by the proposals which have been laid before the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Michigan, Kentucky, Maryland, and South Carolina, and in Congress for the benefit of the District of Columbia; also by the proposals about to be laid before the Legislatures of Maine and Ohio. The bill before the Kentucky Legislature was, we regret to say, defeated; those which have been favorably considered by the Massachusetts and Michigan Legislatures have been changed, the one to a more radical and the other to a more conservative form. In Massachusetts the reform measure passed by the State Legislature was signed by Governor Foss one minute after it reached him. In Michigan the Conservatives, unable to defeat the proposed measure, have effected a compromise conceding a popular system of electing delegates, but changing the date of the primary from April to a date in June, a week before the meeting of the National Convention. In addition to the above legislative reforms, it should be reported that South Dakota, Louisiana, Florida, and Rhode Island are to hold informal Presidential primaries by party action. The States which have established Presidential primaries by law are New Jersey, Wisconsin, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, and California. But in some other States the primary election laws are of help to the principle of the direct

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presidential primary. In Pennsylvania, for instance, each candidate for delegate to the National Convention has a right to have printed after his name on the official ballot, in the space provided for that purpose, the name of the Presidential candidate whom he will support at that Convention.

DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

To the Republican National Convention at Chicago, June 18, between one and two hundred delegates have already been elected. They come from districts of Alabama, the District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Michigan, Missouri, Oklahoma, the Philippines, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. Of the delegates so far chosen, those announced to be for President Taft equal about a quarter of the number necessary to name the successful Presidential candidate. There will be 1,076 delegates at the Republican National Convention, and 539—a bare *majority*—will be necessary to a choice. On the other hand, in the Democratic National Convention a two-thirds majority will be necessary to a choice. That Convention takes place on June 25, a week later than the Republican, and at Baltimore. It is interesting to note that a Democratic National Convention is to meet at Baltimore for the first time since 1860. It is still more interesting to note that it was in Baltimore that the first political gathering worthy the name of a party convention met. That was in 1831. From that time until 1872 a number of interesting National Conventions were held at Baltimore, none more so than the Republican Convention of 1864, which renominated Abraham Lincoln.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S CAMPAIGN DOCTRINES

Senator La Follette, whose candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination has recently been quiescent, has re-entered the pre-Convention campaign. On Thursday of last week he issued a campaign platform, stating briefly his position on those issues which he regarded as uppermost at the present time. He avowed his belief in the Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall, and Direct Nominations and Elections, and the extension of these from the States to the Nation; in graduated income and inheritance taxes; in Government ownership and operation of Alaskan railways and coal mines, and of an Alaskan steamship line through the Panama Canal; in the parcels post; in Government operation of the express business at cost (he does not distinguish between this and the parcels post, except by expressing belief in Government ownership of express companies); in physical valuation of railways and the extension of the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, with specific reference to ascertaining the source of railway capitalization; in a commission to ascertain the facts concerning trusts, and specifically concerning the reasonable valuation of their physical property; and in a tariff commission to secure information as to cost of production and profits and the reduction of tariff rates to the difference between labor costs here and abroad. Senator La Follette thinks that a single board of experts, responsible to Congress, could get information both with regard to the trusts and the tariff. He expresses his opposition to ship subsidies, to extravagance in the provisions for National defense (suggesting an unprejudiced commission to report the real requirements); to the so-called "dollar diplomacy;" to the Aldrich currency scheme; and to the Canadian reciprocity plan as it was drawn up by the present Administration. In giving forth this platform, Senator La Follette turns his guns upon Mr. Roosevelt by stating that when he became President the total stock and bond issues of combinations and trusts amounted to only $3,784,000,000, and "when he turned the country over to Taft" this had increased to $31,672,000,000, of which "more than seventy per cent was water." It is evident that Mr. La Follette regards himself as an opponent of both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt. It is interesting to note that of two important matters which are just now under discussion the country over Mr. La Follette makes no mention—the relation between capital and labor, and the relation of the judiciary to questions of social reform. It is possible that his omission to speak of these two subjects may be accounted for by the fact that he regards them as implicit in the Trust question and the question of the Recall respectively; or it may be that their omission is due to the fact that he regards neither of them as of prime importance. Senator La Follette's position on the Trust question, which he emphasizes, is based on the assumption that combination on a large scale is in itself an evil. This is clear from his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reference to the growth of capitalization in combinations. Senator La Follette belongs to that group composed both of Republicans and of Democrats who believe that the cure for the Trust question lies in the disorganization of industry. In this respect his views more nearly approach those of Mr. Bryan than those of any other National leader in this country, though, anomalous as it may seem, the one man the country regards as having taken more active steps toward the disorganization of business than any other single individual is that member of the present Administration with whom the Progressives in both parties have least sympathy, Attorney-General Wickersham. It is a curious state of affairs which practically unites in a single general tendency three so diverse public men as Mr. Bryan, Mr. Wickersham, and Senator La Follette.

PRESIDENT TAFT ON THE RECALL OF JUDGES

Our courts do their work expensively and inefficiently. Our judges are sometimes strangely unresponsive to the popular will. There is need of reform. Among other eminent lawyers President Taft concedes this need. In his recent speech at Toledo he admitted that, in addition to "the law's delays," courts had sometimes unduly broadened Constitutional restrictions to invalidate useful statutes, or had given a wrong construction to the statutes: "Indeed, I do not hesitate to say that I do not concur in the reasoning of certain courts of last resort as to the Constitutional validity of certain social reform statutes, and I am very anxious that the remedies proposed in those statutes should be given effective operation." But—

> Government by unanimous vote of the electorate is impossible, and therefore the majority of the electorate must rule. We find, therefore, that government by the people is, under our present system, government by a majority of one-fourth of those whose rights and happiness are to be affected by the course and conduct of the government. This is the nearest to a government by the whole people we have ever had.

The judiciary, the President points out, is the branch of government whose special duty is to accord equal justice to the minority and majority, to non-voters and voters. Mr. Taft recognizes the fundamental fact that judges, like other public officers, are servants of the people and are bound to execute the sovereign popular will. "But the judiciary are not representative," says the President, "in any such sense" as the legislative or executive. "It is a complete misunderstanding of our form of government," the President contends, "or of any kind of government that exalts justice and righteousness, to assume that judges are bound to follow the will of a majority of an electorate in respect of the issue for their decision." As to the recall of judges, the President declared that "there could not be a system better adapted to deprive the judiciary of that independence without which the liberty and other rights of the individual cannot be maintained against the Government and the majority." But how are we going to get rid of bad judges unless we recall them? Under our present system there is remedy by impeachment. But that is said to be too cumbersome. "Well, amend the procedure of impeachment," said the President. "Create a tribunal for the removal of judges for cause. Give them an opportunity to be heard, and by an impartial tribunal; but do not create a system by which, in the heat of disappointment over a lost cause, the defeated litigants are to decide without further hearing or knowledge whether the judge who decides against them is to continue in office."

PRESIDENT TAFT ON THE RECALL OF DECISIONS

The President then examined the other method proposed by Mr. Roosevelt for the reform of the judiciary. That is a recall, or a popular review, of decisions. By this method, when the Supreme Court of a State has found a law, intended to secure public benefit, to be invalid because it infringes some Constitutional limitations, the decision may be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors, and if a majority of them differ with the Court and reverse the decision, the law is to be regarded and enforced as valid and Constitutional, always subject to the United States Supreme Court's veto. "I have examined this proposed method of reversing judicial decisions on Constitutional questions with care," President Taft said. "I do not hesitate to say that it lays the ax at the foot of the tree of well-ordered freedom, and subjects the guarantees of life, liberty, and property without remedy to the fitful impulse of a temporary majority of an electorate." In the President's opinion, what this recall of decisions will then amount to, if applied to Constitutional questions, is that there will be a suspen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion of the Constitution to enable a temporary majority of the electorate to enforce a popular but invalid act. Would not such a system, asks he, lead to popular judgments turning not so much on the Constitutional points at issue as upon the material interests to be affected by the verdict? Thus, he concludes, instead of amending the Constitution so as to cover an entire range of cases, we would be suspending the Constitution to fit the requirements of individual instances. Furthermore, the President pronounces fallacious the argument that if the people are competent to establish a Constitution they are competent to interpret it, and that the recall of decisions is nothing but the exercise of the power of interpretation:

> The approval of general principles in a Constitution on the one hand, and the interpretation of a statute and consideration of its probable operation in a particular case, and its possible infringement of a general principle, on the other hand, are very different things.
>
> The one is simple, the latter complex; and the latter, when submitted to a popular vote, is much more likely to be turned into an issue of general approval or disapproval of the act on its merits for the special purpose of its enactment than upon its violation of the Constitution.
>
> Moreover, a popular majority does not adopt a Constitution, or any principle of it, or amend its terms, until after it has been adopted by a Constitutional Convention or a Legislature; and the final adoption is, and ought to be, surrounded with such checks and delays as to secure deliberation.

In bringing his argument to a conclusion, the President agrees that we are progressing toward greater equality of opportunity, and that we ought to limit the breadth of Constitutional guarantees to property. He says finally:

> But if we do it, let us do it deliberately, understanding what we are doing, and with full consideration and clear weighing of what we are giving up of private right for the general welfare. Let us do it under circumstances which shall make the operation of the change uniform and just, and not depend on the feverish, uncertain, and unstable determination of successive votes on different laws by temporary and changing majorities.
>
> Such a proposal as this is utterly without merit or utility, and instead of being progressive is reactionary; instead of being in the interest of all the people and of the stability of popular government, is sowing the seeds of confusion and tyranny.

Whatever views may be held as to the judiciary, the President's speeches should certainly be included in the matter to be consulted by every one who would be well informed on the subject. On another page we print Mr. Roosevelt's Carnegie Hall speech, in which he takes up these points.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

Congress and the President acted with unanimity and speed last week in taking measures to cut off one probable cause of trouble between this country and Mexico. A joint resolution was passed by both branches of Congress and signed by the President, which takes, as regards all American countries, new ground in international relations. Under the principles of international law as understood by the great nations, it is forbidden to citizens of one country to prepare an expedition or raise armed forces with a view to invasion of another country; but there is no recognized prohibition against the sale of arms in the regular course of commerce by the citizens of one country to citizens or subjects of another, and this regardless of the question whether the purchasers are or are not in arms against their government. It has been, therefore, the right of the Government of Mexico, for instance, to seize arms intended for insurrectionists when found within the borders of Mexico, but it has not been the duty of the United States to prevent the passage of arms from one country to the other in the regular course of trade. Now Congress in effect takes the stand that the relation of the United States to the smaller republics on this side the Atlantic is radically different from the relation of the United States to the European countries. This is so because of the responsibility placed upon us by the Monroe Doctrine, and the fact that the world, in some measure at least, looks to us to see that anarchy does not prevail in the smaller republics. The resolution declares: "That whenever the President shall find that in any American country conditions of domestic violence exist which are promoted by the use of arms or munitions of war procured from the United States, and shall make proclamation thereof, it shall be unlawful to export, except under such limitations and exceptions as the President shall prescribe, any arms or munitions of war from any place in the United States to such country, until otherwise ordered by the President or by Congress;" and President Taft immediately issued such a proclamation as is described in the joint resolution, and hereafter shipment of arms and ammunition of war into Mexico will be prevented by every possible means. Already our Government has taken strenuous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action to prevent filibustering and violations of neutrality, and has announced its determination not to permit hostilities in Mexico to endanger the lives or property of American citizens on our side of the border. The situation is a delicate one, largely because of the excitement and love of adventure of many of our Texan citizens, but the calm and cool yet determined attitude of our Government will go far to prevent a state of things which would look toward intervention; and in Mexico itself the leaders of all factions are very much alive to the fact that it would be a serious and deplorable thing for incidents to occur which would make anything like intervention even possible.

THE MUTINY OF THE CHINESE TROOPS

Last week in China a monarchist rebel army advanced towards Peking. The position of Yuan Shi-kai, the President of the new Republic, is thus doubly precarious. He is forced to depend chiefly upon the old Imperial troops to maintain order in the capital, yet it is feared that, at the first sign of success by the invading army, these soldiers would turn against the new Government. On the other hand, Yuan has still to reckon with the mutinous troops which have disturbed four principal cities of Chili, the metropolitan province: namely, Peking, the capital of China; Paoting, the capital of Chili; Tungchau, the military headquarters, and Tientsin, the port. The cause of these outbreaks of lawlessness is evident. The Chinese have long despised military service. Even officers, save in the highest grades, have had a low social status, while the common soldiers have been drawn from the dregs of the population. Several years ago an earnest effort was begun to secure a higher grade of men, and with some success; but the regular troops, as a class, still remain under more or less popular stigma. Naturally irritated at the persistence of this prejudice, they are specially irritated now, both because their pay is in arrears and because they fear that peace will mean their disbandment in a penniless condition. The readiness with which long-established authority in China was overthrown doubtless loosened the bonds of military discipline, and Chinese cupidity was aroused by the ease with which the hoarded wealth of nobles and merchants could be had for the taking. As to the suspicion that possibly some of Yuan Shi-kai's own adherents may have had a hand in the mutiny, it is well known that, in common with many other competent observers, Yuan doubts whether China is ready for a republican form of government, and that, in particular, he resisted the wishes of the provisional assembly at Nanking that he go to that city to be inaugurated President, thus virtually recognizing that his present position and power emanate solely from the rump assembly set up in central China. As a matter of fact, his position and power emanate from other sources also. Hence he may not have been averse to having conditions developed which could strengthen his contention that he could not go to Nanking because the situation in Peking imperatively required his presence there. The fact that so little apparent effort was made to crush the mutiny, despite the tens of thousands of troops within easy reach of Peking, strengthens this supposition. On the other hand, so wise a man as Yuan could hardly have had anything to do with the atrocities that have been committed, even if some misguided adherents may have fomented them. At all events, Yuan finally compelled the Nanking authorities to consent to his inauguration at Peking, and last week that ceremony took place there.

"MONA"

On March 14 took place in New York City the long-heralded first performance of the prize opera "Mona." Both the composer of the music, Dr. Horatio Parker, and the author of the libretto, Mr. Brian Hooker, were present and were called to the stage, with the singers and the conductor, Mr. Hertz, and applauded with great enthusiasm. The fact that both Dr. Parker and Mr. Brian are Americans gave to their reception the character of a patriotic demonstration; and the fact that Dr. Parker is head of the Music Department of Yale gave to many of the friends of that University a special occasion of rejoicing. Aside from these adventitious elements, moreover, the occasion was an unusual one, for this music drama is in many respects remarkable. The libretto has distinct poetic value, and the music is noteworthy. We shall refer to this opera in a future issue.

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA:" THE STORY OF THE OPERA

When Wagner chose mediæval Nuremberg for the setting of his "Meistersinger," he not only wrote a fable for critics in terms of immortal song and reproduced humanly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and pictorially the life of a free city in the day of the guilds—he wrought the very soul of Germany into music. So far there has only been one Wagner. But many successful studies in "atmosphere" and "local color" have been made in opera, including what might be called the spirit of cities. Charpentier's "Louise" was an interesting musical dramatization of the spell of Paris, and now Wolf-Ferrari, an Italian with a Teutonic strain in his blood, has presented a vivid picture of Neapolitan street life in his "Jewels of the Madonna." This opera, which was produced in Chicago in January by the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company under the composer's supervision, had its first New York performance on March 5. The story conceived by Wolf-Ferrari, although the verse was not written by him, is more picturesque and dramatic than pleasant, but it is, no doubt, typical. Briefly, it tells of the love of Gennaro, a blacksmith, for Maliella, a child of the streets, adopted by his mother. By natural affinity she responds instead to the bold wooing of the Camorrist Rafaele, who swears he will steal for her the jewels of the Madonna—the most heinous crime that could present itself to the Neapolitan imagination. This wild boast she repeats to Gennaro, whose devotion she despises and repels. Gennaro, blinded by love and jealousy, steals away to rob the shrine himself. While he is gone Rafaele comes to serenade Maliella. A passionate love scene ensues, and the act closes with the return of the unhappy Gennaro with the stolen jewels, and the girl's dazed acceptance of his love, although she cares only for Rafaele. In the last act Maliella follows Rafaele to the Camorrist den, where he is rioting with his friends. Having heard her story, he spurns her violently. Gennaro rushes in, confessing his crime. The superstitious Neapolitans, discovering the Madonna's jewels on her neck as she lies upon the floor, where Rafaele has thrown her, curse them both and flee in terror. Maliella flings herself into the sea, and Gennaro, piteously offering up the stolen jewels upon the shrine—which, according to Italian custom, stands even in that place of crime—implores forgiveness, then stabs himself, and, as he dies, the picture of the Virgin is illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, signifying that his prayer for forgiveness is answered at the last minute of his unhappy and guilty life.

THE MUSIC OF "THE JEWELS"

For this story of love, superstition, and sin the composer found no occasion to employ the brilliant, sparkling Mozartian style that so deliciously expressed the dainty comedy of "The Secret of Susanne," but it is music full of the atmosphere of the South and the color of Neapolitan folk songs. It is Naples from the moment the curtain rises showing the group of houses with their irregular patches of color, sea- and sun-stained against the blue water and the curving line of the shore following the bay. It is the day of a *festa*, a scene of confetti and tempestuous gayety. The street cries are used somewhat as Charpentier employed the more discordant intervals of the Paris venders in "Louise." We hear the strain of an accordion, the tinkle of a mandolin, the chime of church bells sounding as they do across water. We see a procession of chanting priests and nuns bearing the relics and images winding slowly along the road by the sea—everything to make the lover of Italy homesick. It is music full of the sparkle of the sea, the blue of the sky, the warmth of the sunshine. Wolf-Ferrari's treatment of the intenser themes, the darker notes, when the moment comes to employ them, does not suggest Puccini or Mascagni. Less passionate and vivid in color than either of them, he uses neither the simple continuous flowing melody of the one nor the Wagnerian scheme of leading motives adopted by the other. The impression received from a first hearing is that of a less obvious means and a cooler note than are characteristic of his modern musical compatriots. There is less fire and sweep, but at the same time we are always conscious of a musicianship that is both subtle and masterly. The melodies are not reminiscent even when written in the manner of the Neapolitan popular song. It is "straight music," composed in the harmonic manner, without freaks or mannerisms or strainings after bizarre effects, yet the composer has shown himself able to use the means of modern music when he wishes to achieve certain effects, as, for example, the sense of desecration, awe, and foreboding conveyed in the orchestral delineation of the scene where Gennaro enters with the stolen jewels. It is music that tells the story without aid of the text. The serenade in the second act, although very popular, is full of the fascination of the Italian rhythms on picked strings heard in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

night, recalling to the imagination those impressions that so belong to the place and the hour that the musically critical sense is not concerned. Gennaro's prayer to the Madonna in the last act is full of pathos and beauty, and the two intermezzi, both of which had to be repeated, were clear and charming pieces of musical writing. There are few leading motives used, although certain themes recur. The phrase that expresses the Madonna dominates more or less the entire first act. With delicate and sure musicianship Signor Campanini, the conductor of the orchestra, disclosed the qualities of the score. Especial mention should be made, too, of the two Italian singers Bassi and Samarco, who made the principal male characters vivid and compelling.

NEW YORK'S "LITTLE THEATER"

The opening of the Little Theater, on West Forty-fourth Street, under the direction of Mr. Winthrop Ames, is an event in the history of the stage in this country; and rarely, it is safe to say, has an audience been more delighted with its surroundings or derived more satisfaction from the atmosphere which enveloped the presentation of an interesting play. The front of the new playhouse is a cheerful, Georgian façade, with a note of domesticity which differentiates the entire establishment from the conventional theater. The entrance is through paneled halls; there is a small lobby in pale gray; the auditorium is an almost circular audience-room, without boxes or balcony, and seats two hundred and ninety-nine people. Natural walnut or butternut is used on the walls, which are decorated with a series of panels reproducing some well-known tapestries in the Metropolitan Museum. The ceiling is light gray. The curtain tones in with the panels on the wall, while the scene curtain is of blue velvet. The room is softly lighted from crystal chandeliers on the walls, and their light is diffused through the room by reflectors. The tone of the decorations is delightfully restful and refreshingly artistic. There is nothing to suggest the conventional theater. The seats are large and comfortable and the ventilation admirable. The Little Theater is in every way fitted to become the home of the intimate art of character portraiture; and the selection of the first play, Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," happily inaugurated the intimate and interesting plays which will be seen on the stage. "The Pigeon" is a comedy with a tragic aspect. It is the presentation of a problem rather than its solution. A kind-hearted artist who opens his pocket to everybody, a drunken cabby, a Belgian ne'er-do-well, and a London flower-girl are the characters in the foreground of the play, while in the background are the vicar, the magistrate, and the professor of political economy; and the play is a presentation, in an easy, dramatic way, full of character interest, of the problem of what shall be done with the three types, to whom the artist, the curate, the magistrate, and the professor address themselves from different points of view. The problem is not solved, and probably was not intended to be solved. The play, however, like everything Mr. Galsworthy does, has the interest of thought, of knowledge of life, and of literary quality.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

Mr. John Galsworthy, the author of "The Pigeon," who is now in this country, is a writer of distinction. His latest story, "The Patrician," is a skillful and effective study of the English aristocrat; and while some of his work has been in a minor key, it has always had a certain quality of dignity and fineness. "The Pigeon" is now running at the Royalty Theater in London, and will greatly interest those who have read or seen two earlier plays from the same hand, "Strife" and "Justice;" one dealing with an industrial situation, and the other with the problem of a man who, under great provocation, commits a crime, and whose prison life is so tragically represented that the production of the play awakened wide interest in England. Mr. Galsworthy is reported as saying that he calls himself, first and foremost, a novelist, and that, if he had to choose between novel-writing and play-writing, he would give up the latter. He thinks the dramatic form limits to a certain degree the fullness of expression, while at the same time it offers both conciseness and precision. He is of opinion that the public which is interested in plays in London is becoming divided into two sections—one, the artistic section, increasing in numbers; while the taste of the larger section of playgoers is not improving, but seems to be more and more attracted to spectacular dramas. There are also two audiences to be considered by the playwright—"one that doesn't require to have its brains stirred at all to get pleasure,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and " one that does require to have its thinking power moved before it can feel the vibration of emotion." He disbelieves in direct preaching on the stage, but he does believe that art must be inspired by sincerity of mood—that the dramatist must say something, and not merely present that which satisfies a momentary taste. " A play," he said, " should express the best that is in an author."

THE DIRECTOR OF COLUMBIA'S SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

The appointment of Mr. Talcott Williams, editor of the Philadelphia " Press," as Director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University in New York will command the hearty approval of all who know the high character, ability, and wide experience of that accomplished journalist and admirable man. The school is under the direction of an administrative board of nine persons, of which President Butler is the Dean and the others are all members of the teaching staff of Columbia. Mr. Williams is the son of a missionary. He was born in Turkey; graduated from Amherst College in 1873; began newspaper work on the New York " World;" was for two years Washington correspondent of the New York " Sun " and the San Francisco " Chronicle;" was an editorial writer on the Springfield " Republican;" and in 1881 joined the staff of the Philadelphia " Press." Mr. Williams has been an active college man, and holds a very enviable position among the mature men who command the confidence and affection of college students throughout the country. He is an Oriental scholar and a man of extraordinary breadth of knowledge. He is a very effective speaker, always heard with pleasure on academic and other occasions. Mr. John W. Cunliffe, who is to be associated with Mr. Williams in the directorship of the new School of Journalism, is a member of a well-known English family of journalists and editors. He began work as a reporter at the early age of seventeen; was graduated later from the University of London; studied at the University of Manchester; was for a time Professor of English in McGill University; and six years ago was called to Columbia, where he has been eminently successful as a teacher of English. The building for the school is to stand at the corner of Broadway and One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, and it is proposed to have it ready for occupancy in September, 1913. It will contain thirty class and lecture rooms, with a seating capacity of nearly twenty-five hundred, and the basement of the building will provide space for the University Press.

" PUNCH "

Sir John Tenniel is now ninety-two years old. As was Mr. John Bigelow's, who has just passed from us, Sir John's is still an alert figure for his age; he still takes his walks abroad. But he is now blind. Most of his life, indeed, he has been practically blind in one eye, due to a wound received in a fencing bout with his father. Sir John used to say, " It is curious that two of the principal men of 'Punch'—Du Maurier and I—have only two eyes between us." The names of " Punch " and Tenniel have long been synonymous. A dozen years ago, however, Sir John retired as chief cartoonist, Edward Linley Sambourne taking his place, and now Bernard Partridge has succeeded Sambourne. But it is interesting to note that Tenniel has lived most of " Punch's " life with it. " Punch " was only nine years old when he joined it in 1850, succeeding Richard Doyle; fourteen years later Leech died, and Tenniel became chief cartoonist. While Tenniel's fine line has always been admired, he has had to bear the brunt of occasionally misplaced judgments—particularly with regard to his cartoons of Lincoln and Bismarck. A writer in the New York " Evening Post," however, informs us that at the famous Wednesday evening dinners of the staff of " Punch," when they all met around what Thackeray called " the mahogany tree," and when they had planned the next week's relaxation of the British nation, the chief thing in the paper to be considered was the " big cut " and the lines under it, which they called the " cackle," and, though Tenniel's place was always there, he left suggestions for his cartoon to the others; his business was to draw it. As to Lincoln, Tenniel made amends for earlier misjudgments by the cartoon showing Britannia laying a wreath on the dead Lincoln's bier. Underneath were Tom Taylor's lines beginning—

" You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier;
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWSPAPER MISREPRESENTATION

We have several times called attention to the fact that in the heat of a political campaign it is a habit of too many American newspapers deliberately to misrepresent facts in order to support their public opinions. In the long run the people of this country generally come to sound political decisions when they thoroughly understand the facts. A curious illustration of this newspaper misrepresentation of the facts is found in a recent editorial in the San Francisco "Chronicle"—curious because its writer must have known that it was an obvious misrepresentation. We think any newspaper which can, as the San Francisco "Chronicle" has done in this case, state a fact in one line and in the next assert that it is something quite different, must have a poor opinion of the intelligence of its readers.

In our issue for February 24 we set forth what we thought should be the proper policy of imposing Panama Canal tolls. The policy stated was the following:

First, the country should follow President Taft's recommendation that there should be no attempt to pay for the Canal by the creation of a sinking fund out of the income from tolls, and that at least a part of its maintenance cost should be paid out of the funds of general taxation.

Second, there should be no discrimination in favor of American seagoing ships.

Third, that if foreign nations attempt to create such a discrimination in favor of their ships by remitting the amount of the tolls or by granting a subsidy equal to the amount of the tolls, the President of the United States should have the authority to impose a maximum toll rate upon the ships of any nation which is discovered in the act of giving its vessels such a rebate or subsidy.

Fourth, that our coastwise vessels may pass through the Canal free, without violating the principle of non-discrimination against foreign nations, because foreign nations are prohibited by our Navigation Laws from entering American coastwise trade.

Fifth, that the principle of equalized toll rates need not apply to the ships of the United States navy, because the Panama Canal, by the terms of the Treaty, may be employed for the protection of the United States, and it would not violate the principle of non-discrimination to permit American naval vessels to pass through the Canal free, while the regular tonnage charge is imposed on foreign naval vessels.

The San Francisco "Chronicle" quotes our language in the fourth clause, which was as follows:

> There is no need to protect our coastwise shipping by a special rate, for our present Navigation Laws completely protect our coastwise shipping now, and no foreign vessels could carry goods from New York to San Francisco, no matter what the toll rates may be. As a matter of fact, vessels engaged in our coastwise trade might pass through the Canal free without violating the principle of non-discrimination against foreign vessels.

The "Chronicle" then proceeds to say that this is a defense of railway monopoly, because it is an advocacy of imposing tolls on our coastwise vessels, when the very language of the quotation states that coastwise vessels may, if it is thought desirable, pass through the Canal free without violating the principle of non-discrimination which we laid down in the preceding clauses. Having stated that The Outlook is in favor of imposing tolls on coastwise vessels, which The Outlook distinctly stated it did not urge, it proceeds to assert that Mr. Roosevelt is in favor of imposing tolls on coastwise vessels, is therefore in favor of railway monopoly, and "is opposed to President Taft's desire to cheapen coastwise freight by remitting tolls." The "Chronicle" thus makes two misstatements which would be laughable if they were not a serious indication of one of the great evils of modern American journalism.

We have said over and over again—and we patiently repeat the statement—that Mr. Roosevelt is responsible for no opinions expressed in the pages of The Outlook except those contained in articles signed by his own name. The Outlook has recently expressed its conviction that the recall of judges from the bench by popular vote would be inimical to the cause of human justice. Is the "Chronicle" telling its readers that Mr. Roosevelt is opposed to the principle of the judicial recall? The Outlook supported President Taft's arbitration treaties and urged the Senate to ratify them. Is the "Chronicle" telling its readers that Mr. Roosevelt approves those arbitration treaties?

The facts are plain to anybody who really cares to understand them. Both The Outlook and Mr. Roosevelt have urged that no railway monopolies must be permitted to thwart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or obstruct the use of the Panama Canal for the public benefit. The "Chronicle" will have to find some other issue on which to base its assertion that Mr. Roosevelt and The Outlook are in favor of special interests and unjust monopolies.

A LENTEN THOUGHT

CORPORATE REPENTANCE

Nineveh was the greatest city of ancient times. It developed much wickedness, as cities always do. You cannot crowd large numbers of people together and expect that all will go well and happily.

To the Jewish prophet Jonah came a commission from Jehovah to go to Nineveh and preach repentance to it. For some reason, not quite clear, he did not want to go—perhaps he was afraid, perhaps he thought it would be better for his own Israel to have this neighboring nation wicked and weak rather than virtuous and strong.

How he tried to evade the mission we know, but the call came again later, and this time he was ready. "And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown. And the people of Nineveh believed God; and they proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them." And the King ordered that all "cry mightily unto God; yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in his hands. Who knoweth whether God will not turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not? And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way, and God repented of the evil, which he said he would do unto them: and he did it not."

A great city repenting! It is an impressive spectacle. We may call it corporate repentance.

In New England, during the early Puritan days of storm and stress, this was a familiar idea. Every spring an annual fast was proclaimed by the Governor, and all the people assembled in their houses of worship, confession of sin was made, and the evils of the time were forcibly portrayed by the preachers. But as time passed this annual fast day lost its significance. It became a holiday, and a few years ago was abolished.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

But surely the idea of corporate repentance has not been abolished. If it had been, people would not be keeping Lent in any form, anywhere. Perhaps if there were one united Church, to which all belonged, it would be easier for the people to realize a corporate repentance. But that is by no means certain. There can be a national repentance without its proclamation by king or president. In the darkest days of the war the people felt the gravity of the situation, and they were ready for Lincoln's solemn proclamation.

Conditions to-day, political, social, economic, are known to be grave, but there is no reason for discouragement. On the contrary, never before was there a deeper sense of responsibility, and never did our people show so resolute a determination to meet and overcome the evils. This spirit is essentially religious. External reform can come only from inward and spiritual grace. Practical idealism must have inspirational idealism beneath and behind it.

The tying of the countries and of the towns and cities together by rapid and easy communication is ever increasing our sense of solidarity, and as we share quickly the joy of progress, so we share quickly the burden of sin. The sin of the South and the sin of the West is our sin. The sin of Russia and England against Persia, feebly struggling upward, we Americans can share. Remembering our own past National sins, we say no longer the thanksgiving of the Pharisee, rejoicing that we are holier than they. We know there are sore hearts in Russia and England because of this sin, and we can ally ourselves with them in spirit and confess with them.

Under the pressure of this growing solidarity, our intercessions take on a new significance. It is one thing to pray for others; it is another to pray with others for all. It is one thing to pray for all sorts and conditions of men, with perhaps a trace of superiority; it is another thing to pray for all sorts and conditions of men with profound humility, convinced that our lot is bound up with all, the best and the worst, the saintliest and sinfulest. There are wrong things done by Congress; they are our wrong things. There are wrong things done at the State Capitol; they are our wrong things. There has been wrong done in Lawrence; it is our wrong and we share the blame.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The corporate repentance, therefore, must be sure first of the Oneness of Humanity, and then rise to where St. Paul stood, and say with him, "Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?"

Is not this the very essence of the Christian ideal? He who took our nature upon him entered into human nature perfectly, completely; and therefore all happenings to human nature are happenings to him.

It may be that the time is coming when the whole nation, under the stress of some great crisis, will unite in one great confession of sin, in one great cry for pardon, in one firm resolution of amendment; but this seems less likely than that from heart to heart and from mind to mind will spread the conviction that each does indeed and in truth share the burden of the sin of all the people, so that not on a day set apart for the purpose, but on all days, the cry will go up, Spare thy people, O Lord, spare them; convince us of shortcoming, and teach us the good way that leadeth unto life.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA AND IN CHINA

Seven years ago, in one of the oldest empires of Europe, there began a revolutionary movement which had ample justification; which was supported or encouraged by at least four-fifths of the population; and which took an actively aggressive form immediately after a disastrous foreign war, when most of the army was in the Far East and could not be used as a repressive force, when the prestige and power of the Government had been largely broken down by an almost unparalleled exhibition of impotence and incapacity, and when all the circumstances and conditions seemed to favor the oppressed people, and to weaken and discourage the Czar and the comparatively small number of military and bureaucratic officials who held the nation in subjection. If anywhere in the world there were good reasons for a revolution, such reasons existed in Russia; and if ever a revolutionary movement seemed likely to succeed, it was the Russian revolutionary movement of 1905. And yet it was an absolute failure. Not only were the people unable to overthrow the ruling dynasty, but they were unable even to secure favorable terms of surrender. They were defeated in a few months, and virtually crushed in less than a year; their leaders were imprisoned, exiled, or hanged by the thousand; their Parliament was taken away from them by an arbitrary change in the election laws which almost completely deprived them of the franchise; and their condition was made worse than ever by the substitution of military for civil administration. Even now, five years after the suppression of the insurrection, four-fifths of the Russian people are living under martial law, or under Ministerial circulars and regulations which supersede the civil code.

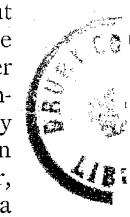
A few months ago a revolutionary movement began in the oldest and most conservative empire of Asia. The popular discontent that gave rise to it was certainly no greater than that which existed in Russia in 1905; the support that it received was no more general than that which at first made the Russian revolt formidable; and the ruling dynasty against which it was directed seemed to be as powerful and as strongly intrenched as was the house of Romanoff before the Russo-Japanese War. And yet the Chinese revolution was completely successful. The revolutionists gained the support of a majority of the army, fought pitched battles in the field, acquired almost supreme power in the provinces south of the Yangtse, and finally deposed the ruling dynasty and set up a republic. The complete failure of the revolutionary movement in Russia and the triumphant success of a similar movement in China suggest the questions: What brought about the difference in results? Do Mongolians set a higher value upon civil liberty than Aryans? Are Chinese braver and more patriotic than Russians? Or were the Russian revolutionists forced to contend with obstacles and difficulties that in China did not exist?

The reasons for the success of the Chinese revolutionary movement and the failure of the Russian are many; but the most important of them, perhaps, is to be found in the framework of the governments that were attacked. Each of the two countries was ruled by an absolute hereditary monarch, and in each there was a centralization of authority at the capital and a delegation of executive power to bureaucratic officials in the provinces; but the administrative machinery of the Chinese Government differed widely from that of the Russian, both in its objects and in its methods. The Chinese rulers aimed primarily at revenue, and paid comparatively little attention to the regulation, control, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discipline of the great population from which the revenue was derived. If the peasants conducted themselves in a peaceful manner, obeyed the laws framed for the protection of life and property, and paid their taxes with promptness and regularity, the Government interfered with them very little, and gave them a large measure of personal liberty and self-control. Even when they forcibly resisted the intolerable exactions of a petty bureaucrat, and drove him from his post of duty, the higher authorities were more likely to assume that the official was incompetent than that the people were disloyal, and, instead of punishing the latter with imprisonment, exile, or the lash, they often disciplined the former by transferring him to another place and admonishing him to "squeeze" less, or do it with more skill and tact. The Chinese peasant, so far as his own conduct and the management of his own personal affairs were concerned, had many of the privileges and immunities of a free citizen. He owed certain duties to the Government, but, within limits that were not unreasonably narrow, he enjoyed civil rights that gave him a feeling of self-respect, and made it possible for him to act on his own judgment with comparative independence and freedom.

In Russia, on the other hand, the Government aimed not only at revenue, but at universal control, guardianship, and discipline; and it framed its administrative machinery in such a way as to exert a direct guiding pressure upon the people in every act of their lives. The Russian peasant could not do what he wanted to do, but was forced, in all cases, to do what his superiors thought it best for him to do. Nothing whatever was permitted—everything was either ordered or forbidden. The result of this omnipresent and all-embracing guardianship was the discouragement of personal initiative and the weakening of the very foundations of manly character. The Russian peasants had practically no independent life, and enjoyed few, if any, rights that their superiors were bound to respect. They could not move without the permission of the police indorsed upon their passports; they could not read a book or a newspaper that had not been passed by the censor; they could not enter into association with their fellows, even for a business purpose, without a *razreshenia*, or permit; they could not open an A-B-C village school or regulate the sale of vodka in a village drinking-saloon without official sanction; they could not meet, even in a private house, for the discussion of national or provincial affairs without being arrested and punished; they could not practice themselves or teach to their children any system of religion or code of morals other than that which the Government approved; and they could not even stay long away from church without being dragged there by the police and made to partake of the holy communion, whether they wished to do so or not. If they ventured to act on their own judgment in any matter whatever, they were sure to run against some administrative order, circular, or regulation which made such conduct a misdemeanor. If they remonstrated, resisted, or rebelled, they immediately became criminals and were flogged, imprisoned, or exiled.



The spirit that had already been broken by the rigorous discipline of serfdom was not strong enough to cope successfully with such administrative methods as these, and the submissive serf became, after his emancipation, a cowed and submissive citizen. He was not a poltroon, and he faced most risks and dangers with courage and resolution; but he dared not go to the last extremity in a conflict with a power that had always beaten him. Even a courageous dog may be so intimidated by severe and long-continued punishment that, while he will attack a wolf, he will shrink from a man armed with a whip. The Russian peasant as a soldier is far braver and more self-reliant than the Chinese; but the Chinese as a citizen has twice the courage and independence of the Russian.

When the revolution broke out in China, it was supported by hundreds of thousands of Chinese who had never been morally cowed or intimidated, and who did not stand in awe of bureaucratic authority or power. When the Russians revolted, they had only a half-hearted belief in the possibility of success, and the first victories of the Black Hundreds, the police, and the loyal troops reawakened in their hearts the inherited fear of official power—the dread of imprisonment, exile, the executioner's lash, and the hangman's noose. The Deputies elected to the First Duma were accompanied to the railway stations and steamer landings by tens of thousands of enthusiastic peasants, who cheered, sang the "Marseillaise," and swore that they would stand by their elected representatives to the death; but when the First Duma was dissolved, and when, a little later,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its braver spirits reassembled in Viborg and issued an address to the people, asking the latter to support the national assembly by refusing to pay taxes or render military service, these same enthusiastic, cheering, "Marseillaise"-singing peasants were quiescent and mute. They were asked only to offer passive resistance to the Government, but they dared not risk even that. Submission was in their blood, and they cowered under the raised whip of official authority. Among the educated and free-born revolutionists there were brave and dauntless men—thousands of them—who fought behind barricades or in the woods and faced the scaffold without a sign of weakness; but the peasants generally were soon terrorized by the pogroms, punitive expeditions, and wholesale executions to which the Government resorted in the desperate effort to maintain its existence.

Of course the Russian revolutionists were badly led, and the Government which they attempted to overthrow was far stronger, more resourceful, and more ruthless than that of the Manchus; but, in spite of incompetent leadership and resolute opposition, the Russians might have won out if they had not been for centuries a beaten, cowed, and intimidated people. Such a people the Chinese never were. They often suffered from oppression, but they did not wear the yoke every hour and in every action of their lives; nor were they disciplined, guided, restrained, and directed until they lost all capacity for independent action and acquired a fixed habit of obedience and submission. In a thousand petty conflicts with official authority, moreover, the Chinese gained many victories, and thus retained their self-respect. The Russians, on the contrary, have never won a single fight, little or great, and have finally come to regard bad government as they regard bad weather—an unfortunate terrestrial condition, but inevitable and remediless. When they suffer from atrocious injustice, their only comment is, "God is high above" (so distant that he neither sees nor hears) "and the Czar is far away." Is there any such proverb in the language of the Chinese? We think not. The Chinese peasants still have faith in their ability to help themselves; while the Russian peasants look for redress to God and the Czar, and when these supreme rulers of human affairs neither listen nor act, the injustice must be borne with patient resignation.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

"My faith holds, but I cannot see my way," writes a man who is trying to live in the spirit of Christ. The experience is neither uncommon nor unhappy; for a secure anchorage of the soul is the main thing in life. To see one's way has a great deal to do with happiness, but nothing to do with safety; to be able to follow the path step by step through fog and storm brings one to the end of the journey as certainly as to follow it in the sunshine. Some men see farther than others, but no man sees the whole course from start to finish; the greatness of the way makes that impossible. The essential thing in the life of faith is not sight, but faith; in faith lies the discipline of the spirit, the firm and final setting of the will, the deep spiritual education that is born of patience, of waiting in hope, of the slow strengthening of the habit of trust.

Clearness of vision, the constant sense of divine guidance, the joy of cloudless faith, are the possession of few men and women; for this radiancy of belief is a kind of religious genius, and genius is the possession of a little group out of countless millions. There are many who, in lesser degree, walk in the light; some because they are buoyant by temperament, some because the experiences that drive the spirit back on itself pass them by; a few because prosperity shields them from the knowledge of the tragic facts of life, from the shock of contact with the misery of the world. But these exceptionally comfortable men and women are counted fortunate only by those who do not see the tremendous significance of life. Prosperity is not a matter of easy conditions, but of large opportunity; to live in a palace, shut away from sorrow and care, is one of the supreme misfortunes of a life that is planned, not for ease, but for education; and the unluckiest boy in the world is the boy who is allowed to play during the years when he ought to be at school.

The faith that holds one securely when the mists cover the earth or the storms sweep over it is a matter, not of temperament or fortunate conditions, but of deep and enduring conviction. The gates of hell, which are sometimes opened on a man and let loose a stormy mob of temptations or doubts, cannot prevail against it; and he who possesses it is impregnably intrenched against their attacks. He is never caught unawares or in ambush;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for his strength does not lie in his moods or his clearness of vision; it lies in himself. If he is plunged in the thick darkness of that depression in which men of weaker faith throw down their arms in despair, he stands steadfast and inmovable; it is not his to choose the light or the darkness; his duty is to stand resolutely where he is placed, and there he holds his post like a soldier. If doubts gather thick around him and shut all the doors of hope, he waits, hopeless for the moment, but incorruptibly loyal to his Master. It was in this temper that Childe Roland passed unfaltering through the horror of desolation, the slung horn at his lips, until he came to the dark tower, undaunted by visible and invisible terrors, never for a moment in danger of any power outside himself.

It is in such darkness that the soul grows strong and faith justifies itself by the inward strength that increases unawares in the man and makes great deeds easy; and great deeds in turn breed great natures and open the paths to those ultimate heights whence a world stretches in unbroken sunshine and the heavens are cloudless from horizon to horizon. To a few men the pilgrimage of life leads through unbroken light; to most men the light is intermittent and there are long leagues of journeying through bleak and shadowy countries; but that man is happy whose course takes him where steadfastness waits on courage and light comes not as a gift, but as an achievement.

There is a peace that comes to him whose fight has been lonely and at times without hope of victory that gets its depth and sweetness from the fierceness of the struggle through which it is won; there is a purity that is the cleansing of fire; there is a final certainty that is victory snatched from a thousand doubts. The very throne of God is set round with clouds and darkness, and the last venture of faith across the river of death is not made on a massive highway over the flood, but on stepping-stones receding in mist as faith passes calmly into the darkness that comes before the day breaks and the night is gone forever.

THE THIRD TERM

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WHY should not a President have a third term? Because, say objectors, he might yield to the temptation to employ the power and patronage of his office to perpetuate himself in that office, or at least use them to secure a re-election, and might, whether purposely or insensibly, be influenced in his views and action. This applies, of course, to a consecutive term, and might be applied even to a second term.

According to the popular view of the third term tradition, when Washington had served two terms as President the rule was established that two terms were enough. But Washington did not go on record as opposed to a third term. Concerning this we quote the Los Angeles "Express" (Ind.). It says:

> Washington with equal truth might be said to have gone on record as opposed to a second term for an American President, namely, himself. He did not base his opposition either to a second term or to a third term on the claim that a second term or a third term was necessarily vicious in itself. He asked to be relieved of the duties of the office because he had borne its grinding responsibilities long enough to feel that he had become entitled to the relief he coveted and sought.

Those who have ventured to say that a Presidential third term in certain cases might not be altogether an unmixed evil are sharply called to order by the Milwaukee "Sentinel" (Rep.), which wonders "if the example of George Washington . . . is nothing to them," and continues:

> Not a fig do they care for the example and scrupulosity of Jefferson. . . . As dust in the balance . . . is the precedent of Andrew Jackson, who refused to use his enormous popularity as a lever to overturn the third term tradition.

At all events, no man has ever had three terms as President. "Great as was Grant," declares the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) "Gazette" (Ind.), "the Nation would not have elected him to a third term." Despite this, during President Roosevelt's Administrations, the feeling with regard to a consecutive third term had changed so much that in 1907 even the Democratic New York "World" declared:

> If the people really want Mr. Roosevelt, they are likely to take him, tradition or no tradition. . . . If the 16,000,000 voters cannot, without assist-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance of an "unwritten law," protect republican institutions from Presidential usurpation, the country will never be saved by myth and tradition.

So much for a consecutive third term. As to a non-consecutive term, the New York "Globe" (Rep.) says that in 1904 Grover Cleveland "was urged to become and did in fact become a quiet, receptive candidate for a third term. The newspapers of New York City that conspicuously urged Mr. Cleveland to become a candidate . . . were the 'World,' the 'Times,' and the 'Post.' Then they said that the third term rule manifestly meant a consecutive third term. Then they poured ridicule on the misguided creatures who said Cleveland was ineligible. Now they say *any* third term means Mexicanization, Diazification, the death of the Republic, and the establishment of a tyranny. . . . On March 5, 1904, the 'World' said:

"We adhere to our opinion, expressed over a year ago, that Mr. Cleveland, considering the issues before the country and his tried efficiency and known executive force, is the strongest candidate for the Democratic party.

"On February 26 and March 8, 1904, the 'Times' (Ind. Dem.) said:

"If the question, Who would be the strongest candidate? were asked of a multitude of New York Democrats to-day, we think a very great majority of them would answer, Grover Cleveland. . . . The prevailing belief to which we refer is that if Mr. Cleveland were nominated he would get a larger vote than any other candidate who could be named.

"On March 5, 1904, the 'Post' (Ind.) said:

"If the National Convention should meet and find itself unable to agree upon another man, should get deadlocked and desperate, and then should turn to the man who had led the party to victory twice before—the man who is in every one's mouth when the question is asked, 'Who can beat Roosevelt?'—why, it is not conceivable that Mr. Cleveland could put away such an irresistible appeal.

"Cynical journalism," adds the "Globe"—"the journalism that impudently assumes that no one remembers, and that it can put any misrepresentation across if only it shouts it loudly—has apparently made a new high-water mark."

A non-consecutive term means, of course, that a candidate who has formerly been President has no longer the power and patronage of the Presidential office to help him. "It frequently occurs," to quote the Los Angeles "Express" again, "that the very best means of interpreting what a man says is to know what he was talking about when he said it. On November 8, 1904, Mr. Roosevelt said:

On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

"It was Mr. Roosevelt's purpose," declares the "Express," "to waive all technicality, consider his emergency term as an elective term, and decline to stand for renomination in 1908. That was his idea of 'regarding the substance.' He had filled out the unexpired term of President McKinley, had been nominated and elected, and was declaring that he would not stand for renomination." It adds:

"Regarding the substance," the reason for the objection to Roosevelt's nomination in 1908 does not and cannot exist to-day. Every honest man knows that it does not exist. After four years of private life, Mr. Roosevelt has no Federal organization behind him. . . . Mr. Roosevelt declared in 1904 that he would not be a candidate for renomination. He was speaking directly of 1908, when his Presidential elective term would expire.

Coming from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, we find the same conclusion reflected by the New York "Harlem Local" (Ind.):

People know that when Colonel Roosevelt said he would not accept a nomination for a third term he very naturally meant a third consecutive term. . . . Colonel Roosevelt never had in mind some future term after he was once all through, when conditions might be quite different than they were in 1904.

Commenting on Mr. Roosevelt's statement, The Outlook said recently:

The situation may perhaps be made clear by a homely illustration. When a man says at breakfast in the morning, "No, thank you, I will not take any more coffee," it does not mean that he will not take any more coffee to-morrow morning, or next week, or next month, or next year.

Thereupon, in the Lincoln (Nebraska) "Commoner" (Dem.), Mr. William Jennings Bryan indulges in the following persiflage:

Would it not be well for The Outlook to go a step further and tell us how many cups of coffee Mr. Roosevelt needs for his second meal? If a cup and seven-eighths (one term and three and one-half years) satisfied him for breakfast, how many cups will he regard as sufficient for dinner? And is there a supper still ahead of him? If Mr. Roosevelt takes two more terms now, he is not so old but that he might take another recess and then demand two more cups for supper. Possibly The Outlook may be able to reason out (to its own satisfaction) that the two term precedent only applies to the first meal, and that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one is free to drink coffee without limit—even to the extent of consuming the entire pot—at a subsequent meal.

The Sacramento "Bee" (Ind.) thus voices the opinion of many:

There is no more sense in saying a republic should not elect and re-elect, and re-elect, and re-elect again a good, strenuous, wide-awake, progressive, reformatory President than in declaring it should not keep for years, and years, and years in Congress a worthy Senator or an industrious and honest Representative.

Not so, replies the Washington "Star" (Ind.):

Federal judges are appointed for life, or during good behavior, and the arrangement has worked admirably. Some Senators have served six terms, and some Representatives a round dozen in succession, with excellent results to their constituents and the whole country. The law protecting competent and faithful clerks in office from the machinations of spoilsmen in politics is one of the best ever written.

But the Presidency is on no such plane. It is not only the greatest office of all under our government, but it carries greater power than is wielded by the head of any other nation on earth. The power of a judge or Senator or Representative is so small by comparison that it is not properly quotable in the premises.

Thus there are two views of the third term, even of the non-consecutive third term. The Democratic papers have not been slow to oppose the idea. Their opinion is reflected by the Knoxville (Tennessee) "Sentinel" (Dem.):

The greatest issue before the American people is the threatened Mexicanization of our Government. We believe that the danger is passing, and that the people will reaffirm the third term tradition with requisite emphasis.

"We want no Diaz, we want no dictator," exclaims the Norristown (Pennsylvania) "Register" (Dem.) "to enter the wedge that will make a perpetuation of the Presidency in any man or family possible. If a third term, why not more?"

The Republican and Independent papers are divided. Those which oppose the third term are such organs as:

Portland "Express"
Boston "Advertiser"
Springfield "Union"
Hartford "Courant"
Waterbury "American"
New York "Tribune"
New York "Times" (1912)
New York "Post" (1912)
Albany "Journal"
Syracuse "Post-Standard"
Buffalo "Commercial"
Philadelphia "Bulletin"
Philadelphia "Telegraph"
Pittsburgh "Chronicle-Telegraph"
Pittsburgh "Gazette"
Baltimore "American"
Cincinnati "Times-Star"
Detroit "Journal"
Chicago "Inter Ocean"
Milwaukee "Free Press"
Burlington (Ia.) "Hawkeye"
St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"
Kansas City "Journal"
San Francisco "Call"

The Republican and Independent papers which have not been frightened by the third term idea number such publications as:

Lewiston (Me.) "Journal"
Boston "Journal"
New York "Globe"
New York "Mail"
New York "Times" (1904)
New York "Post" (1904)
Newark "News"
Philadelphia "North American"
Pittsburgh "Leader"
Pittsburgh "Press"
Louisville "Post"
Cleveland "Leader"
Indianapolis "Star"
Chicago "Tribune"
Chicago "News"
St. Paul "Dispatch"
Kansas City "Star"
Topeka "Capital"
Emporia "Gazette"
Denver "Rocky Mountain News"
Missoula (Montana) "Missoulian"
Sacramento "Bee"
Los Angeles "Express"
San Francisco "Bulletin"

It is possible that the judgment of the people of the United States was reflected in Congress at Washington last month when given an opportunity by Mr. Slayden, of Texas. He introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the Presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions.

Though the House of Representatives is now controlled by the Democrats, and though a Democrat introduced the resolution by an emphatic majority, the House declined to adopt the resolution. Why? The Toledo "Blade" (Rep.) answers:

If the people desired any man to serve as President longer than the usual period of service, they would have him do so even if Congress were to pass a bushel of resolutions in condemnation.

The Democratic party having shown its hand, it remains for the Republican party to show its. A well-known Republican organ of the extreme North, the Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) "Evening News" (Rep.), thus pronounces:

The Republican party's inherent strength lies in the fact that it has kept step with the march of progress, and not because it has listened to those who decry the breaking of a precedent. Under the circumstances, third-termism is the cry of the weak, not the argument of the strong.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, declares the Louisville "Post" (Ind.), that "the Third Term Tradition" should be called "the Third Term Delusion."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO RULE

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AN ADDRESS AT CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CIVIC FORUM, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20

THE great fundamental issue now before the Republican party and before our people can be stated briefly. It is, Are the American people fit to govern themselves, to rule themselves, to control themselves? I believe they are. My opponents do not. I believe in the right of the people to rule. I believe that the majority of the plain people of the United States will, day in and day out, make fewer mistakes in governing themselves than any smaller class or body of men, no matter what their training, will make in trying to govern them. I believe, again, that the American people are, as a whole, capable of self-control and of learning by their mistakes. Our opponents pay lip-loyalty to this doctrine; but they show their real beliefs by the way in which they champion every device to make the nominal rule of the people a sham.

I have scant patience with this talk of the tyranny of the majority. Whenever there is tyranny of the majority, I shall protest against it with all my heart and soul. But we are to-day suffering from the tyranny of minorities. It is a small minority that is grabbing our coal deposits, our water powers, and our harbor fronts. A small minority is battening on the sale of adulterated foods and drugs. It is a small minority that lies behind monopolies and trusts. It is a small minority that stands behind the present law of master and servant, the sweat-shops, and the whole calendar of social and industrial injustice. It is a small minority that is to-day using our convention system to defeat the will of a majority of the people in the choice of delegates to the Chicago Convention. The only tyrannies from which men, women, and children are suffering in real life are the tyrannies of minorities.

If the majority of the American people were in fact tyrannous over the minority, if democracy had no greater self-control than empire, then indeed no written words which our forefathers put into the Constitution could stay that tyranny.

No sane man who has been familiar with the government of this country for the last twenty years will complain that we have had too much of the rule of the majority. The trouble has been a far different one—that, at many times and in many localities, there have held public office in the States and in the Nation men who have, in fact, served not the whole people, but some special class or special interest. I am not thinking only of those special interests which by grosser methods, by bribery and crime, have stolen from the people. I am thinking as much of their respectable allies and figureheads, who have ruled and legislated and decided as if in some way the vested rights of privilege had a first mortgage on the whole United States, while the rights of all the people were merely an unsecured debt. Am I overstating the case? Have our political leaders always, or generally, recognized their duty to the people as anything more than a duty to disperse the mob, see that the ashes are taken away, and distribute patronage? Have our leaders always, or generally, worked for the benefit of human beings, to increase the prosperity of all the people, to give to each some opportunity of living decently and bringing up his children well? The questions need no answer.

Now there has sprung up a feeling deep in the hearts of the people—not of the bosses and professional politicians, not of the beneficiaries of special privilege—a pervading belief of thinking men that when the majority of the people do in fact, as well as theory, rule, then the servants of the people will come more quickly to answer and obey, not the commands of the special interests, but those of the whole people. To reach toward that end the Progressives of the Republican party in certain States have formulated certain proposals for change in the form of the State

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government—certain new "checks and balances" which may check and balance the special interests and their allies. That is their purpose. Now turn for a moment to their proposed methods.

First, there are the "initiative and referendum," which are so framed that if the Legislatures obey the command of some special interest, and obstinately refuse the will of the majority, the majority may step in and legislate directly. No man would say that it was best to conduct all legislation by direct vote of the people—it would mean the loss of deliberation, of patient consideration—but, on the other hand, no one whose mental arteries have not long since hardened can doubt that the proposed changes are needed when the Legislatures refuse to carry out the will of the people. The proposal is a method to reach an undeniable evil. Then there is the recall of public officers—the principle that an officer chosen by the people who is unfaithful may be recalled by vote of the majority before he finishes his term. I will speak of the recall of judges in a moment—leave that aside—but as to the other officers, I have heard no argument advanced against the proposition, save that it will make the public officer timid and always currying favor with the mob. That argument means that you can fool all the people all the time, and is an avowal of disbelief in democracy. If it be true—and I believe it is not—it is less important than to stop those public officers from currying favor with the interests. Certain States may need the recall, others may not; where the term of elective office is short it may be quite needless; but there are occasions when it meets a real evil, and provides a needed check and balance against the special interests.

Then there is the direct primary—the real one, not the New York one—and that, too, the Progressives offer as a check on the special interests. Most clearly of all does it seem to me that this change is wholly good—for every State. The system of party government is not written in our Constitutions, but it is none the less a vital and essential part of our form of government. In that system the party leaders should serve and carry out the will of their own party. There is no need to show how far that theory is from the facts, or to rehearse the vulgar thieving partnerships of the corporations and the bosses, or to show how many times the real government lies in the hands of the boss, protected from the commands and the revenge of the voters by his puppets in office and the power of patronage. We need not be told how he is thus intrenched nor how hard he is to overthrow. The facts stand out in the history of nearly every State in the Union. They are blots on our political system. The direct primary will give the voters a method ever ready to use, by which the party leader shall be made to obey their command. The direct primary, if accompanied by a stringent corrupt practices act, will help break up the corrupt partnership of corporations and politicians.

My opponents charge that two things in my programme are wrong because they intrude into the sanctuary of the judiciary. The first is the recall of judges; and the second, the review by the people of judicial decisions on certain Constitutional questions. I have said again and again that I do not advocate the recall of judges in all States and in all communities. In my own State I do not advocate it or believe it to be needed, for in this State our trouble lies not with corruption on the bench, but with the effort by the honest but wrongheaded judges to thwart the people in their struggle for social justice and fair-dealing. The integrity of our judges from Marshall to White and Holmes—and to Cullen and many others in our own State—is a fine page of American history. But—I say it soberly—democracy has a right to approach the sanctuary of the courts when a special interest has corruptly found sanctuary there; and this is exactly what has happened in some of the States where the recall of the judges is a living issue. I would far more willingly trust the whole people to judge such a case than some special tribunal—perhaps appointed by the same power that chose the judge—if that tribunal is not itself really responsible to the people and is hampered and clogged by the technicalities of impeachment proceedings.

I have stated that the courts of the several States—not always but often—have construed the "due process" clause of the State Constitutions as if it prohibited the whole people of the State from adopting methods of regulating the use of property so that human life, particularly the lives of the workingmen, shall be safer, freer, and happier. No one can successfully impeach this statement. I have insisted that the true construction of "due process" is that pronounced by Justice Holmes in delivering the unanimous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, when he said:

> The police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare.

I insist that the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the Ives case, which set aside the will of the majority of the people as to the compensation of injured workmen in dangerous trades, was intolerable and based on a wrong political philosophy. I urge that in such cases where the courts construe the due process clause as if property rights, to the exclusion of human rights, had a first mortgage on the Constitution, the people may, after sober deliberation, vote, and finally determine whether the law which the court set aside shall be valid or not. By this method can be clearly and finally ascertained the preponderant opinion of the people which Justice Holmes makes the test of due process in the case of laws enacted in the exercise of the police power. The ordinary methods now in vogue of amending the Constitution have in actual practice proved wholly inadequate to secure justice in such cases with reasonable speed, and cause intolerable delay and injustice, and those who stand against the changes I propose are champions of wrong and injustice, and of tyranny by the wealthy and the strong over the weak and the helpless.

So that no man may misunderstand me, let me recapitulate:

(1) I am not proposing anything in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States, or with the Federal Constitution.

(2) I am not proposing anything having any connection with ordinary suits, civil or criminal, as between individuals.

(3) I am not speaking of the recall of judges.

(4) I am proposing merely that in a certain class of cases involving the police power, when a State court has set aside as unconstitutional a law passed by the Legislature for the general welfare, the question of the validity of the law—which should depend, as Justice Holmes so well phrases it, upon the prevailing morality or preponderant opinion—be submitted for final determination to a vote of the people, taken after due time for consideration. And I contend that the people, in the nature of things, must be better judges of what is the preponderant opinion than the courts, and that the courts should not be allowed to reverse the political philosophy of the people. My point is well illustrated by a recent decision of the Supreme Court, holding that the Court would not take jurisdiction of a case involving the constitutionality of the initiative and referendum laws of Oregon. The ground of the decision was that such a question was not judicial in its nature, but should be left for determination to the other co-ordinate departments of the Government. Is it not equally plain that the question whether a given social policy is for the public good is not of a judicial nature, but should be settled by the Legislature, or in the final instance by the people themselves?

The President of the United States, Mr. Taft, devoted most of a recent speech to criticism of this proposition. He says that it "is utterly without merit or utility, and, instead of being . . . in the interest of all the people, and of the stability of popular government, is sowing the seeds of confusion and tyranny." (By this he of course means the tyranny of the majority, that is, the tyranny of the American people as a whole.) He also says that my proposal (which, as he rightly sees, is merely a proposal to give the people a real, instead of only a nominal, chance to construe and amend a State Constitution with reasonable rapidity) would make such amendment and interpretation "depend on the feverish, uncertain, and unstable determination of successive votes on different laws by temporary and changing majorities;" and that "it lays the ax at the foot of the tree of well-ordered freedom, and subjects the guarantees of life, liberty, and property without remedy to the fitful impulse of a temporary majority of an electorate."

This criticism is really less a criticism of my proposal than a criticism of all popular government. It is wholly unfounded, unless it is founded on the belief that the people are fundamentally untrustworthy. If the Supreme Court's definition of due process in relation to the police power is sound, then an act of the Legislature to promote the collective interests of the community must be valid, if it embodies a policy held by the prevailing morality or a preponderant opinion to be necessary to the public welfare. This is the question that I propose to submit to the people. How can the prevailing morality or a preponderant opinion be better and more exactly ascertained than by a vote of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the people? The people must know better than the court what their own morality and their own opinion is. I ask that you, here, you and the others like you, you the people, be given the chance to state your own views of justice and public morality, and not sit meekly by and have your views announced for you by well-meaning adherents of outworn philosophies, who exalt the pedantry of formulas above the vital needs of human life.

The object I have in view could probably be accomplished by an amendment of the State Constitutions taking away from the courts the power to review the Legislature's determination of a policy of social justice, by defining due process of law in accordance with the views expressed by Justice Holmes for the Supreme Court. But my proposal seems to me more democratic and, I may add, less radical. For under the method I suggest the people may sustain the court as against the Legislature, whereas, if due process were defined in the Constitution, the decision of the Legislature would be final.

Mr. Taft's position is the position that has been held from the beginning of our Government, although not always so openly held, by a large number of reputable and honorable men who, down at bottom, distrust popular government, and, when they must accept it, accept it with reluctance, and hedge it around with every species of restriction and check and balance, so as to make the power of the people as limited and as ineffective as possible. Mr. Taft fairly defines the issue when he says that our Government is and should be a government of all the people by a representative part of the people. This is an excellent and moderate description of an oligarchy. It defines our Government as a government of all of the people by a few of the people. Mr. Taft, in his able speech, has made what is probably the best possible presentation of the case for those who feel in this manner. Essentially this view differs only in its expression from the view nakedly set forth by one of his supporters, Congressman Campbell. Congressman Campbell, in a public speech in New Hampshire, in opposing the proposition to give the people real and effective control over all their servants, including the judges, stated that this was equivalent to allowing an appeal from the umpire to the bleachers. Doubtless Congressman Campbell was not himself aware of the cynical truthfulness with which he was putting the real attitude of those for whom he spoke. But it unquestionably is their real attitude. Mr. Campbell's conception of the part the American people should play in self-government is that they should sit on the bleachers and pay the price of admission, but should have nothing to say as to the contest which is waged in the arena by the professional politicians. Apparently Mr. Campbell ignores the fact that the American people are not mere onlookers at a game, that they have a vital stake in the contest, and that democracy means nothing unless they are able and willing to show that they are their own masters.

I am not speaking jokingly, nor do I mean to be unkind; for I repeat that many honorable and well-meaning men of high character take this view, and have taken it from the time of the formation of the Nation. Essentially this view is that the Constitution is a strait-jacket to be used for the control of an unruly patient—the people. Now I hold that this view is not only false but mischievous, that our Constitutions are instruments designed to secure justice by securing the deliberate but effective expression of the popular will, that the checks and balances are valuable as far, and only so far, as they accomplish that deliberation, and that it is a warped and unworthy and improper construction of our form of government to see in it only a means of thwarting the popular will and of preventing justice. Mr. Taft says that "every class" should have a "voice" in the Government. That seems to me a very serious misconception of the American political situation. The real trouble with us is that some classes have had too much voice. One of the most important of all the lessons to be taught and to be learned is that a man should vote, not as a representative of a class, but merely as a good citizen, whose prime interests are the same as those of all other good citizens. The belief in different classes, each having a voice in the Government, has given rise to much of our present difficulty; for whosoever believes in these separate classes, each with a voice, inevitably, even although unconsciously, tends to work, not for the good of the whole people, but for the protection of some special class—usually that to which he himself belongs.

The same principle applies when Mr. Taft says that the judiciary ought not to be "representative" of the people in the sense that the Legislature and the Executive are. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is perfectly true of the judge when he is performing merely the ordinary functions of a judge in suits between man and man. It is not true of the judge engaged in interpreting, for instance, the due process clause—where the judge is ascertaining the preponderant opinion of the people (as Judge Holmes states it). When he exercises that function he has no right to let his political philosophy reverse and thwart the will of the majority. In that function the judge must represent the people or he fails in the test the Supreme Court has laid down. Take the Workmen's Compensation Act here in New York. The legislators gave us a law in the interest of humanity and decency and fair dealing. In so doing they represented the people, and represented them well. Several judges declared that law Constitutional in our State, and several courts in other States declared similar laws Constitutional, and the Supreme Court of the Nation declared a similar law affecting men in inter-State business Constitutional; but the highest court in the State of New York, the Court of Appeals, declared that we, the people of New York, could not have such a law. I hold that in this case the legislators and the judges alike occupied representative positions; the difference was merely that the former represented us well and the latter represented us ill. Remember that the legislators promised that law, and were returned by the people partly in consequence of such promise. That judgment of the people should not have been set aside unless it were irrational. Yet in the Ives case the New York Court of Appeals praised the policy of the law and the end it sought to obtain; and then declared that the people lacked power to do justice!

Mr. Taft again and again, in quotations I have given and elsewhere through his speech, expresses his disbelief in the people when they vote at the polls. In one sentence he says that the proposition gives "powerful effect to the momentary impulse of a majority of an electorate and prepares the way for the possible exercise of the grossest tyranny." Elsewhere he speaks of the "feverish uncertainty" and "unstable determination" of laws by "temporary and changing majorities;" and again he says that the system I propose "would result in suspension or application of Constitutional guarantees according to popular whim," which would destroy "all possible consistency" in Constitutional interpretation. I should much like to know the exact distinction that is to be made between what Mr. Taft calls "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority" when applied to a question such as that I raise and any other question. Remember that under my proposal to review a rule of decision by popular vote, amending or construing, to that extent, the Constitution, would certainly take at least two years from the time of the election of the Legislature which passed the act. Now, only four months elapse between the nomination and the election of a man as President, to fill for four years the most important office in the land. In one of Mr. Taft's speeches he speaks of "the voice of the people as coming next to the voice of God." Apparently, then, the decision of the people about the Presidency, after four months' deliberation, is to be treated as "next to the voice of God;" but if, after two years of sober thought, they decide that women and children shall be protected in industry, or men protected from excessive hours of labor under unhygienic conditions, or wage-workers compensated when they lose life or limb in the service of others, then their decision forthwith becomes a "whim" and "feverish" and "unstable" and an exercise of "the grossest tyranny" and the "laying of the ax to the foot of the tree of freedom." It seems absurd to speak of a conclusion reached by the people after two years' deliberation, after threshing the matter out before the Legislature, after threshing it out before the Governor, after threshing it out before the court and by the court, and then after full debate for four or six months, as "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority." If Mr. Taft's language correctly describes such action by the people, then he himself and all other Presidents have been elected by "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority;" then the Constitution of each State, and the Constitution of the Nation, have been adopted, and all amendments thereto have been adopted, by "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority." If he is right, it was "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority" which founded, and another fitful impulse which perpetuated, this Nation. Mr. Taft's position is perfectly clear. It is that we have in this country a special class of persons wiser than the people, who are above the people, who cannot be reached by the people, but who govern them and ought to govern them; and who protect various classes of the people from the whole people. That is the old, old doctrine which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been acted upon for thousands of years abroad; and which here in America has been acted upon sometimes openly, sometimes secretly, for forty years by many men in public and in private life, and I am sorry to say by many judges; a doctrine which has in fact tended to create a bulwark for privilege, a bulwark unjustly protecting special interests against the rights of the people as a whole. This doctrine is to me a dreadful doctrine; for its effect is, and can only be, to make the courts the shield of privilege against popular rights. Naturally, every upholder and beneficiary of crooked privilege loudly applauds the doctrine. It is behind the shield of that doctrine that crooked clauses creep into laws, that men of wealth and power control legislation. The men of wealth who praise this doctrine, this theory, would do well to remember that to its adoption by the courts is due the distrust so many of our wage-workers now feel for the courts. I deny that that theory has worked so well that we should continue it. I most earnestly urge that the evils and abuses it has produced cry aloud for remedy; and the only remedy is in fact to restore the power to govern directly to the people, and to make the public servant directly responsible to the whole people—and to no part of them, to no "class" of them.

Mr. Taft is very much afraid of the tyranny of majorities. For twenty-five years here in New York State, in our efforts to get social and industrial justice, we have suffered from the tyranny of a small minority. We have been denied, now by one court, now by another, as in the bakeshop case, where the courts set aside the law limiting the hours of labor in bakeries—the "due process" clause again—as in the workmen's compensation act, as in the tenement-house cigar factory case—in all these and many other cases we have been denied by small minorities, by a few worthy men of wrong political philosophy on the bench, the right to protect our people in their lives, their liberty, and their pursuit of happiness. As for "consistency"—why, the record of the courts, in such a case as the income tax for instance, is so full of inconsistencies as to make the fear expressed of "inconsistency" on the part of the people seem childish.

Well-meaning, short-sighted persons have held up their hands in horror at my proposal to allow the people themselves to construe the Constitution which they themselves made. Yet this is precisely what the Association of the Bar of the City of New York proposed to do in the concurrent resolution which was introduced at their request into our Legislature on January 16 last, proposing to amend the State Constitution by a section reading as follows: "Nothing contained in this Constitution shall be construed to limit the powers of the Legislature to enact laws" such as the workmen's compensation act. In other words, the New York Bar Association is proposing to appeal to the people to construe the Constitution in such a way as will directly reverse the Court. They are proposing to appeal from the highest court of the State to the people. That is just what I propose to do; the difference is only one of method, not of purpose; my method will give better results, and will give them more quickly. The Bar Association by its action admits that the Court was wrong, and sets to work to change the rule which it laid down. As Lincoln announced of the Dred Scott decision in his debates with Douglas: "Somebody has to reverse that decision, since it is made, and we mean to reverse it, and we mean to do it peaceably." Was Lincoln wrong? Was the spirit of the Nation that wiped out slavery "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority"?

Remember, I am not discussing the recall of judges—although I wish it distinctly understood that the recall is a mere piece of machinery to take the place of the unworkable impeachment which Mr. Taft in effect defends, and that if the days of Maynard ever came back again in the State of New York I should favor it. I have no wish to come to it; but our opponents, when they object to all efforts to secure real justice from the courts, are strengthening the hands of those who demand the recall. In a great many States there has been for many years a real recall of judges as regards appointments, promotions, reappointments and re-elections; and this recall was through the turn of a thumbscrew at the end of a long-distance rod in the hands of great interests. I believe that a just judge would feel far safer in the hands of the people than in the hands of those interests.

I stand on the Columbus speech. The principles there asserted are not new, but I believe that they are necessary to the maintenance of free democratic government. The part of my speech in which I advocated the right of the people to be the final arbiters of what is due process of law in the case of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statutes enacted for the general welfare will ultimately, I am confident, be recognized as giving strength and support to the courts instead of being revolutionary and subversive. The courts to-day owe the country no greater or clearer duty than to keep their hands off such statutes when they have any reasonably permissible relation to the public good. In the past the courts have often failed to perform this duty, and their failure is the chief cause of whatever dissatisfaction there is with the working of our judicial system. One who seeks to prevent the irrevocable commission of such mistakes in the future may justly claim to be regarded as aiming to preserve and not to destroy the independence and power of the judiciary.

My remedy is not the result of a library study of Constitutional law, but of actual and long-continued experience in the use of governmental power to redress social and industrial evils. Again and again earnest workers for social justice have said to me that the most serious obstacles that they have encountered during the many years that they have been trying to save American women and children from destruction in American industry have been the courts. That is the judgment of almost all the social workers I know, and of dozens of parish priests and clergymen, and of every executive and legislator who has been seriously attempting to use government as an agency for social and industrial betterment. What is the result of this system of judicial nullification? It was accurately stated by the Court of Appeals of New York in the Employers' Liability case, where it was calmly and judicially declared that the people under our republican government are less free to correct the evils that oppress them than are the people of the monarchies of Europe. To any man with vision, to any man with broad and real social sympathies, to any man who believes with all his heart in this great democratic republic of ours, such a condition is intolerable. It is not government by the people, but mere sham government in which the will of the people is constantly defeated. It is out of this experience that my remedy has come; and let it be tried in this field. When, as the result of years of education and debate, a majority of the people have decided upon a remedy for an evil from which they suffer, and have chosen a legislature and executive pledged to embody that remedy in law, and the law has been finally passed and approved, I regard it as monstrous that a bench of judges shall then say to the people: "*You must begin all over again.* First amend your Constitution [which will take four years]; second, secure the passage of a new law [which will take two years more]; third, carry that new law over the weary course of litigation [which will take no human being knows how long]; fourth, submit the whole matter over again to the very same judges who have rendered the decision to which you object. Then, if your patience holds out and you finally prevail, the will of the majority of the people may have its way." Such a system is not popular government, but a mere mockery of popular government. It is a system framed to maintain and perpetuate social injustice, and it can be defended only by those who disbelieve in the people, who do not trust them, and, I am afraid I must add, who have no real and living sympathy with them as they struggle for better things. In lieu of it I propose a practice by which the will of a majority of the people, when they have determined upon a remedy, shall, if their will persists for a minimum period of two years, go straight forward until it becomes a ruling force of life. I expressly propose to provide that sufficient time be taken to make sure that the remedy expresses the will, the sober and well-thought-out judgment, and not the whim, of the people; but, when that has been ascertained, I am not willing that the will of the people shall be frustrated. If this be not a wise remedy, let those who criticise it propose a wise remedy, and not confine themselves to railing at government by a majority of the American people as government by the mob. To propose, as an alternative remedy, slight modifications of impeachment proceedings is to propose no remedy at all—it is to bid us be content with chaff when we demand bread.

The decisions of which we complain are, as a rule, based upon the Constitutional provision that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. The terms "life, liberty, and property" have been used in the Constitutions of the English-speaking peoples since Magna Charta. Until within the last sixty years they were treated as having specific meanings; "property" meant tangible property; "liberty" meant freedom from personal restraint, or, in other words, from imprisonment in its largest definition. About 1870

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our courts began to attach to these terms new meanings. Now "property" has come to mean every right of value which a person could enjoy, and "liberty" has been made to include the right to make contracts. As a result, when the State limits the hours for which women may labor, it is told by the courts that this law deprives them of their "liberty;" and when it restricts the manufacture of tobacco in a tenement, it is told that the law deprives the landlord of his "property." Now I do not believe that any people, and especially our free American people, will long consent that the term "liberty" shall be defined for them by a bench of judges. Every people has defined that term for itself in the course of its historic development. Of course it is plain enough to see that, in a large way, the political history of man may be grouped about these three terms, "life, liberty, and property." There is no act of government which cannot be brought within their definition, and if the courts are to cease to treat them as words having a limited, specific meaning, then our whole Government is brought under the practically irresponsible supervision of judges. As against that kind of a Government I insist that the people have the right, and can be trusted, to govern themselves. This our opponents deny; and the issue is sharply drawn between us.

If my critics would only show the same sober judgment of which they declare the people at large to be incapable, they would realize that my proposal is one of moderation and common sense. I wish to quote the remarks of William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania: "To a lawyer the most interesting suggestion Colonel Roosevelt has made is to allow the people, after consideration, to re-enact legislation which a court decision has declared is contrary to some clause in the existing State Constitution.

"Any one who has been asked to draft specific amendments to State Constitutions will hesitate to condemn, without serious consideration, the suggestion made by Colonel Roosevelt. To take a concrete instance: The New York Court of Appeals declared the workmen's compensation act, passed by the New York Legislature, unconstitutional, as depriving in its operation the employer of his property without due process of law. A number of amendments to the New York Constitution, designed to validate a compensation act, have been drafted, and it is not unlikely that one of them will be adopted. Personally, one or more of these amendments having been shown to me, I cannot but feel that Constitutional amendments, designed to meet particular cases, run the danger of being so worded as to produce far-reaching results not anticipated or desired by the people. Colonel Roosevelt's suggestion avoids this difficulty and danger. If a persistent majority of the people of New York State want a workmen's compensation act, they should have it. But, in order to obtain it, they should not be driven to pass an amendment to their State Constitution, which may have effects which they do not anticipate or desire. Let them pass on the act, as passed by the Legislature, after a full knowledge that their highest court has unanimously expressed its opinion that the act is contrary to the Constitution which the people at a prior election have declared to be their fundamental law.

"I may not always approve of what the persistent majority wants. I might sometimes think the measure unwise. But that doesn't alter the right of that majority to enforce its will in government. The Roosevelt idea, it seems to me, supplies an instrument by which that majority can enforce its will in the most conservative way. It makes explosions unnecessary.

"I would have been very proud to have been the author of that plan, although I want to emphasize the fact that it involves no new principle, only a new method.

"I don't mind saying, however, that I think it unfortunate that it should have been proposed by Colonel Roosevelt. He is a man of such marked characteristics, and his place in the political world is such, that he arouses intense enthusiasm on the one hand, and intense animosity on the other. Because of this, the great idea which he has propounded is bound to be beclouded, and its adoption to be delayed. It is a pity that anything so important should be confounded with any man's personality."

As regards the Dean's last paragraph, I can only say that I wish somebody else whose suggestions would arouse less antagonism *had* proposed it; but nobody else *did* propose it, and so I *had* to. I am not leading this fight as a matter of æsthetic pleasure. I am leading because somebody must lead, or else the fight would not be made at all.

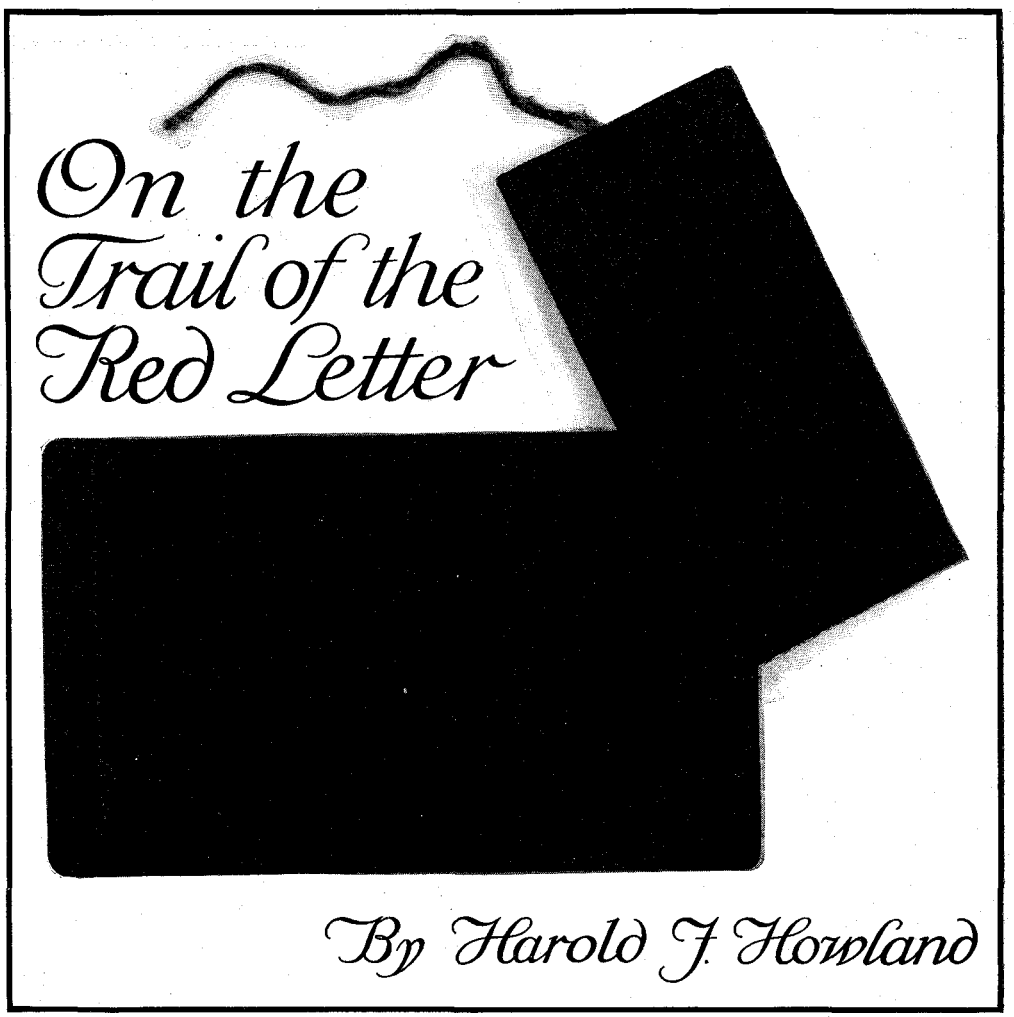
I prefer to work with moderate, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rational, conservatives, provided only that they do in good faith strive forward towards the light. But when they halt and turn their backs to the light, and sit with the scorners on the seats of reaction, then I must part company with them. We the people cannot turn back. Our aim must be steady, wise progress. It would be well if our people would study the history of a sister republic. All the woes of France for a century and a quarter have been due to the folly of her people in splitting into the two camps of unreasonable conservatism and unreasonable radicalism. Had pre-Revolutionary France listened to men like Turgot, and backed them up, all would have gone well. But the beneficiaries of privilege, the Bourbon reactionaries, the shortsighted ultra-conservatives, turned down Turgot; and then found that instead of him they had obtained Robespierre. They gained twenty years' freedom from all restraint and reform, at the cost of the whirlwind of the red terror; and in their turn the unbridled extremists of the terror induced a blind reaction; and so, with convulsion and oscillation from one extreme to another, with alternations of violent radicalism and violent Bourbonism, the French people went through misery towards a shattered goal. May we profit by the experiences of our brother republicans across the water, and go forward steadily, avoiding all wild extremes; and may our ultra-conservatives remember that the rule of the Bourbons brought on the Revolution, and may our would-be revolutionaries remember that no Bourbon was ever such a dangerous enemy of the people and of freedom as the professed friend of both, Robespierre. There is no danger of a revolution in this country; but there is grave discontent and unrest, and in order to remove them there is need of all the wisdom and probity and deep-seated faith in and purpose to uplift humanity, we have at our command.

Friends, our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose. The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing. In order to succeed we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government either into government by a plutocracy or government by a mob would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead. We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in a spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose, above all in a spirit of kindly justice towards every man and every woman. We not merely admit, but insist, that there must be self-control on the part of the people, that they must keenly perceive their own duties as well as the rights of others; but we also insist that the people can do nothing unless they not merely have, but exercise to the full, their own rights. The worth of our great experiment depends upon its being in good faith an experiment—the first that has ever been tried—in true democracy on the scale of a continent, on a scale as vast as that of the mightiest empires of the Old World. Surely this is a noble ideal, an ideal for which it is worth while to strive, an ideal for which at need it is worth while to sacrifice much; for our ideal is the rule of all the people in a spirit of friendliest brotherhood towards each and every one of the people.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On the Trail of the Red Letter

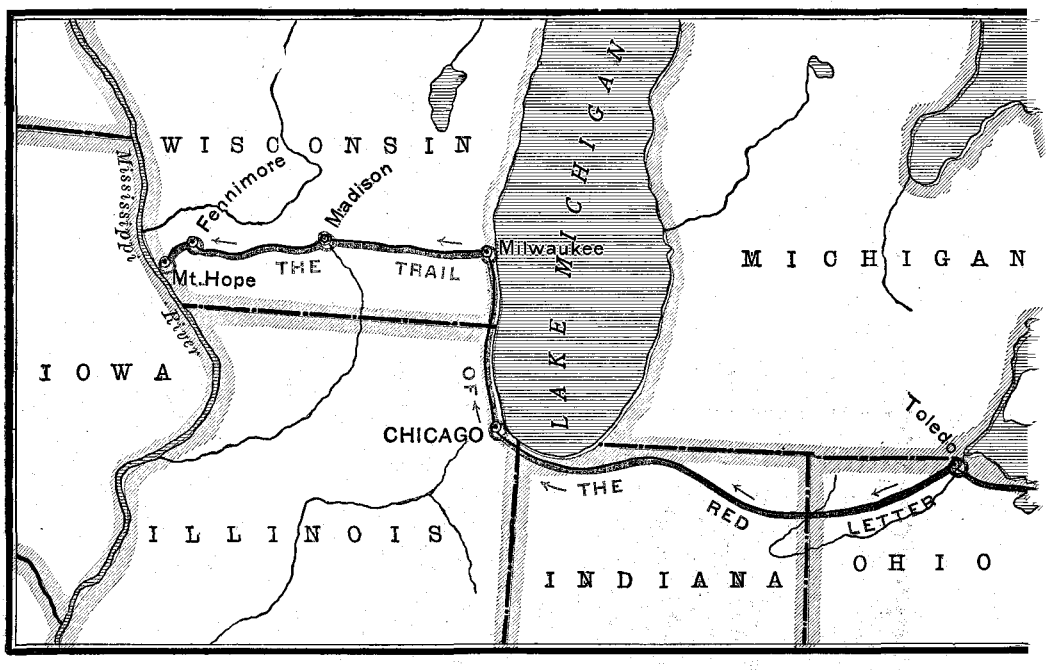
By Harold J. Howland

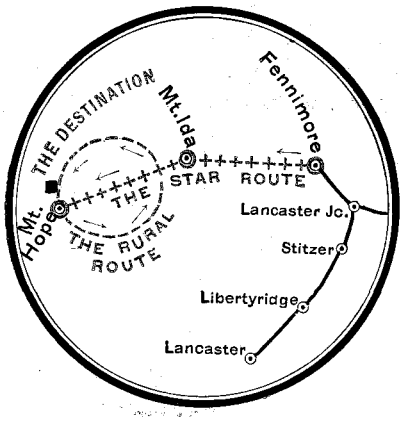
ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

WHAT is easier than to communicate with a friend by mail—whether he live at the other end of the city, the other end of the State, the other end of the country, or the other end of the world? You drop a letter in a handy mail-box, and forget it; and in due season (if your friend is a good correspondent) the reply is handed to you at your own front door. The process is so familiar that it seems ridiculous to talk about it. But what happens between the time when you post the letter and the moment when your friend receives it? How does the Post-Office go about it to take your letter (which you must remember is only one of a million or so mailed the same day at thousands of different places all over the country to be carried to other thousands of places equally scattered) and carry it swiftly and unerringly to its destination? We all of us use the mails as habitually and as unthinkingly as we eat or sleep. But how many of us realize that when we mail a letter we set in motion vast and intricate machinery whose operations constitute one of the miracles of the modern age? The city letter-carrier or the rural carrier we know, the mail wagon we have seen, mail trains have flashed by us as we waited at stations. But what do we know of the high-pressure work of the railway mail clerk, of pneumatic tubes, of machines canceling thirty thousand stamps an hour, of the endless process of "separation"?

Some months ago it was proposed that I should make some study of the postal service in order to give the readers of The Outlook an idea of what this machinery is and how it works. It occurred to me that it would be an interesting thing to mail a letter in New York, addressed to a little place in the Middle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





West, for instance, and to stay with that letter myself until it was finally delivered at its destination. The officials of the Post-Office Department were pleased with the idea, and did everything in their power to make this unusual trip a success. The letter was put in a red envelope for better identification. From the moment that I started it in New York until it was handed to the person to whom it was addressed in Mount Hope, Wisconsin, it did not move a foot (except, for obvious reasons, when it was going through the pneumatic tube in the city) without my being with it. Here begins the story of that journey on the trail of the Red Letter.

THE RED LETTER IS MAILED

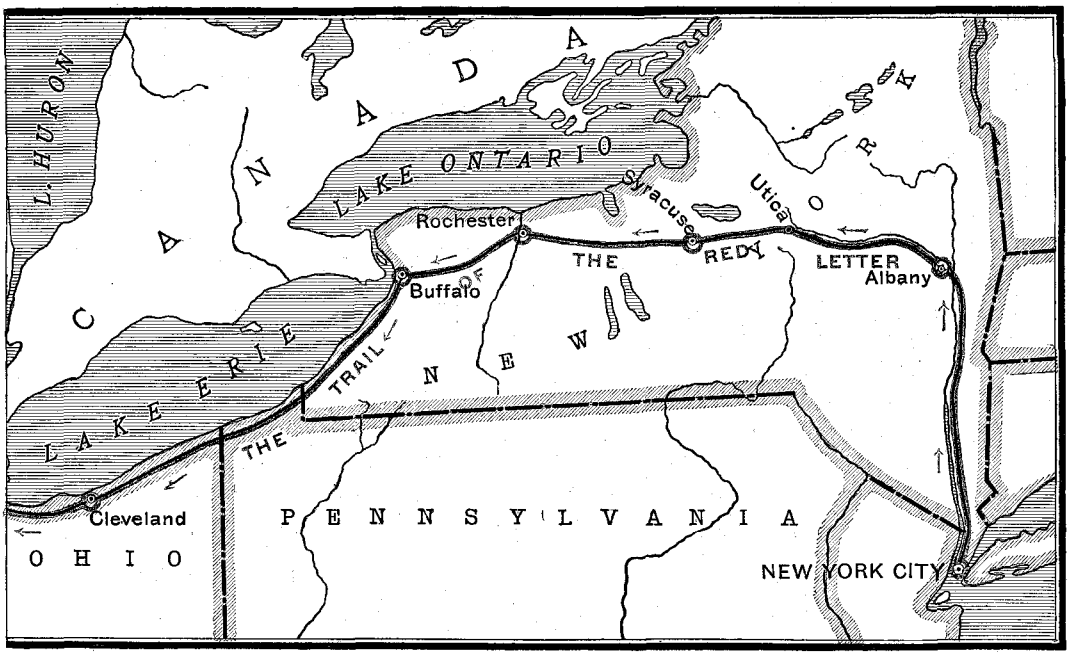
In the early evening of an April day I slipped a letter into the slot of the mailing chute on the seventh floor of a New York office building. In an instant it had flashed past the strip of glass front between the slot and the floor, and a couple of seconds later the ear of the imagination could hear it drop into the mass of letters in the box at the bottom. From the moment when my fingers released their hold, no power on earth (except myself, if I were minded to untangle a portentous mass of red tape) might prevent, divert, or retard the progress of that letter to its destination, provided only it were properly addressed, the postage were sufficiently paid, and no matter which by law is unmailable were inclosed in it. Not even the Government itself could do anything to that letter but expedite its journey and deliver it at the earliest possible moment into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed.

It was an ordinary letter, simply addressed to Mr. Jay F. Morse, R. D. No. 1, Mt. Hope, Wisconsin. But it had an extraordinary mission. Its blood-red envelope was the clue that, like Ariadne's silken thread, was to lead me through the labyrinth of the postal service, a 1,000-mile journey from New York to Mount Hope, from the mail-chute of a metropolitan sky-scraper to the rural post-box of a Wisconsin farmer.

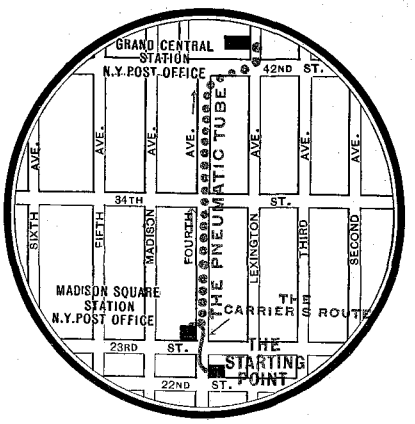
THE RED LETTER IS COLLECTED

At the foot of the chute, as I drop down the elevator, is waiting Mr. Gardner, an amiable and quietly effective Chief Clerk of the Railway Mail Service, who is to be my guide and com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



panion on the first stage of this Red-Letter journey—the thousand-mile flight to Chicago. For this journey, usual and routine as it is for a letter, whatever the color of its envelope, is for me, for a human being traveling like a letter, quite—so the wise ones of the postal service assure me—without precedent. Therefore the Department has prepared every mile of the way—not for the letter, which need follow only the regular course to be delivered swiftly and safely, but for me—as painstakingly as ever the retainers of an Indian prince laid a *dâk* with frequent relays of fresh horseflesh for the despatch of a fateful messenger or the journey of the potentate himself.

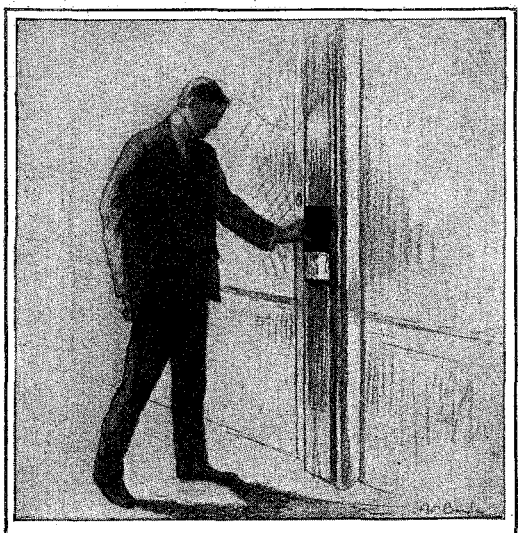


To us, waiting in the lobby of our sky-scraper, enters the familiar gray-uniformed figure, his dumpy gray satchel over his shoulder. Businesslike, he unlocks the door in the bronze receptacle of the chute, takes out the letters in handfuls, stuffs them into his satchel, clashes to the door, and is off. We fall into step beside him, Mr. Gardner explaining the while that we are not highwaymen, but followers of a scarlet clue. Through the thinning crowd of homing workers on the street we follow the collector to the last few boxes of his round and enter with him the door of the Madison Square Station of the Post-Office. On a long table heaped with other letters he empties his satchel and slips away to other duties.

IN THE POST-OFFICE

The broad room in the building which is dominated by the white shaft of the Metropolitan tower is a busy place at that hour. At the end of the long tables a pair of electric canceling-machines chatter away over their task of canceling stamps and post-marking letters to the tune of sixty thousand an hour between them. In a far corner the pneumatic tubes record the passing minutes by a hoarse bark and a metallic clatter every fifteen seconds precisely, as a carrier, looking not unlike a big gun cartridge, loaded with letters arrives from up town or down, and, in syncopated time with the barkings, by a sharp click and a long-drawn sigh as a carrier departs every eleven seconds for north or south. Save for the chatter of the cancelers and the punctuations of the big tubes in the corner,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE RED LETTER MAILED

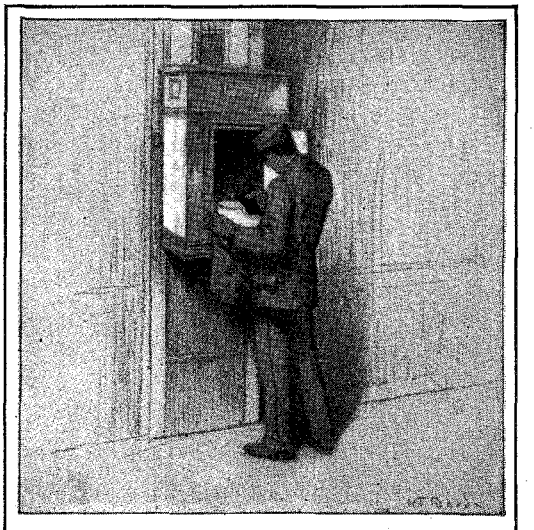
the room is quiet with the hush of intense application, of high-pressure work; for the United States mail must go forward in a steady, rapid flow, and there must be no lost motion to slow up the speed. Trains depart on the minute, and every letter that comes in must be despatched by the first train to leave thereafter.

The Red Letter is to take the regular course, and by the gleam of its envelope we follow its progress through the mill, which grinds away remorselessly. Beside the long table, stacked high with mail from the collectors' satchels, several clerks are "facing up" the letters. Under their raking fingers the chaotic piles compact themselves into an orderly column of letters, all facing one way and marching steadily down the table to the stammering cancelers. All the "long letters," which must be canceled and distributed separately, and the "fat stock," too obese to pass the narrow jaws of the canceler, are weeded out. In a moment the thin red edge which holds our attention in the column reaches the hand of the feeder at the end of the table and a scarlet flash marks its passage through the machine.

As we stand fascinated by the insatiable appetite of the nervous little demon of steel and nickel and electric energy, the superintendent of the station chants the praises of invention. "Thirty thousand an hour that little fellow can do. Of course we don't keep it fed up to that speed every minute. But," as he reads a dial and hunts out some figures from a record book, "this machine has eaten up seventy-two thousand since two o'clock, that one over there has gobbled another eighty-two thousand, and the third one there eighty-four thousand. A pretty fair record that for a mere substation. In the old days it would have kept at least sixteen men pounding away with the old hand stampers to keep ahead of that bunch of work." We ejaculate a tribute to man's ingenuity, and turn to follow the scarlet thread.

THE SEPARATION CASE

The "separation case," the next step on our road, is the nucleus of the postal service. The process of getting mail from sender to addressee is composed of two main parts—transportation and separation. Obviously, if I, in New York, am to send a letter to you, in Kankakee, it must be carried from me to you by various agencies—collector, pneumatic tube, railway, wagon, letter-carrier. But, what is not so obvious till the matter is studied a little, if the transportation is to be done as swiftly as possible, the letter must be "separated" at almost every step of its journey. For our letter is only one of millions; it is only a drop in a swollen stream flowing steadily from big postal centers to big postal centers, continually fed by tributaries along its course, and continually giving off branches to water the adjacent country. So our single letter must go to the separation case time and again as it is carried along with the stream. We shall see how this vital process works as we follow the Red Letter trail.



THE RED LETTER COLLECTED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The case, on the ledge of which the Red Letter is waiting among a thousand white ones, is the "primary separation case." It is composed of square pigeonholes, and looks like a section of the wall of letter-boxes in small post-offices, except that the open ends of the boxes are towards us. Each pigeonhole bears a label, or the remnants of one, for the clerks soon become so expert that they know the boxes as a man knows the pockets in his clothes. There is a box for each State and one for each of a dozen big cities, which have so much mail sent from this station that it pays to make up a "direct package." But most of the letters in this primary separation are "made up" by States. The process of primary separation is a simple one, but it requires a quick eye, a good memory, and perfect co-ordination between eye and hand; for speed is indispensable—the United States mail must not be delayed.

The clerk gathers a bunch of letters in his hand, glances at the top one, and without a waver sticks it into its proper pigeonhole, giving it a characteristic little flick at the last instant that sends it to the back of the box. Like a high-speed machine he works—except that that glance of the eye introduces the element which puts the gulf between the machine and man—reeling off forty to the minute with hardly a variation. Soon one box, more popular than the others, is full. He takes out the letters, puts a manila "facing slip," bearing the name of the State, the date, and his own initials, on top, and with a couple of brisk turns ties up the package and drops it on the ledge before him. Soon the hour approaches when a "despatch" is to be made—that is, when the last mail that is to go by a certain train must be sent out through the pneumatic tubes. So he proceeds to "tie out" his case, or rather those pigeonholes in it which have letters that go over the route of this particular train. As the packages are tied up they are carried over to the pneumatic tubes, stuffed into the carriers, and shot away underground to the postal station at the railway depot.

THE RED LETTER DISAPPEARS

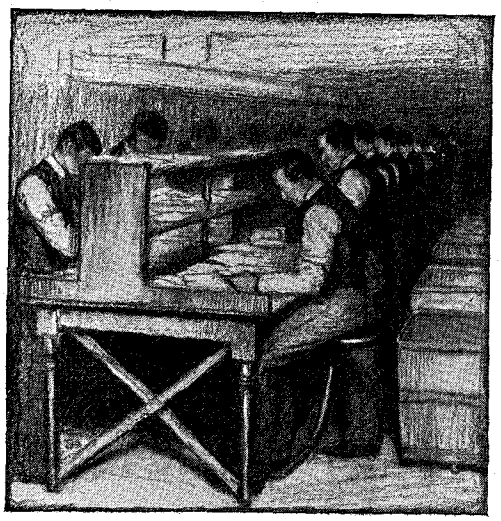
In due course, as we watch, the Red Letter is flicked into the Wisconsin box, and in a few minutes the box is tied out and the package with a dozen others dumped upon the tray by the pneumatic tubes. Our package is put into a carrier, the cover snapped to, and cabalistic chalk-marks inscribed thereon, that we may know it again. The carrier is stood in a corner till word shall come from us at the Grand Central Station to send it forward. For here the regular course must be modified a trifle; the pneumatic tube is wonderfully efficient, but a little small in diameter to carry a man, though a cat has gone through it without losing many of her lives. So the carrier waits while we—the followers of the clue—take the prosaic Subway to the Grand Central.

IT APPEARS AGAIN

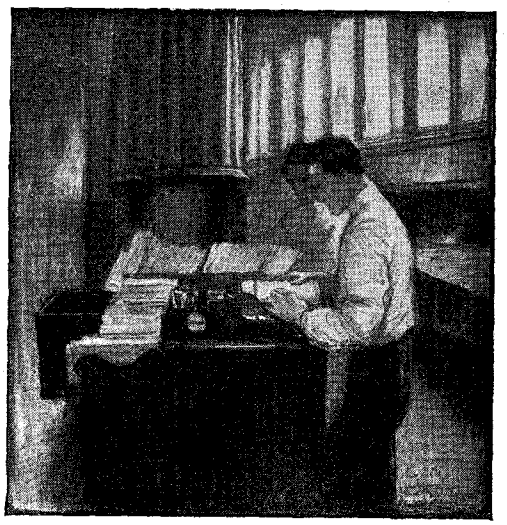
At another set of the barking and sighing mouths of the pneumatic tubes we take our stand to wait for the carrier. We watch the black cartridges come slipping out of one mouth across the oily table, to be seized, opened, and dumped of their contents, or dropped into another open mouth to go on their way to the Pennsylvania Station, as the chalk-marks command. Astonishingly soon after the telephone tells us that the carrier has started from Madison Square a mile away, it slides from the tube before us. In an instant our package, Red Letter on top, has become one in an almost continuous line, flying through the air into a square orifice marked "North and West." Five seconds later it rides in a box on wheels across the floor.

The space about the pneumatic tubes at the Grand Central is a nexus of incoming and outgoing lines of letter mail. The tubes pour in their steady streams from the General Post-Office and the scattered stations up and down the city; on a broad table at one side are being emptied pouches from arriving trains; down from overhead slope the belt-conveyors bringing processions of letter packages from the distribution cases across the room and from the city division on a lower floor. The letter packages massed by these converging currents at this point are sorted by the eager fingers of clerks working at high pressure, and sent flying away again over their appointed routes—through the tubes to Brooklyn, General Post-Office, Pennsylvania Depot, and city stations; up on the endless belts for distribution cases and city divisions; into the gaping mouths of giant pigeonholes marked "East," "West and North," "City Rack," "Pitts. and South," and so on. From the outlets at the other end of these big sloping pigeonholes the letter bundles are tumbled at intervals, continually shortening as train time approaches, into wheeled boxes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"FACING UP"



THE CANCELING MACHINE

and hurried across the floor to the pouching-racks.

The Red Letter package has flashed into its pigeonhole "West and North," slid out and been rolled across the floor to the pouching-rack—an iron framework from which hang a score of canvas pouches with square-stretched mouths—and dropped into the pouch marked "N. Y. and Chi., No. 2—Train 35." These cabalistic abbreviations indicate to the initiated that this pouch is to go out over the New York and Chicago Railway Post-Office line on Train No. 35, and that it is to be opened on the second section of the journey. R. P. O. lines, it should be noted, are named not at all after the railways they run over but according to the points between which the clerks on them work. The Red Letter is all but ready to enter upon the second stage of its journey, and we, observer and guide, to transfer our attention from one great branch of the postal service, the post-office proper, to a second, the Railway Mail Service. It only remained for the pouch to be "locked out," thrown upon a truck, trundled across into the railway station, weighed, shot down an elevator to the lower level, and heaved with a succession of other pouches into the bright oblong of light which marks a doorway in the side of the long black bulk of Mail Train No. 35.

NUMBER 35

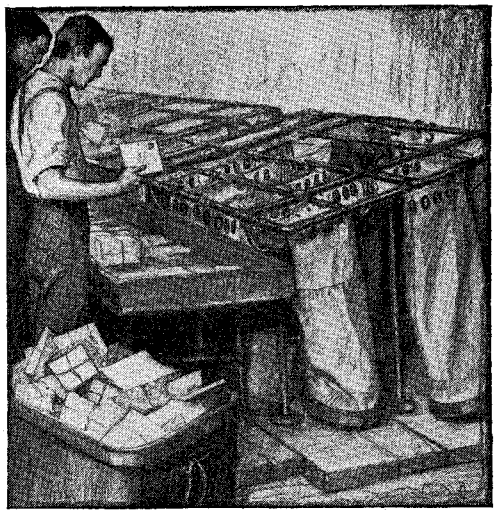
As the pouch, to which we have tied a red tag, disappears into the car, it is nearly nine-thirty. The conductor, conning his watch, walks the length of the train, the last truck-loads of pouches come at a run down the platform to the proper cars, the last pouches are piled aboard, and, prompt to the second, 35 rolls out, carrying tons of mail matter, to be spread out fanwise over the country and beyond, from Alaska to New Orleans, from New England to the Far East.

The Red Letter, securely tied in its Wisconsin package with a score of other letters and locked with other packages into its red-tagged pouch, is for the present one of a stack of pouches all alike labeled "N. Y. and Chi. No. 2—Train 35," in one of the letter cars. While it waits there the pleasure of the mail clerks let us look over the train and see how this caravan in which we are to live—and incidentally travel eight hundred miles—during the next twenty-four hours is made up. We climb into overalls and jumper, for mail sacks and pouches are dusty traveling companions, and proceed to a better acquaintance with our surroundings and the Railway Mail Service. Seven cars we have on No. 35, a solid mail train which leaves the Grand Central Station every night in the year at half-past nine and makes a practice of rolling into the La Salle Street Station in Chicago each next night anywhere from five to twenty minutes inside the twenty-four hours.

As we walk through the train, storage cars, dimly lighted tunnels between heaped-up stacks of bulging mail-sacks, alternate with brilliantly illuminated "working cars,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PNEUMATIC TUBE



THE POUCHING RACK

condensed post-offices on wheels. There are three storage cars. One is known as the Chicago storage; in it are stacked all the Chicago letter and paper mail originating at New York, the "working" letter mails which are to be distributed on the Middle and West divisions;[1] and paper mails for Detroit, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo. A second is known as the Minneapolis storage; before the train reaches Chicago all the mails for the Chicago and Minneapolis R. P. O. are assembled in it, and the car is switched by devious ways over to the Union Station, where the mails are transferred and sent out over the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. This obviates unloading of the mails at Chicago and sending them across the city in wagons. The third is the Burlington storage, which is treated in the same way as the Minneapolis storage; all the mails which are to go by way of Omaha and San Francisco are assembled in it, the car is sent over to the Union Station and goes out over the Chicago and Council Bluffs R. P. O. The storage cars are deserted, except for conductor and trainmen chatting on a comfortable pile of sacks, an occasional mail clerk culling out pouches for immediate distribution, or a railway porter shifting and piling sacks and pouches. In the working cars, however, is no lack of life. No. 35 carries on the Eastern division a crew of a couple of dozen clerks. Their task is separation, separation, separation—incessant application to the process which, as we learned on an earlier stage of our journey, is the vital process of the postal service. The Railway Post-Office is the wholly admirable invention which makes it possible for the processes of separation and transportation to go on simultaneously, and saves hours of time by putting the separation case on wheels and sending it careering over the country at forty miles an hour.

[1] The New York and Chicago R. P. O. has three divisions, on each of which the train is manned by a separate crew. The dividing points between the divisions are Syracuse and Cleveland.

AN INITIATION

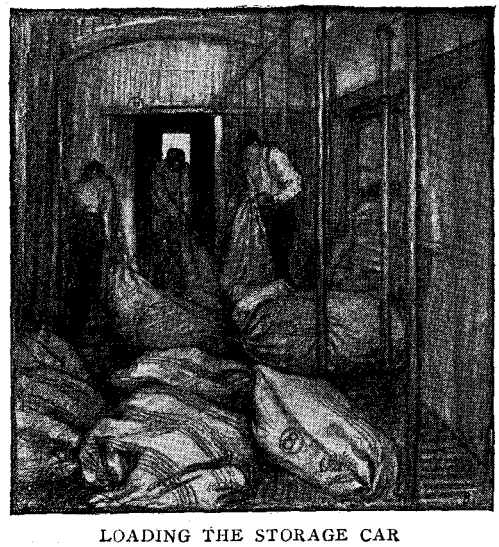
In the fourth car of the train a young man of athletic build and frank, engaging manners is distributing paper mail into twoscore open sack mouths on the rack before him. Mr. Gardner introduces us, and, half humorously, Clerk West suggests an initiation into the mysteries of separation. It is not hard to fall into the spirit of the thing, and in a minute my education as a railway mail clerk is in full swing. We are distributing "mixed papers"—paper mail, that is, which comes from post-offices where there was not enough for each State to make separate sacks. Each sack in our rack bears a label with the name of a State, or of a city large enough to warrant the making up of a "direct" sack. There is a rack both before and behind us, and above our heads on both sides of the car rows of giant pigeonholes with sloping bottoms and sliding screened doors across their lower halves. From a heap of sacks in the corner, just brought in from a storage car by a porter, we pick up a sack, heave it up, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dump out its contents on the narrow table before us. The mail matter is mixed, not only as to destination, but as to character—second, third, and fourth class (papers mailed direct by publishers in bulk, papers mailed singly by individuals, and merchandise) mingled indiscriminately. Now for the separation. Each paper or parcel is picked up, its address read, and shot into its appropriate sack or pigeonhole. At first the novice makes slow progress, for he has to hunt up the right sack each time before he makes his shot. But it is surprising how quickly he becomes familiar with the location of the most popular sacks, and how soon the motion toward the Illinois sack, the Chicago, the Michigan, or the Ohio sack tends to become automatic. A mail clerk's job is like a printer's; the first thing he must do is to "learn his case," so that he does not have to think between motions where a given type (in the case of the printer) or a given State or city (in the case of the clerk) is to be found. The next thing is to learn to throw with accuracy, for the mouths of the farther sacks, six or eight feet away, are none too large marks. The novice soon discovers, both by observation and by experience, that what is needed to give the shot precision is confidence and snap. A cautious attempt has perhaps three chances in five of missing, and an attempt that is flabby as well will almost certainly eliminate the other two chances.

THE FASCINATION OF IT

For the hour or so that I keep at it, it is fascinating work, this distribution. There is the same sense of physical enjoyment in the mere act of throwing that there is in any sport—golf, billiards, quoits—which involves a nice adjustment and co-operation of eye, nerve, and muscle. Then, too, there is a certain fascination about the mail matter itself. Each piece suggests infinite possibilities as to sender, recipient, and contents. A philosopher could find many a peg for philosophizing, a story-teller many a starting-point for a tale (here, for instance, is a package, a little too daintily wrapped for the strenuous vicissitudes of a long journey in a mail-sack, its corners already gaping and revealing a piece of toothsome layer cake; it is addressed in an obviously feminine and youthful hand to a certain lieutenant at a Western military post. Why not the germ of a romance in this dainty parcel? May it reach its soldier safely and carry some message to his exiled heart!). A poet even (a minor Whitman, say, or a lesser Kipling) might find themes for song here; or an economist, who should see the many parcels going out from the mail-order houses all over the country, might get a new impression of one phase of modern business.



LOADING THE STORAGE CAR

As I said, it is fascinating work for an hour. And I am sure some trace of that fascination would linger even when the work had become one's daily job. But by the same token it is hard work, exacting work, high-pressure work, a real man's work.

THE RED LETTER MAKES ANOTHER MOVE

From the other end of the train comes Mr. Gardner to say that the Red Letter is about to make another move. From its resting-place in the working car in which are distributed mails for twenty-one States (including the province of Ontario) aggregating thirty thousand post-offices, the pouch with the red tag is unlocked (letters travel always under lock and key, while papers and packages go in lockless sacks), and a cascade of letter packages, one flashing a red top to catch my eye, tumbles across the table. The pouch, which was marked, it will be remembered, "New York and Chicago No. 2," contains "mixed" mail like the paper mail I have just been distributing, so I need no assistance in dealing out these packages into their respective pouches and sacks in the rack before me. Letter packages are wonderfully easy to throw. They are all about of a size and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE PAPER CAR

IN THE LETTER CAR

heavy enough to go straight and true with little effort. I shoot the Red Letter package into a Wisconsin sack, and when in a few minutes all the "mixed" mail is thus assorted, I "tie out" the sack and see it lugged off into the storage car to wait the next stage. The Red Letter will now remain quiet again till the next morning, when the clerks of the West division will take it in hand.

AT THE LETTER CASE

The novice now tries his hand at letter separation at the "mixed letter" case. This, for reasons which will appear in a moment, is, with the "mixed paper" distribution, the only kind of separation for which he is yet qualified, or can be without a deal of hard study and experience. The "mixed letter case" is like the primary separation case in the Madison Square Station (and in every other post-office in the country, for that matter). Its boxes stand for States and a few large cities. It is obvious, therefore, that it requires no special knowledge to do such separation—merely familiarity with the case, which is soon learned.

The primary separation is not so hard. But when we come to the next step, "making it up fine," it is quite another story—

A BITE TO EAT—AT HALF PRICE

But here we are at Albany, and before we consider that story, we may as well have a bite to eat. It is early morning now, between twelve and one, and a sandwich, cup of coffee, and piece of pie at the railway lunch-counter are very welcome. There are a few travelers at the other end of the counter, and when I have the unique experience of paying only half-price for my food because in overalls and jumper I am accepted at face value as a railway (or R. M. S.) man, I find myself looking at the mere passengers with a little sense of superior tolerance. No. 35 takes on two more cars here from the Boston and Albany R. P. O. One is a Chicago storage car, like the one already in the train, except that it comes from Boston; the other is known as the Wabash storage and runs from Boston to Toledo. It is loaded with mails for the Southwest which are despatched by way of Toledo and St. Louis, and with "working" mails for South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, and California. At one-five No. 35, now nine cars long, pulls out for the second stage of its run.

THE ADEPTS

Back in the letter car, I turn to watch some of the clerks who before the spreading letter cases are performing the more esoteric functions of their craft. A glance at the cases and a word of explanation give a hint of the difficulties of their task. Here, for instance, is the New York letter case. It contains three hundred and forty-eight boxes ranged in vertical rows of twelve each. Of these boxes two hundred and fifteen are "directs," bearing the names of cities and towns. The others bear mysterious abbreviations like the "N. Y. and Chi. No. 2" which appeared on the Red Letter pouch when it came aboard No. 35. Let us com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pare a row of boxes from the "mixed letter" case with a row from the New York case.

Mixed Letter	*New York*
British Columbia.	Watkins, N. Y.
Mississippi.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Idaho.	Canaan & Wmsport.
Oregon.	Ithaca, N. Y.
Montana.	Canas. & Elm.
Iowa.	New York & Horn. E.
Illinois.	New York & Sala. W.
Chicago, Ill.	Sala. & Dun.
Indiana.	Syr. & Roch. E.
Michigan.	Syr. & Roch. W.
Pennsylvania.	N. Fair H. & Sayre.
Colorado.	Geneva & Naples.

Now if a clerk has a handful of letters to distribute in this row of the mixed letter case, he has only to read the State name in the address on each envelope and stick the letter into its proper box. But if his handful of letters is to go into this part of the New York case, he must know much more than that, know it accurately, and know it, so to speak, instantaneously. In this row of boxes are three "directs," Watkins, Penn Yan, and Ithaca. But the other obscure symbols represent Railway Post-Office lines, and the letters which are to go into them are letters addressed to towns reached by those routes. Canas. and Elm., for instance, stands for the Canastota & Elmira Railway Post-Office, which runs over a branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad from Canastota, New York, to Elmira, New York. It may serve, directly and by connections, half a hundred post-offices. Every letter for any one of those post-offices must go into that box. So when the clerk sees on an envelope the name De Ruyter, let us say, he must think "Canas. & Elm." and send his hand without hesitation or faltering, not to the De Ruyter box, for there isn't any, but to the "Canas. & Elm." box. Now there are in New York State 2,269 post-offices. Of these only 215 are made up as "directs." So that the clerk who is "working" the New York mail must know 2,454 post-offices and know, almost instinctively, by which one of over one hundred R. P. O. lines each one is served. But even that is not all. Mail for certain post-offices goes by one route at one hour of the day and by another at another hour. The clerk, therefore, must know for each such post-office what the proper route is to make connection with the particular train he is working on. The New York case is one of the largest, with its 348 boxes; the Iowa case has 216 boxes, of which 136 are directs; the Wisconsin case, in which we shall be particularly interested in the morning, has 132 boxes, of which 86 are directs.

So the task of the railway mail clerk is an exacting one. He works under continuous pressure, at high speed, and on an unstable footing. His post-office is rolling across country at the rate of forty miles an hour, and, however smooth the motion, however expert he may have become in retaining his equilibrium, the conditions inevitably make a continual drain upon his nervous force. In addition, he must have a lot of knowledge at his finger tips, knowledge in which he is practically one hundred per cent perfect.

ONE ERROR IN TWELVE THOUSAND

In the year 1910 it is estimated that there were made in the Railway Mail Service 24,689,223,935 distributions, and for every piece which was handled incorrectly, 11,941 pieces were handled correctly.

That is the way the railway mail clerks know their job, and that high record of efficiency helps to explain why you and I are so well served by the Post-Office, why when one of us mails a letter to the other he can calculate on its going quickly and safely, and why, in the long run, we are so seldom disappointed.

The need for this voluminous and precise knowledge on the part of the railway mail clerk, together with the high tension of his task, explains the unusual conditions under which he works. The clerk is on duty, roughly speaking, twelve hours a day for six days; then he lies off for another six days, then works twelve hours a day for the next six, and so on. But that six days off duty is by no means a holiday, for the clerk must be continually studying and practicing, not only with an eye to promotion, but for the purpose of keeping up his efficiency. It is anything but a sinecure, the railway mail clerk's job, trust me who have seen it at close range, and have taken a dip into its mysteries and its strenuous activities.

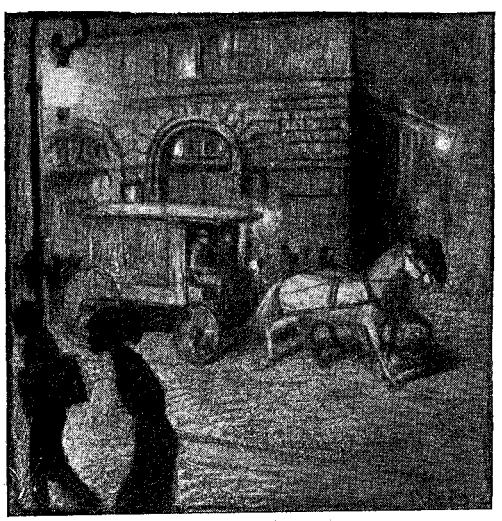
FORTY WINKS—AND MORNING

About four in the morning I crawl up on top of a pile of pouches in a storage car, and sleep more or less soundly for a couple of hours. I awake to find the night changed to day, but the regular routine going steadily on. Any twelve hours of a trip like this is just like any other twelve, except that where one clerk was then sorting Iowa mail another clerk is now distributing California papers, the New York letter case has been transformed into an Illinois letter case, and so on. Our fast mail train, though stop-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ping only at the biggest cities, is now also making deliveries and collections at all the local stations. Every few miles a pouch, generally scantily filled, is thrown out the open door as we flash by a station, and another is snatched from the gallows arm on which it hangs beside the track by a movable iron finger that we stick out like a tentacle.

At Buffalo we have given up our Michigan car, to go forward over the Michigan Central to Detroit. At Toledo we leave our Wabash storage car—which we took on at Albany—to go on to St. Louis with mails for the Southwest. All the California mails that we carry had to be distributed before we reach Toledo, so that those for southern California may go down by way of St. Louis, while those for the northern part of the State go on to Chicago and thence by the Burlington and the Union Pacific. So, you see, there must be a clerk or two on No. 35 who knows the post-offices and the R. P. O. lines 'way off in California. At Cleveland we take on our third crew, making a total of sixty-seven clerks for the run, besides nine railway porters and four weighers. Since leaving Buffalo we have been in the zone where the regular quadrennial weighing of the mails is going on, to determine how much the railway shall be paid for transporting the mails during the next four years. Between Buffalo and Chicago every single pouch or sack of matter that comes on or goes off the train is weighed and its weight carefully recorded. From the mass of figures turned in by the weighers on every R. P. O. and at every big station during one hundred and five days the accountants at Washington will compute the rate of pay for every R. P. O. line within this zone.



THROUGH MILWAUKEE

THE RED LETTER AGAIN

Soon after we leave Cleveland the red-tagged sack comes out of the storage car, and in a few moments the Red Letter is one of a long row of letters on the ledge of the Wisconsin case. In due season it pops into a box labeled "Milw. Lanc. & Gal. tr. 617, via Milwaukee," and somewhat later it, with a score of others, is "tied out" and dropped into a pouch labeled "Chi. & Minn. No. 1, tr. 57." This pouch, when finally locked out, is piled in the Minneapolis storage car, marked, like its predecessors, with the red tag.

CHICAGO

We come into the La Salle Street Station at Chicago fifteen minutes ahead of time, and then begins for our Minnesota storage car, bearing among a hundred others the red-tagged pouch with the Red Letter safely locked within, a game of follow-my-leader across what seems like half of Chicago. Obediently tailing a switch engine, we back and fill, run scuttering down devious tracks through constellations of red and green and white switch lights, slip between black lines of waiting freight cars, clatter over frogs and switches, and finally pull up in the Union Station. We have saved by this strategic maneuver the labor, expense, and delay of shifting the mails our car carries to screen wagons, and driving them through the crowded city streets from station to station. The pouches and sacks are now piled on trucks, whisked across to the waiting train on another track, and piled into the car on the "Chi. & Minn." R. P. O. line. In a little over an hour the train pulls out, and I and the Red Letter are off on the second stretch of our journey, to Milwaukee. We have said good-by to "our" Mr. Gardner, and been taken under the wing of Mr. Simmons, a thick-set, amiable, modest-looking post-office inspector, with an extraordinary capacity for holding his tongue.

MILWAUKEE—AND A BRIEF PARTING

It usually is an hour and three-quarters run to Milwaukee, but to-night everything seems against us (including the block signals), and our train, a crack flyer, loiters along until our schedule time has been nearly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubled. I spend the time getting acquainted with my new companions, indulging in a satisfying lunch of sandwiches and coffee provided by their hospitality, and extracting reminiscences of the Railway Mail Service. In due course the red-tagged pouch, marked, you will remember, "Chi. & Minn. No. 1," is unlocked and emptied on the table. The package with the Red Letter on its top is shot into a pouch labeled "Milw. Dis.," otherwise "Milwaukee Distribution," and locked away ready for the next move. In the black early hours the new pouch which contains our letter is put off at Milwaukee, and piled into a screen wagon (just like hundreds that you have seen in the city streets). On the front seat with the driver we rattle noisily through deserted streets to the back door of the post-office. A solitary clerk lugs the pouch in, unlocks it, and throws our package into still another pouch hanging on the pouching-rack and marked "Milw. Lanc. & Gal. No. 1." There the Red Letter will rest until five o'clock in the morning, so I hurry off to a hotel for the luxury of two or three hours' sleep in a real bed. This is the first time I have been separated from the Red Letter, but I know it will not move till I return, so there is no danger of losing it—if I don't oversleep.

ACROSS WISCONSIN

The night clerk at the hotel does not forget me, and I get back to the post-office in plenty of time to see the pouch "locked out" and to ride with it again to the station. As we board the train, we, the Red Letter and I, are on our third R. P. O. line, the Milwaukee, Lancaster, and Galena, which runs over the Chicago and Northwestern Railway from Milwaukee through Madison down into the southwestern corner of the State. We are still nearly two hundred miles from our destination, but I begin to feel that we are getting warm, as the Red Letter, freed from its package, is at last filliped into a box in the letter case marked "Mt. Hope." There it stays a little while, receiving now and then a companion letter until there is a very respectable bunch in the box, when we remember that Mount Hope is a village of only a few hundred people.

As we speed (more or less) across Wisconsin, I find employment again for my newly acquired accomplishment of distribution. The second clerk (we are on a small R. P. O. line now, and the score of clerks of No. 35 have dwindled to two) receives me cheerfully at the paper rack and lets me amuse myself as much as I will. Most of the sacks before me are "directs," and it doesn't take a great deal of time to get the hang of the few that represent other R. P. O. lines. Only once in a while my friend, the clerk, sighs ostentatiously and wonders whimsically how many errors will come back to him in the following days as a result of this trip. For, you see, they keep very close account of the accuracy of each man's work in the Railway Mail Service. Every package of letters that a clerk ties out and every pouch or sack that he locks out or ties out carries a slip with his name and the date; and any clerk distributing that package or that pouch or sack and finding any letter or paper therein that ought not to be there must record that fact on the back of the slip and turn it in. In due course, after his superiors have made a note of it, the original clerk gets his slip back as a reminder of his mistake and a gentle warning to sin no more. I don't know how many delinquencies of mine will be returned to plague my partner at the paper rack, but I hope they may be few and I'm sure he will be forgiving.

The Red Letter, as the Mount Hope box is "tied out," is dropped into a pouch, which at Madison, where we have time for a bit of breakfast, is transferred to another R. P. O. car, which goes on by the same line. In the new car the package is taken out and put into a pouch for Fennimore. At 11:07 we alight at Fennimore and watch the pouch, marked like each of its predecessors with the red tag, trundled down the street on a handcart to the post-office. The postmaster takes out our package, puts it into a pouch for Mount Hope, transfers the red tag, and lays the pouch aside ready for the stage.

A STAGE RIDE

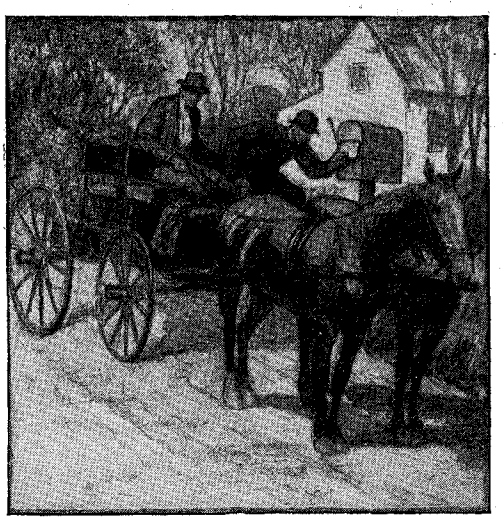
The twelve-mile journey by stage in the afternoon, with the red-tagged pouch beneath the driver's feet, is uneventful. Half-way to Mount Hope we stop at Mount Ida, a tiny village perched on the top of a hill. The pouch is carried into the general store, a little framework of home-made letter-boxes at the back of which, between the vinegar barrel and the stack of brooms, reveals it as the post-office. The pouch is unlocked and the Mount Ida mail taken out, and, after listening for a few minutes to the grumblings of the storekeeper-postmaster at the several regulations of "those fellers at Washington," we start off again. The stage line, from a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post-office point of view, is a "star route," over which the mail is carried regularly between Fennimore on the railway and Mount Ida and Mount Hope inland under contract between the department and the owner of the line. The primary purpose of a star route is to carry closed pouches of mail between post-offices, but the star route carrier also delivers mail to residents along his route.

MOUNT HOPE

In mid-afternoon we reach Mount Hope and deposit the pouch at the post-office. The postmistress, a pleasant widow lady, who, with her husband while he lived, has held the office for thirty years, receives us graciously. But the arrival of the Red Letter and the Red Letter pilgrims creates little of that flutter of excitement which the pilgrim's unsophisticated city mind had led him to expect. The inhabitants seem to take it as a matter of course, though I discover in the course of an evening at the village store that the aspect of the enterprise which attracts comment was not its unusualness, but what seems to the village folk the hare-brained extravagance of the periodical that planned it.



THE END OF THE TRAIL

Once more a red-tagged pouch is opened, the package with the Red Letter extracted, and the string cut. The Red Letter is solemnly "back stamped" with the date and hour of its receipt, and passed over to the table of the rural carrier to await his return. Two hours later the carrier comes in from his long round, and, after supper, sorts out his mail, the Red Letter among it, for the next day.

THE RURAL CARRIER

At noon the next day, in a light wagon drawn by as nice a pair of roadsters as the heart of man could desire, we set out, the carrier and I, to take the Red Letter on the last stage of its journey. The horses are fresh and willing, but the route is twenty-seven miles long, and Wisconsin roads, in the spring of the year, are covered with a thick and sticky coating of mud. All the afternoon we jog through the mud, winding over the rolling hills, up and down the valleys, and along the banks of pleasant streams. Every quarter-mile or so we stop at one of the familiar tin letter-boxes beside the road, lift the cover and drop in, now a couple of letters, now a copy of the weekly paper from the county seat, very often a farming journal, a household magazine, or a story paper. At some of the boxes we hardly more than pause, for one or the other of us can lift the cover and deposit a piece of mail or two almost without stopping the horses. In one box we find several postal cards, ready written and addressed, with the requisite pennies beside them to pay for the stamps; in another a couple of dimes, for which we leave ten two-cent stamps.

As we approach one farm-house the farmer comes out with an addressed envelope, some money, and a filled-out blank in his hand. He wants to buy a money order to be sent to Chicago to pay, he confides to us, for a rocking-chair which he is buying from a mail-order house. The carrier makes him out a receipt, takes the money and the letter, and when we get back he will purchase the money order from the postmistress and send it on its way to Chicago. Thus much we have already done for the farmer—made it easy for him to send money safely and quickly from his front doorstep wherever he will.

THE RED LETTER IS DELIVERED

Our pack of letters dwindles steadily, but it is not until well toward sundown that we reach the Red Letter. We have swept around almost a full circle and are within a mile or two of the village again, when we stop at a prosperous-looking farm-house. This time we wait until the man of the house, attracted by our unusual delay at the post-box, comes out to meet us. Then, seventy-one hours after I dropped it into the chute in New York, I have the pleasure of delivering into the hands of Mr. Morse himself the Red Letter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"GRAFT MUST GO!"

GLASS HOUSES

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

WITH DRAWINGS BY W. C. RICE

UP to the time that Jack Black shot me I was merely an average American; since which time I've been an abnormal or exceptional one, according to your point of view. As my hindsight is getting unusually clear, I don't mind being utterly candid, although many will have no faith in my word. By average I mean clean of mind and body, cheerful, hard-working, democratic, willing to live and let live, and with good control over my emotions. I had a "cool head," a "warm heart," and could meet people on their own level. I had besides a love of fun and didn't believe in bothering my head over the sordid things. This mind cure theory, I think, will be found in the end to be a reflection of America in the early part of the twentieth century—a people who believed in laughter, success, wealth, health, comradeship, and who deliberately shut out from their minds all that was unpleasant. When I went to a play, I wanted it to be flip, sentimental, impudent, dazzling. I had no use for tragic Shakespeare and vivisecting Ibsen.

My start was a fine one on a Western farm. Life ran in a smooth routine of study and outdoor work until I began to shoot up into a lusty boy of sixteen. Then my parents sent me on to the University. I worked hard and played hard; I was good at football and at mathematics. I was popular among the boys and I kept straight—didn't smoke, gamble, drink, or riot around. Then I studied law—that Law of ours whose refrain is, "Property! property! property!" The more I studied it, the more satisfied I was to be a member of a civilization that so beautifully safeguarded a striving man, letting him keep, unmolested, all of the things that he gained, giving him the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that is, to follow his own lead so long as he didn't steal or kill.

Then I went on down to the big city and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jumped into the great scramble. The city gets us all, because the city is the great sky-scraping god Success, standing here and there in America, a cloud of smoke by day, a pillar of fire by night, hands out to the youth of the land, whispering: "Leave the smooth ruts; I have a heart of danger and battle; I demand all of you; I crush or I uplift to the skies; here you shall find the dramatic, the joyful, the splendid, and Power! I dare you to take me by storm!" And as healthy youth longs to try its muscles in flight, it takes the Limited and joins the swaying human tides of the shop-lit cañons.

And I came, too. My father had friends; I got a job with a good law firm—started at five a week. It used to thrill me to look out of that sky-scraper window over the vast spread of roofs, the bridges, the schools, the office buildings, and the far-off railway yards and the ship-black wharfs. I used to think: "Human beings created this. What power we have, we civilization-builders! It was human beings put up this sky-scraper—scaled the sky, laid beam by beam and stone by stone to unimaginable heights, and now in this enormous mass we tiny creatures calmly toil on the high floors and go up and down from street to sky as a daily matter of course." It made me feel that if others could achieve such greatness—build cities, track continents with railways, shrink the earth with "wireless"—then so could I. I'd shake my fist at the city and say: "I'm a speck of dust now, but wait! I'm going to shake you millions. I'm going to be one of your big men. Wait ten years."

So I set to work. I waited my chance; I won my first case; I began to be known round about; I joined the Republican Club; I toiled night and day and cut out the theater and the drawing-room. For I was on the first lap to success—which meant money, which meant power, which meant a man-size elbow-room, position, swift, unobstructed life, and *romance. Romance!* Napoleon or J. P. Morgan had the great lives—the god-power of realizing their dreams, playing with men, recasting civilization, fighting big powers. This was my young man's dream.

Things went swiftly, as they do in this land of young men. One of the big trust companies offered me the position of attorney. I took it. The salary was only ten thousand a year, but I soon doubled that. I was worth a mint to that company. If a law was passed that might hurt business, all I had to do was to stay up one night, and in the morning I could show the Board of Directors how the law could be evaded. I rarely lost a case in court. If it was a jury case, I started by insulting, antagonizing, the judge, so that he might lose his temper and be manifestly unjust to me. This always gained the sympathy of the jury. I also learned how to be a righteous liar.

As to the ethics—well, I was too busy for ethics. Ethics takes time. A soldier in the thick of a battle hasn't the leisure to figure out whether or not he ought to stab a man in the back; he knows he must win or go down. May this not be one reason why our big Americans are moral-blind? It partly explains me; and ignorance and youth are partly accountable. And other things.

At any rate, life was simply ripping in those days. The name of Tolliver became known all over town—"the brilliant young corporation lawyer." It was certainly time to get married. I didn't hesitate. I went for Nancy Merivale, daughter of one of our directors. She seemed to fill the bill. She was stately, blue-eyed, and crowned with goldish hair, and, besides, she was simple and sensible. I think I loved her, in a way; at any rate, I admired and respected her; so I carried her by storm. Then I bought a big concrete house—English style—up on the Hill, got a couple of automobiles, and set up an American establishment. I think I was the usual chivalrous American husband. I wanted to go out and fight while Nancy stayed at home and played the Queen. I never troubled her with my business affairs, and so she was left alone with money and time to be spent. I was mightily proud of her. She was always well dressed and beautiful, and was a jewel in a parlor or at the theater. All she did all day was to have herself fixed up, glide about town in her electric runabout, do a little shopping, have afternoon tea or a headache, eat candy, and go to a show. As a result, it wasn't a year before she and I were worlds apart. We had nothing in common, and I grew busier and busier.

Then something happened to Nancy. Some new friend inveigled her into joining a Club. She came out for woman's suffrage, and she began to do Settlement work among the poor. When these things came to my ears, I asked her, brusquely:

"Nance, what does all this mean?"

"It means," she said—and there was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new force about her manner—"that a woman has been given a brain, a heart, and a body as well as a man, and that if she doesn't use her gifts she will live a dead life. I want to *live*, Bert—as you do. I'm young, too."

I brushed all that aside. Women, of course, were not meant for such things and couldn't understand them.

"Nance," I said, "you're like all the rest. You take up with all the new fads. Want to help the poor, do you? Well, let me tell you that the minute you help people you turn them into paupers."

She tried to argue with me:

"I want to help them to help themselves. They are the victims of their environment—"

I laughed.

"Victims? Here in America every man has the chance to work his way up. Look at me. I mastered my environment. If a man doesn't succeed, it shows he's a good-for-nothing and better off where he is."

She turned pale then, and said nothing further; nor did I. I thought it best to let her work off her enthusiasm. The hard school of facts would teach her as it had taught me. But we saw less and less of each other.

And all this time I was driving on and on, getting bigger and bigger. And then a curious thing happened. Swinney, the Republican boss, asked me to run for District Attorney—said I was the man they all wanted—the public was beginning to howl about the street railway gang, they wanted reform.

"Bert," said Swinney, his fat hand on my shoulder and his left eye winking, "you're the man. You've got the crowd with you; you're young and a six-footer; if you ran around the old town and told the people you were going to wipe out this nest of grafters," he chuckled, "they'd sweep you into office with a broom. Otherwise, like as not some cock-eyed Socialist will get in and ruin business before we ousted him. We need a safe man who has never held office before."

I didn't want to do it. I had always felt contempt for the criminal lawyer. Ugh! to mix up with murder, burglary, and the lesser and larger crimes! Besides, I was very comfortable where I was. And I knew what Swinney was up to. He wanted me to get a public office and use it as a paid attorney for the corporations. I told Swinney no. Then came pressure: friends, politicians, the Trust Company. Suddenly the best newspapers blossomed out with a Tolliver Boom. It was more than human nature could bear; I gave in, and was nominated.

Then I began studying the Traction problem. A nice mess, that! The more I looked into it, the more interesting it became. It seemed that the Traction Company was owned by the big railway that ran into town; and it seemed quite evident that the railway owned the State—dictated legislation, appointed the judges, elected the Legislature, etc. In short, it seemed that the railway through its money controlled the political bosses, who in turn controlled the elections and the men elected. But this railway, I found, was owned by a bunch of Wall Street men back in New York, and these men seemed to have a grip on many things, on necessities of life, on banks, on money, and on the National Congress. So our poor little street car system was just a tiny tentacle of the Monster.

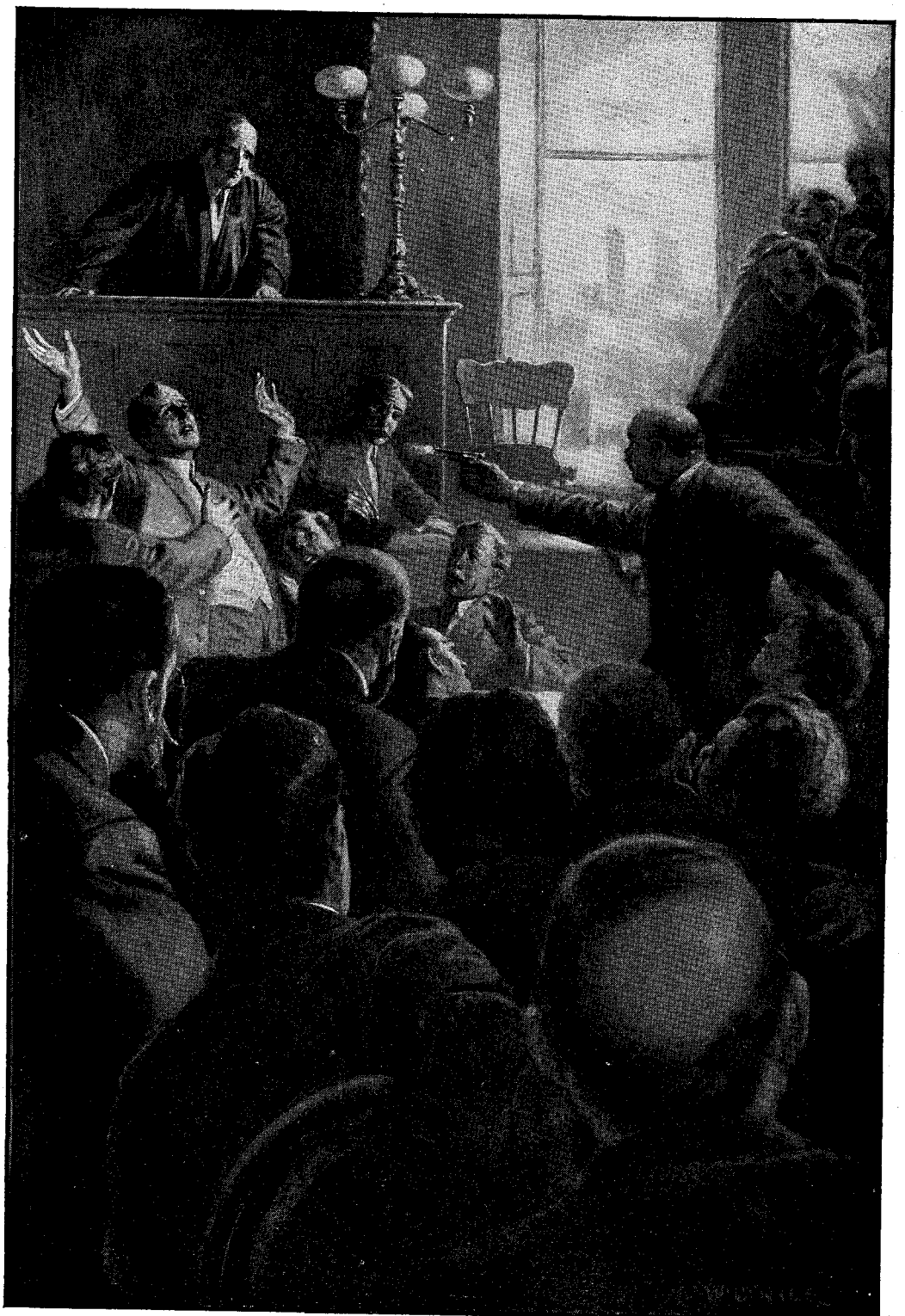
But what a tentacle! Inefficient service, overcrowding, double fares on transfer lines, blockades, bad ventilation, and a general "the-public-be-damned" policy. It was evident, too, that the company was trying to put through a perpetual franchise bill on new lines by bribing the City Council. This was the last straw; the city was on fire with reform.

Now I have never studied a problem without trying to find the answer. Purely as an intellectual exercise I looked for the solution of the Traction problem, and it seemed to me that all a man had to do was to jail the grafters and put honest men in office. That would clean up the city, and, if the example were followed, it would in the end clean up the United States.

This line of talk pleased me; it gave me my campaign material. I went from meeting to meeting maddening the people with my slogan, "Put the grafters in jail; put honest men in office!" I would work myself up to a great pitch of excitement, shake my fist, pour out a flood of facts, and cry my slogan into those eager faces, and the crowd would rise and yell, "Tolliver! Tolliver!" And I was caught in my own trap. A man can't say a thing over and over with his whole heart and soul without coming to believe what he says. I woke up one midnight, my brain in a fever; I shook Nancy out of her sleep.

"Nance," I said, drunkenly, "by heavens,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I REMEMBER HOW SO EASILY HE STOOD UP, STILL SMILING, FLIPPED A REVOLVER OUT AT ARM'S LENGTH, AND FIRED"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm going to raise Cain! *I'm going to put the grafters in jail!*"

She sat staring at me in the twilight which the lamp on the lawn made in the room. She laughed strangely.

"You've said that all along, Bert," she said. "Aren't you well?"

I wanted to go out and tell the whole world. I raised my voice.

"But I never meant it. Now I do. The city's rotten; I'm going to clean it up."

She came and put her arms about me.

"Oh, Bert, Bert," she was almost sobbing, "perhaps we can work it out yet—you and I!"

But I was too excited to attend to Nancy. I went to headquarters next day like a new man, on fire with righteousness. I was almost sick—pale, bloodshot eyes, fever up and down my body. And that night I made the speech of my life. I spoke like a religious prophet, like a man possessed by some higher power. I was an Isaiah waking the city to its sins and prophesying change. The crowd was awed, caught religion from me, and as I went from place to place the whole city was seized by a deadly new strength, a quiet frenzy—risen in one man of terrible purpose. Those days were thrilling; people grew pale when they talked politics.

And then Swinney came around.

"You're overdoing this, Tolliver," he said.

I rose.

"Overdoing it? I mean it, Swinney!"

He laughed.

"Oh, come, come—none of that!"

"Swinney," I said, "if I get into office, graft is going to go."

He was puzzled.

"If I thought we'd made a mistake in you— See here, boy, you've been overworking. You know well enough the worst Socialist couldn't do anything in office."

He seemed to think that I had gone insane. He argued with me, and my wrath rose and overflowed.

"Hell!" he yelled at last. "Stung us, eh? We'll cook your goose, young man—that we will!"

I knew what that meant. He would get out the whole organization against me; jam the polls with repeaters and floaters; bribe right and left; try to count me out. So I called in the reporters; I gave them the whole story, and the city had it in black headlines that afternoon. The whole city quivered with excitement; there were mass-meetings, public parades, banners: "Stand by Tolliver!" "Graft Must Go!" It was an American demonstration of democratic power. And late that hushed election night the last of the news came in. The people had swept me into office.

My friends cut me right and left, cut Nancy too. Even her father held aloof. But my own folks sent me great letters. They seemed to understand back there on the farm. Nancy wanted to make a fuss of me, told me I was glorious, etc. But I was too busy to attend to her. I sailed right in, friends or no friends, and I was the darling of the people in those days.

Jack Black (they twisted his name about and called it the Black-Jack) was the leader in the Council. I camped on his trail. If any one got bribe money, he did. So I meant to bag him.

Dirty little criminal! He wasn't more than five feet four, with a little black hair on the back of his head, a wrinkled forehead, and sharp lines about his mouth and eyes. He had a shrewd, twinkling sort of face—the face of a "good sport." And, of course, he had "honor"—stood by his friends and was good to the poor. That made him all the more hateful, for he didn't a bit mind being a dirty tool for all the big grafters. Lord! the Black-Jack was even a philosopher—loved to speculate on the meaning of life and death, and I learned that he was a splendid man in his home, loved his wife and children, and so on.

It wasn't long before I got threats from the Traction bunch, and from Swinney's men and the men of the Trust Company. I was shown that if I "did anything," I would be "done for." The city, they told me, would be too hot for me to live in. They'd ruin me financially, socially, politically. What would I do after I finished my job? Did I think they would ever offer me another? Or could I practice law? Would any big business man engage me? And of course they did not believe that I meant business.

But I had good luck. I got after Edwin Kirke, who clerked for the Traction Company and did the actual dirty work of handing over money. Kirke was a decent, clean young fellow, and he had an itching conscience already. It didn't take much to win him over. The rest was easy. I had a stenographer and a couple of detectives behind the door with me in the Commercial Hotel, and when Kirke handed the Black-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jack the money we broke in and nabbed the Councilman.

He was considerably shocked, but he was game. He thought it was quite a joke. Not so the city. There was a wild cry of bloody exultation; the man-hunters had cornered the man, the crowd wanted to taste blood. I've never seen such hate let loose in my life; I shared it myself; I was a demon in those days. My blood was up, too. We had one man, we wanted some more. So we bruited about a rumor of having a mass of facts—as indeed we had some in the conversation between Kirke and the Black-Jack, wherein the latter mentioned names—and a panic seized the Councilmen. They came into court to confess; they begged to be allowed to make a clean breast of it; one even got on his knees and sobbed his confession aloud. It seemed as if the Day of Judgment had come, and as if all the world were being remade. All the world except that devil the Black-Jack. He laughed in my face; told me I was young and callow, but that I'd learn in time, and said, mockingly:

"Bertie, you'll never put *me* in jail."

We swore in the Grand Jury; the case proceeded. And I knew I had that jury with me, and so did the Black-Jack. And I knew more—I had the city with me; I had the United States with me. By one blow I had shaken the whole continent; I had become famous; even New York spoke of Prosecutor Tolliver. Insurgent newspapers spoke of me as the "coming man," "Presidential timber." It seemed as if I had been sucked up by a cyclone and whirled to the top of things. And so, that snowy afternoon when I rose to sum up the case for the people, and all the court-room was dead still, each man leaning forward with pale face, I spoke to the whole American people. Reporters scratched down my words that they might be wired out to eighty million souls. I spoke of the great times we lived in; I said the American people had risen to crush the criminal, to put the grafter where he belonged; I turned and pointed at the smiling Black-Jack.

"There," I cried, "you see before you the incarnate crime of our democracy; there—the Black-Jack—"

I remember how so easily he stood up, still smiling, flipped a revolver out at arm's length, and fired. My head seemed to explode; I had a horrid fright; an inquisitive pain jabbed knives into a hundred parts of me; and in a queer surprise I smelled smoke and dropped a thousand feet into blackness.

Nancy was the first person I saw; and by then the surgeons had cut the bullet out of me. The ether made a strange change in me—a common effect. I felt like crying, like kissing, and I was in love with anything in human shape. So, with the tears streaming, I fondled Nancy's arm and kept murmuring:

"Ah, you're so sweet! ah, I love you!"

When the doctor looked in, I did the same to him, kissing his hand, which tasted of carbolic.

Nancy and I came very close together those days. I was weak as water and needed to be handled like a sick child. So her simple affection, her soft words, her sweet and anxious watchfulness, brought her for the first time into my heart of hearts.

Let who will explain it, but that shot made a great change in me. It took all the fight out of me. It was as if a bad boy had been spanked. I didn't ever want to go putting men into jail. Sensitive in every nerve of my body, I didn't want to hurt a fly, and the suffering of the men I was putting in prison haunted me. I even had a mad idea that I would give up the job of prosecutor. Through the long days and nights I lay on my back in that feeble and rather gentle condition, thinking, thinking.

What got me most was *Death*. When a fellow has a look into that, he gets some new thoughts. It struck me that life isn't a cut-and-dried affair, run by rule-of-thumb; but merely a little push-and-pull on a thin crust, and when the crust broke under our feet down we went into a Mystery. It made me feel unstable. What's the earth, tossed in unimaginable space and I flickering in a spot of it, that I should put any reliance on the little rules of our little game or that I should judge my fellow-men? Pitiable creatures! All of us to be sandbagged in the end, and yet what were we all trying to do? Why all this mauling and mutilating? Why not get together and have our few years of fun with each other? Surely these possibilities of love and happiness in our hearts were too precious to waste. And yet what a joy I had taken in breaking the criminal on the rack of Justice! There was a fire horror in the city; I saw it in the paper before Nancy could stop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me. Ninety young girls burned to death in a loft building; many jumped from the fifth-story windows. Stricken down, broken myself, in pain, I had a look into the life of the toilers. I saw that not all is well with the world, and I wondered whether putting a few grafters into jail was going to make all well.

And, looking back on my mad rush for success, I marveled at myself. Why had I been so greedy and vain? What was I after? Was it not just this that ailed my Nation? Every one struggling for himself, a city full of animals tearing and biting each other to get on top. And I thought of Jack Black and his wife and three children. Poor mut! I began to pity the little grafter. "What did he get?" I asked Nancy.

"Fifteen years," she said; "after they were sure you would live."

Fifteen years! Fifteen days in bed was torture to an active human being, and Jack must have been forty years old. Why in the world had he been a miserable grafter?

As soon as I was able to get out I went to see him. That visit is one of the things people can't explain. When the jailer saw that it was I, he was very considerate and let Jack Black be alone with me. He came in, in his prison stripes, his head shaven, his mustache gone, his back bent; but his eyes still twinkled. He looked at me critically as he stood before me.

"Sit down, Jack," I said.

So he sat down.

"You see," I went on, "you didn't do for me."

Jack smiled.

"You did for me, though."

I looked at him earnestly.

"I'm sorry it had to be—" I began.

He looked at me sharply, then he smiled.

"Tut! don't worry over me. There's a lot of human interest in this lock-up, and to an observer like myself it's all interesting," he went on in a philosophic strain. "Here every one is on the same level, and we've got a regular little Utopia. Here every man does his allotted share of work, as is the dream of the Socialist, and no man is higher than another by virtue of his station in life, his wealth, or his birth. All men here are equal, if not free. Why, I'll enjoy watching events here, and I know that all I see will help me to understand what is meant by Utopia."

"Utopia!" I put in. "What's that?"

"It's the day when we change the system, Tolliver."

"What system?"

"The system under which we live, that made you what you are, and me what I am. When you worked for the Trust people, you obeyed orders, didn't you?"

I felt very queer then.

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I guess you did some things that wouldn't bear the light of day."

I felt still queerer and a little humble before the man who shot me.

"Yes, I admit it."

"Well," he went on, "I obeyed orders, too. That's all. And the men higher up obey orders, too. It's the pressure of one on another; it's this system we call civilization. The difference between you and me, Tolliver, is that you did your work in legal phrases and I handled money. How about it?" He lowered his voice then and his eyes twinkled sharply. "And, after all your crooked business, you get so damned righteous and come after *us!* Do you wonder that I shot you?"

And then I saw at last. *We are all guilty.* Only we call our own thing *business*, and the other fellow's *graft.* I went home nearly sick again; I let Nancy put me in a chair and make a baby of me, but I told her:

"Nance, after this, we're going to face the music!"

And we did. The struggle nearly killed me. But how could I go on putting men into jail? As well sweep back the sea with a broom, as well cut the hair on a man's head and not expect it to grow again. If it came to jailing, I should have to bag the whole population. The conditions that made me a corporation lawyer made Jack Black a grafter, Swinney a crook, made Wall Street, the Traction scandal—*all!* Surely there was only one thing to do—help change those conditions. But how? I didn't know. But I knew this: we must give the people back the American Government, we must give them direct legislation, and then when the people have the power they must use it to make the Great Change.

All very well; but had I not better keep my mouth closed and finish my job? After stirring up the animals in the name of righteousness, how could I quit? What could I say to an aroused city? What would they think me—their Isaiah, their Graft-Hound,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their Headliner? I asked Nancy, and then Nancy was revealed to me. She made me forget my little self. Suddenly it seemed to me that there had never been a greater age on earth than this one. Up and down the land swept that spirit that had touched my life, too. The American people were rising to their new opportunity. We were on the verge! on the verge!

Wonderful new forces, new ideas, new tendencies, were in our eager hands. If only we had *world vision*, if only we saw that we must build a new state out of the chaos of the old, a new civilization of health, industry, co-operation, joy.

Before this issue I shrank into nothingness. I could not go on destroying twigs of the dying tree while all hands were needed in planting the new tree. I had to leave leadership in the Old America to join the ranks of the New America.

"But, Nancy," I said, "can you bear it—the disgrace, the fresh start in some other city (I'll be only a lawyer there), and no automobiles, no house full of servants?"

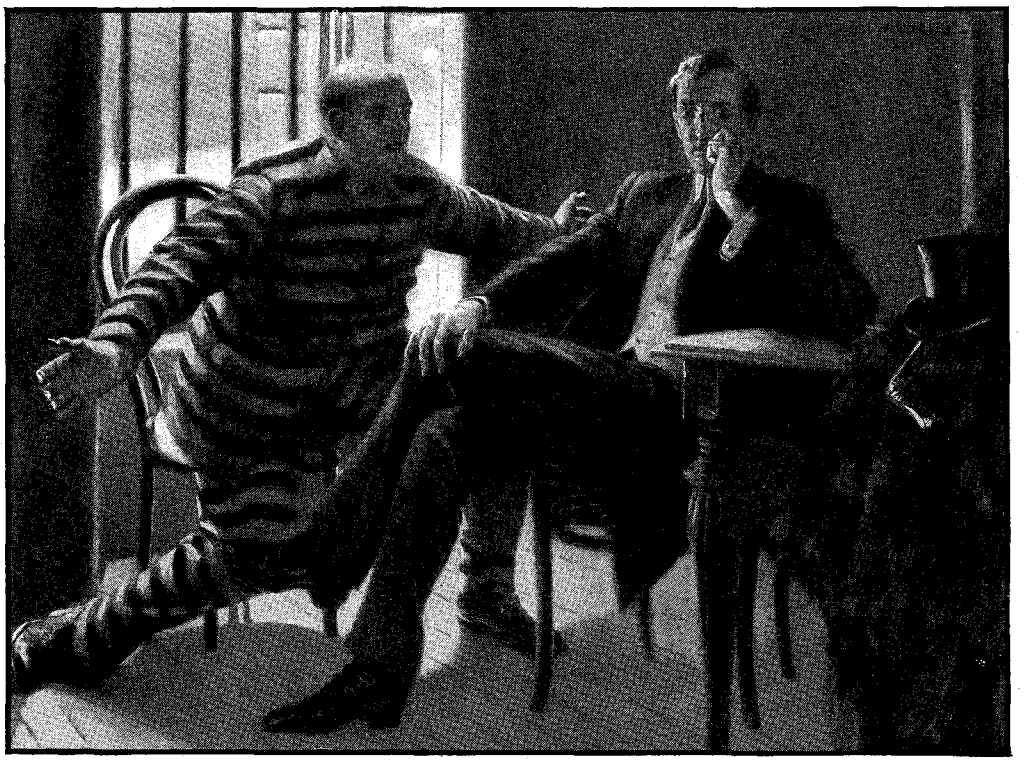
She had been looking out the window at the respectable Hill. She came flying to me and flung her arms about me; her face was pale and she was trembling.

"Bert," she cried, "only a great man will publicly change his mind!"

We wrote the letter of resignation together—that letter that some thought maniacal, and others yellow—sent it late that night, called in the reporters in the morning. They couldn't believe the story; it scared them, and Nancy and I pulled out under the explosion.

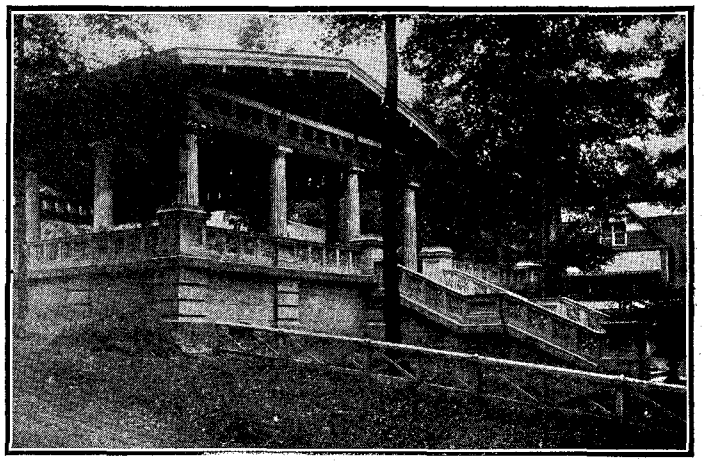
I have some of the headlines before me: "Tolliver Turns Tail," "Is Tolliver a Coward?" "The Black-Jack's Victory," and, worst of all, "Who Bought Bert Tolliver?" With faces white and our arms round each other, Nancy and I read some of these things in the taxi that sunny morning, but at the station only a few knew us, and they turned and walked away. As the train left the great city behind and speeded over the long plains, we sat and looked out on a new life.

The renewing springs of life are everywhere gushing—one cannot breathe the air of the times without inhaling a tense expectancy. On the verge! In every direction a break, an advance, the freshness of early morning, the meeting of comrades.



"THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND YOU, TOLLIVER, IS THAT YOU DID YOUR WORK IN LEGAL PHRASES, AND I HANDLED MONEY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY

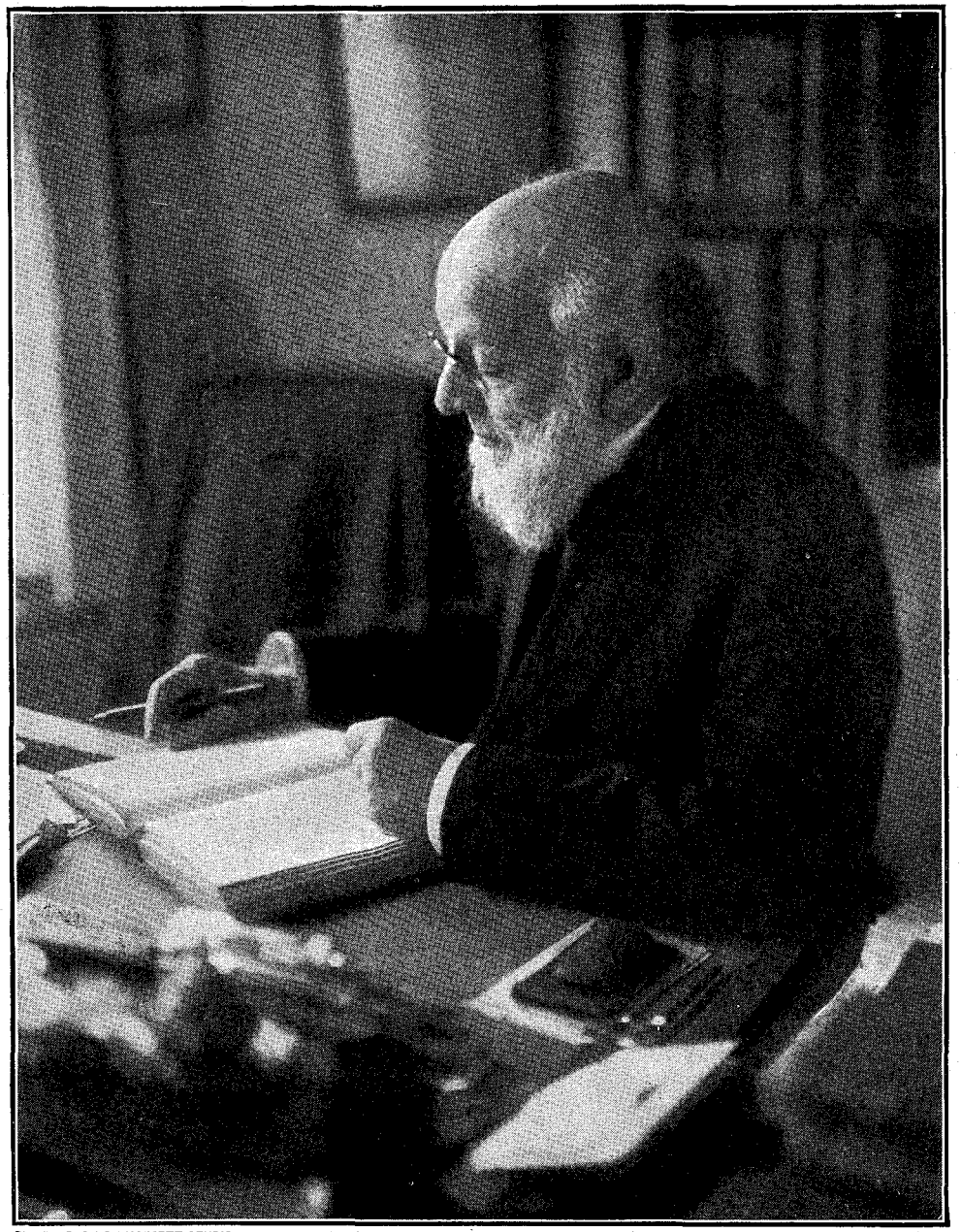
THE FOUNDER OF CHAUTAUQUA

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT was eighty years old on the 23d day of February. Of Northern parentage, though born in Alabama, the future founder of Chautauqua was educated in Pennsylvania and began his career as teacher in that State; the method of his teaching changed later, but he has always been a teacher. As a young Methodist preacher he enlivened his lonely circuit rides with the company of books, and, like Wesley, was a devout student as well as an ardent preacher. He happily combined breadth of view and sympathy with intensity of conviction, and he had a singularly fresh mind. When he began his Palestine Study Class in Rockford, Illinois, he led the way in vitalizing and modernizing conventional methods of Bible study.

It was not long before Mr. Vincent was leading a movement for better Sunday-school work as broad as the Methodist Church. Bishop Vincent became a preacher without a college education, at eighteen. But he was a student, and his energy and intelligence enabled him to secure for himself what circumstances refused to give him. He was also a student of life; and wherever he went, young as he was, his interest in the vital conditions of the people about him and their spiritual prosperity brought him friendship and confidence, and experience taught him to be a wise adviser. He was from the beginning a successful preacher, though he had only three parishes. His temperament, his personality, and his gifts marked him for a wider career. In the course of his ministry he saw many Sunday-schools, and was impressed by the lack of method and of freshness of teaching, which made too many schools unfruitful both of intelligence and of character. He began to feel his own responsibility in the situation, and seriously to ask himself the question how to secure a higher grade of teachers by raising the standards of teaching; how to substitute better ideals for those which were in vogue.

Nor could so vital an impulse be kept within denominational limits; catholicity and ability made Bishop Vincent a leader, and the International Sunday-School Lesson system was not only a long step in advance in the method of teaching, but in the ripening of the faintly stirring feeling for Christian unity. He is a man of deep human sympathy and of democratic instincts, and he felt more and more the need of educational opportunity for the multitude who had missed or were missing the means of regular education, and the "Chautauqua idea" took form in his mind and heart. The combination of Bishop Vincent's vision and Mr. Lewis Miller's practical ability made the great popular school on Chautauqua Lake a feature of the life of the time, and opened inspiring possibilities of self-education to the country. The school has become a National institution, and those who sneer at it show a really pitiful ignorance of what it has meant to a host of people. A distinguished Oxford teacher who happened to be present on a graduation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

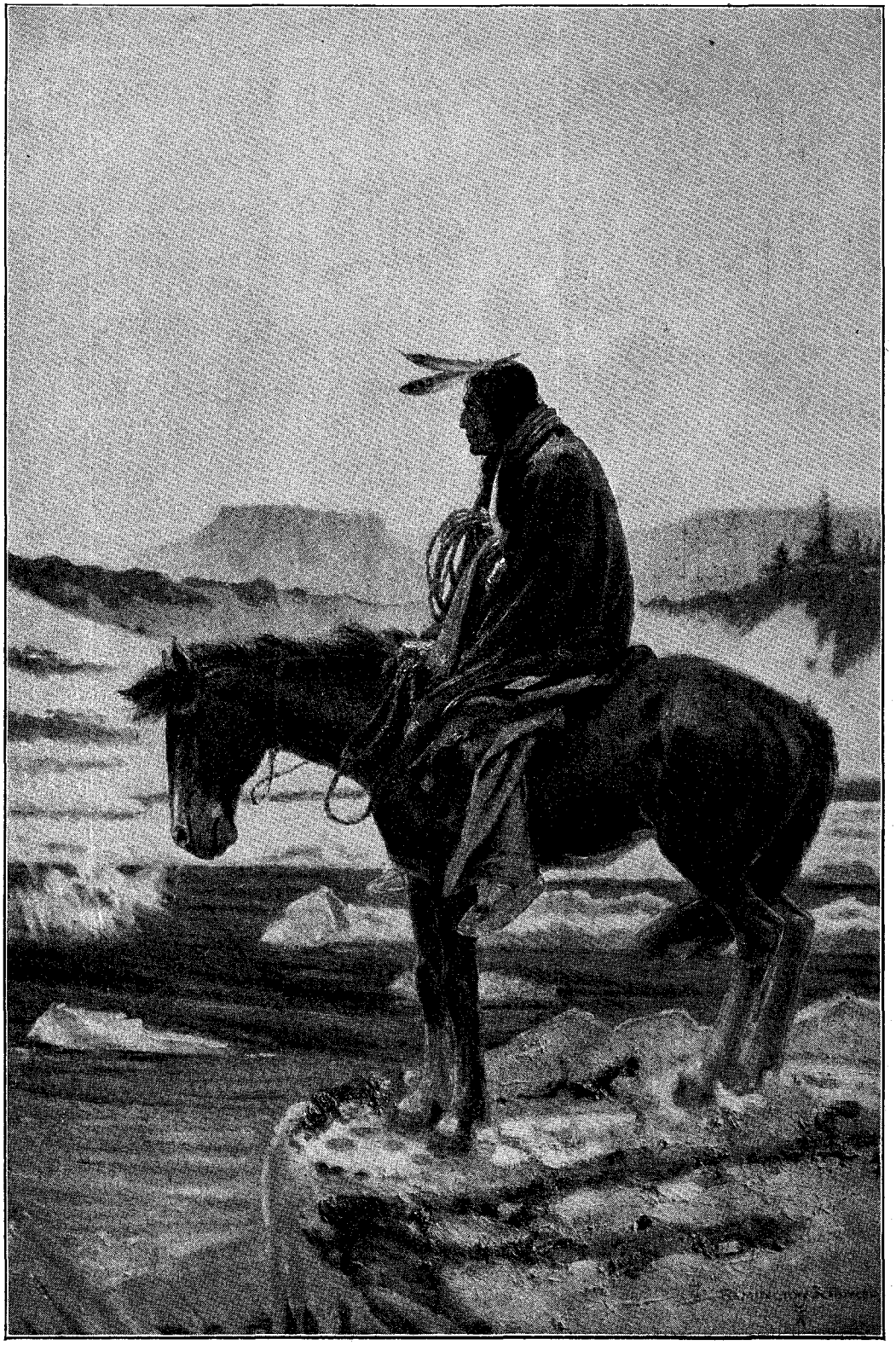


PHOTOGRAPH BY MOFFETT STUDIO

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT

day took off his hat as the procession passed. "In my stupid ignorance," he said to a friend who was with him "I used to jeer at Chautauqua; but now that I have learned what it is and means, I take off my hat to it." The whole world has become interested in Chautauqua, and Bishop Vincent's vision has opened the door of knowledge to multitudes. "Self-improvement in all our faculties, for us all, through all time, for the greatest good of all people—this is the Chautauqua idea, a divine idea, a democratic idea, a people's idea, a progressive idea, a millennial idea." Preacher, teacher, liberator, prophet, Bishop Vincent has sowed the seed of knowledge over a wide field, with a tireless hand, and is now reaping a harvest of affection and honor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THERE SAT AN OLDISH MAN CALLED HOWLING WOLF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO INDIAN STORIES

BY GRACE COOLIDGE

WITH DRAWINGS BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER

A MAN

HALF of the tribe was starving that winter. I am afraid there was no doubt of it. We heard it on every hand. It was just at the time when the blind stepdaughter of Goes-up-Hill died. They said that for three days before her end she and her people had nothing to eat but dog meat—no flour, no coffee even. The snow was deep and drifted. The family lived far out in the reservation on a little tributary of the river. They could not come to the Agency for help, nor could any of us have got down to them. In fact, however, we knew nothing of the case until everything was over. Mercifully, the girl was ill for only a few days. It was Goes-up-Hill himself, his hair falling unkempt over his shoulders, his ragged blanket pinched about his lean form—covered, that is, with the Indian sackcloth and ashes—who told us about it. He spoke—being one of the old-timers who knew no English—in signs, meager but definite, even poetical. When he was done with his story, there was nothing for it at so late a day but to shake his old hand, to look the sympathy we felt.

Then came a sudden thaw. With the sound of an explosion the ice dam on another tributary went out. It happened early in the night. There were some sheep camps on the low meadows bordering the creek. The sheep had been rounded up and brought in off the frozen range to await the near coming of the lambs. That gave a few of the Indians work in the lambing pens—a very, very few. None of them as yet, however, had received any pay. Oh, the sheep that went down that night! Right over the fences of their own corrals the water carried them. And, as sheep are poor-spirited creatures who make but little fight for life, for only a few minutes did they struggle in the icy water, then, huddled and still, with boards and sacks and other extraneous things, the tide flooded them down toward the main river.

All the "upper" Indians—those living close about the Agency—were laughing, though their laughing was often wan, as the reports came up to us.

"They say them people down there just stand on the bank with long poles and fish in the sheep. It's all right with the sheepmen. They don't mind how many of them they take if they'll just bring back the pelts."

Those above the forks on the main river did not, of course, benefit by this freak of prodigality of awakening spring.

That was the time—if you lived here, you'd remember it as we do—that the stage, on a piece of river road, was overturned by the rush of the water. The driver saw the danger coming and tried to get up into the little hills above the road, but he was too late. His horses, held down by the weight of the wrecked stage, were drowned. But he, upborne by some shred of grim grit, extricated himself from the ice and débris, and dragged himself somehow to the shelter of the shore. But the mail-sacks went down with the rush of the water. Then the ice of the half-frozen river concealed them, though many Indians there were who stood on the banks watching the flow of the oily water, hoping for a glimpse of just one of them. You see, immediately after the thing happened the Post-Office Department offered a reward of five dollars for each sack that should be recovered. The very day after the disaster to the stage a young man named Charley Good Woman found one of them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half buried in the frozen mud. With great difficulty he extricated it and bore it in dubious triumph to the local post-office, where he was immediately, and to his own bewilderment, handed his five dollars. It was like finding the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

That event brought one man, at least, out of every teepee in the neighborhood of the river to sit long hours on his horse, his lariat—its noose assuredly running free—grasped in a ready hand, his eyes fixed to the point of hypnotism upon the sweep of the current.

Among those equestrian statues who, half clad, cold, daring not quite to hope, and yet capable of suffering all the pangs of disappointment, there sat one oldish man called Howling Wolf. Of all of that lean throng there was perhaps none so poor as he. Oh, do not pity him! His condition was brought about mainly through his own fault. For he was a man who drank sometimes, feeling, as he did, within his old body a craving which never, in all the days covered by the reach of his memory, had been satisfied. And also he gambled. You see that no apology can be offered for him. No one, even his most friendly excusers, could claim that any ancient unsatisfied longing set him gambling. In fact, by every canon of morality his doing so must be condemned, for was he not thereby taking the food from the very mouth of his wife, the clothes from her back? Of children they had, mercifully, none. Those that had been born to them had died little, and long, long ago. Even the memory of them had become confused, had merged itself into a sort of dull ache, which in turn mingled itself with the pangs of his unsatisfied body. Often in his teepee he would sit on his ground-made bed, smoking—tobacco when he had it, chopped willow bark, choking and bitter, when he had it not—staring at the hard-packed dirt of the floor, at the embers of the fire, going eternally over the past, the days of free youth, of austere young manhood, the courting days, when down in the bushes by the river he had played on his flute, to *her*, notes liquid and alluring. At this point he would lift his old dreamy eyes to his wife, who sat, fat and huddled, on her side of the tent, smoking too her short Indian pipe, staring also at the hard-packed floor. And during the long, long hours he would think of the vanished game, of the days of achievement, gone also, and of the time when he as well should have slipped away; when to the hillside, amid the wailing of the women, they would carry his body—as he had followed many, many bodies—wrapped in new quilts, stark, insensate, at last. He would picture them lifting him from the old farm-wagon—the borrowed wagon—in which he was making this his last trip, and laying him in his shallow bed. And then he knew that they would cover him up tenderly away from the sunlight that allured, away from his accustomed aching. And he was aware that thenceforth his wife would be homeless and poorer than ever, living out her days on the carelessly given charity of her neighbors, trying, with less and less hope, but always patiently, to pay the bills she had incurred at the store, even the bills for the new quilts in which she had swathed him for his burial. At this point he would get up suddenly and, striding out of the tent, would go to where his last pony was picking about among the brush, and he would mount it bareback as it was, and, with an end of his lariat about its neck for a bridle, he would lope steadily across the snow, across the ice of the river, to that little town where distraction and temporary oblivion might be obtained.

At last, of course, he would be forced to come back—at night probably—his lariat gone perhaps, or his blanket, or the handkerchief from about his neck, or even his hat. For luck seemed never to come his way, though his little bag of "medicine," suspended by its dirty twisted string, he always kept hidden securely away inside his shirt. But the "medicine" was old, and the white men of the little town—those of them who would play with him—knew a trick or two of twice its worth. The younger men of the tribe had indeed learned from the whites defensive cheating at cards, but not so he; he was too unprogressive, too "Indian."

Thus, just before the thaw, he had come back to the old teepee and the old wife, utterly depleted. Then unexpectedly Hope, that will-o'-the-wisp, had lit for him in his blindness a little trembling, enticing flame, and so he too sat motionless by the river, watching for the water to give up a lost mail-sack, in his hands a borrowed lariat.

And as he sat—it was the fourth day now, yet only the one sack had been found—he saw a man on the other shore, a white man mounted on a solid cow pony, come slipping and sliding down the opposite bank and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gingerly make his way out upon the rotten ice. But after a moment the Indian's eyes, old and smoke-dimmed, grew tired facing the ice-glare, and he dropped them to the open water close at his feet. He gasped. His old heart swelled big within him. For there, almost within reach of his hand, he saw at last the object of his long vigil. One corner of it projected above the tide. He lifted his heels to force his horse down into the flood. Then suddenly his ears were assailed by a great sound, there came to him the crash of an explosion, and mingled with these noises a terrible, wild cry. Staring out across the river, he saw black water yawning where had been the ice. Cowboy and horse had disappeared. But even as he looked the man came to the surface. He floundered, groped, caught precariously a side of jagged ice. The mail-sack, even at his side, sailed slowly by, the ice crust below waiting to again secrete it.

With the swiftness of Nature herself, Howling Wolf had his lariat uncoiled, and, like a meteor flash, sent its sinuous length out over the oily water and iron ice. It caught the half-submerged man fairly about the shoulders.

Fortunately the teepee was near. His thin old arm supported and guided the staggering man. Arrived there, it was with the greatest difficulty that he and his wife got off the man's already freezing clothes. They put him in their bed, for they had no change of raiment to offer him while his own things thawed and dried. They covered him with all they had. They wiped his streaming face and hair. Then they boiled coffee and brought him some of it in a bowl. The smell of the sage-brush fire, of the coffee, and the steam from the drying clothes filled the tent. The white man, sick and faint, lay chattering between the quilts. Dinner-time came, but brought with it no dinner; it went as it had come. A little later they all partook of coffee. With signs the old man made his apology, his face twisted with distress for his inhospitality.

"There's only this," he seemed to say. "We have no food."

He had gone twice to the river to look for signs of the horse, only to return and report that there were none.

At last the white man, restored, dressed himself again and got up to take his leave. He spoke to the old couple in English, which neither of them understood, making what awkward, explanatory signs he could recollect.

"I remember you, all right. You're the old feller we cleaned out the other day over to Slim's place. Gee! They've cleaned me out since. I haven't got enough in my pockets to jingle, and now my horse and saddle are gone. I'm afoot, I am, walkin' for my livin' these days! Say, bad luck's a rotten thing, ain't it? Well, here's four bits, every cent I got on this earth. I want your wife to take it. It'll buy you a little grub, anyhow. I'll walk over to the store at the forks; I know the feller that runs it. I guess he'll give me a hand-out to eat, and maybe a job." Then each in turn he shook solemnly by the hand. "I'm right grateful to you for what you done for me. I'm expecting to go out of this country, but if I should ever come back— Well, anyhow, so long."

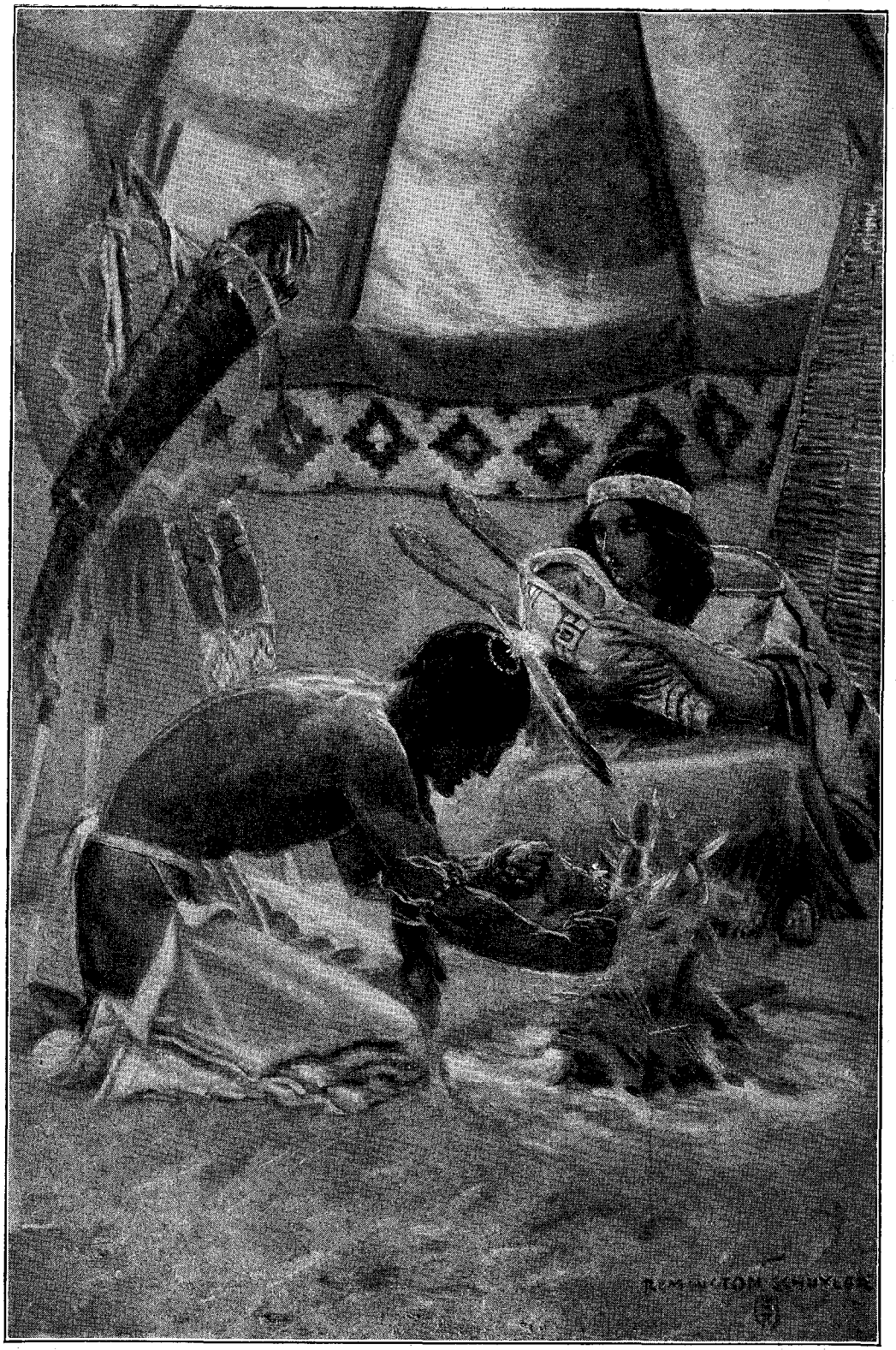
Standing outside the door of the teepee, the fifty-cent piece tied for safe-keeping in a fold of the wife's sleeve, the old couple stood, shading their eyes, watching the man trudge cheerfully away across the snowy waste.

From inside the tent came the smell of boiling coffee.

THE GIFT

THE old couple came in without knocking. It was nearly dinner-time. The morning was very frosty. Though not tied, their lank, small horses stood by the hitching-rack, their heads drooped in resignation. The man was old, but wide and powerful of frame. His wife was a large, stately woman; she walked a little heavily. As I watched her folding her shawl about her ample bosom, the handsome marked lines of her face visible in profile, I remembered that it was said about the camps that once, in her youth, a man had been shot for her sake. They shook hands as with special meaning. They gave us searching looks, veiled smiles. Their faces were kindly, his decidedly aged.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THEY HAD BEEN HIS COMPANIONS IN THE DIM ROMANTIC DAYS OF HIS YOUTH, THE ROMANTIC DAYS OF FREEDOM AND DESIRE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sitting uncomfortably on the edge of a chair, the old man talked to us with his gnarled, dark hands.

It seemed that he had brought a gift. We stood in front of him grasping at his meaning. Christmas was just past, and in the dance-hall there had been the usual tree, laden with appropriate and plentiful gifts sent from the East by compassionate friends. A few years ago the tribe had had no trees, no gifts. It was wonderful, he thought, that these friends who now supplied them had never seen him nor his people. He understood that they lived very, very far away, and yet they gave, and in the dark, as it seemed to him. He thought they might as well have stood at the head-waters of some stream and flung in their possessions as to give thus strangely to unknown aliens. And see with what rejoicing their presents were received! He and his wife, for instance, were an old couple and poor, he was often sick himself; yes, it was his side that troubled him, and almost constantly. The doctor? Oh, no! There had been a lump on his left side, just here, a growth; he didn't understand it. But one day, to better it, he had sat down on the floor of his teepee, had stripped himself to the waist, and, taking out his knife, he had removed the excrescence. But the place had not healed well. It always troubled him more or less.

The old handsome wife, watching the talk, sighed a little, her eyes solicitously upon her man.

Well, to them these gifts had come as from above. He was grateful. He would never see the donors, he was an old man, he did not know even where they lived, but he wanted to make them a present. Not knowing how to go about doing so, he had brought it to me. It was not, he explained, an ordinary gift, such as Indians love to make to each other, a compliment which must be returned by bestowing an equal gift. No, this was a free present. He made the sign which signifies "Nothing," "No return." We nodded, understanding.

Then he went down into his clothes and from some recess produced a little bundle wrapped in buckskin. Unfolding it, he displayed a very ancient flint and steel. He looked at them long. His wife looked at them. They had been his companions, no doubt, in the dim, romantic days of his youth, the nomadic days of freedom and desire. Now, of course, he could get matches much quicker and handier—two boxes for a nickel—at the trader's. He did not depend on these, as he once had done, but they were old friends. He cradled them tenderly in his hand.

Then, smiling and rising, he held them out to us: "For our friends," he said. And turning from us, his wife at his heels, he passed out into the frosty day. In the strong light of outdoors I noticed suddenly that both their faces showed gray and pinched.

I remembered at that moment that I was cooking our dinner, and that they should not have gone; I should not have let them go. The old man paused to break off a willow switch with which to urge on his dejected horses. The wife had climbed on the wheel on her way up to the high seat of their lumber wagon.

Then I ran after them. "Come back," I called. "It's almost time for dinner. Don't go. Come back."

They came. There was no veiling of their smiles now. They were undisguisedly glad. They stood about the stove rubbing their old hands. They beamed upon me.

I spread a red tablecloth on the floor for them and set upon it their dishes. They ate with a sort of weary hunger, as though their appetites were difficult to appease.

At last they got up. He wiped his hands on an old bandanna, she on some rag of her clothes. They shook us both by the hand. Then he spoke again. "We thank your wife because she gave us something to eat. We were very hungry. We have had nothing but coffee for nearly two days." He laughed a little, not wishing to seem to make too much of the statement. "Now we feel good. We are full. We have nothing to eat in our house, nothing." He dusted his fingers together, making that sign which means, "All gone, nothing is left." "We were just going up to the store to see if they would not trust us once more. After a while, when the snow goes out of the mountains, I can haul wood and sell it at the post. But now there is no way of earning money. The traders do not like to trust us—we are all asking for credit—but what can we do?" The sentence ended with that balancing gesture of the hand which denotes a question.

Tenderly, I think, I took up from the table the little buckskin package. "You might have raised some money on this."

"He smiled at me; they both smiled. "This is for our friends," he said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF SUN PROMINENCES 80,000 MILES HIGH

THE SUN AND HIS FAMILY

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

PROBABLY the most amazing objects, all things considered, that nature presents to the contemplation of thoughtful man are those labyrinthic coils of luminous haze, interspersed with glowing, knot-like masses, and surrounded by wheeling curves of stars, which are known to astronomers as "spiral nebulæ." The mind is at once overwhelmed by the thought of their stupendous magnitude and perplexed by their strange complications of form. The suggestion that there can be any relationship whatever between such nondescript objects and our orderly system of worlds seems at first glance altogether fanciful, while the confident assertion that these things are actually the embryos of future suns and planets appears as baseless as would, to a person ignorant of entomology, the statement that a caterpillar may be the progenitor of a butterfly.

Yet mathematics and the laws of physics, applied to the interpretation of astronomical observations, give strong reasons for believing that in the gauzy spirals of these nebulæ, beaded with points of light like dewdrops strung upon a gossamer, we really behold rudimentary sketches of stellar and planetary systems. Mr. William Sutherland has recently shown how in the case of our own solar system the original nebula may have had at one time the shape of a two-armed spiral, in which local condensations would account for the varying masses of the planets, running from a globe equivalent in weight to eight quintillions of tons in the case of Mercury, the smallest planet, to one of nearly two septillions in that of Jupiter, the largest. The central mass, the sun, controlling all by its gigantic gravitational force, is equivalent to nearly two octillions of tons.

This is the latest form of the celebrated "nebular hypothesis," and it is the result of the destructive criticism to which Laplace's theory that the solar system was created from a disk-shaped nebula, originally surrounding the solar nucleus, and leaving off a succession of unequal rings during its contraction, has been subjected. The reader who wishes for details will consult the elaborate work of Professor T. J. J. See on "The Evolution of the Stellar Systems," in which he develops his theory of "the automatic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

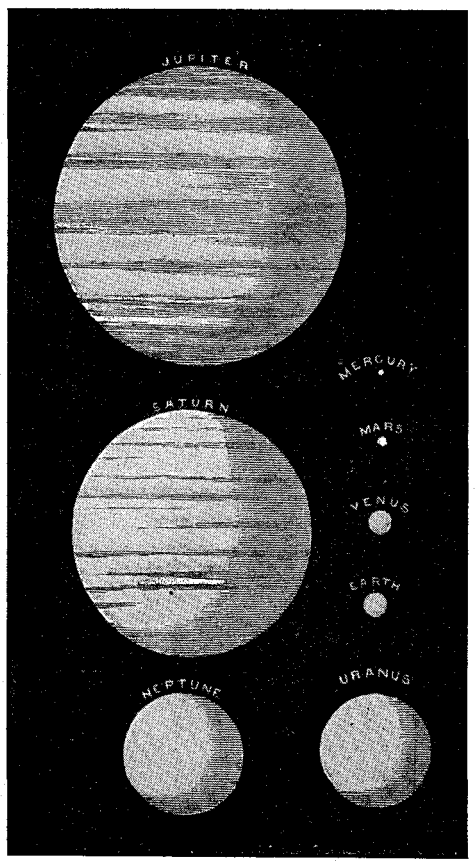
winding up of two streams of cosmical dust," and his "capture theory" of the planets; and also the "Planetesimal Hypothesis" of Drs. T. C. Chamberlin and F. R. Moulton. These investigators, working on independent lines, have shown how stellar and planetary systems may be developed from spiral forms.

But without troubling himself about the difficult mathematics involved in its complete solution, the reader may form a fair idea of the nature of the problem by making a mental picture of the particular nebula-born system on one of whose condensed masses we live.

If we could look at the solar system from a point afar off, say in the direction of the north star, we should perceive a remarkable classification of the circling worlds spread beneath us. Their community of origin would be immediately suggested by the fact that all travel in the same direction round the sun, viz., from west to east; but almost equally evident would be the fact that they fall into two groups, as different from one another in the relative magnitude of the individuals as a flight of sparrows compared with a flock of crows.

Near the sun, and moving with a speed diminishing in proportion to the increase of distance, we should see four small planets, including the earth, the most distant of which, Mars, is about one hundred and forty-one million miles from the sun, and the nearest Mercury, only about thirty-six million. Although varying considerably in size, these four planets — Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars—form a group by themselves, characterized by the comparative smallness of its members.

Beyond them would be noticed a vast gap, about three hundred and forty million miles across, outside of which, and separated from each other by spaces greatly exceeding in every case the entire diameter of the region occupied by the group of the small planets, would appear a set of four giant planets, led by Jupiter (about thirteen hundred times larger than the earth), and extending outward to Neptune, nearly three thousand million miles from the sun. Besides the two named, Saturn and Uranus belong to this group. From our commanding watch-tower we should perceive, what is not evident in a view from the earth, that the distance just mentioned, enormous as it seems when measured by terrestrial standards, is insignificant in comparison with the twenty-six millions of millions of miles that separate the sun from his nearest fellow-star. Like the four small planets, the four great ones would be seen circling in their orbits with speed diminishing with distance; and like them, too, they would exhibit a considerable variety of size, Jupiter being more than fifteen times larger than Neptune and nearly twice as large as Saturn. Still, as a group, they would be clearly marked by their relatively immense bulk.

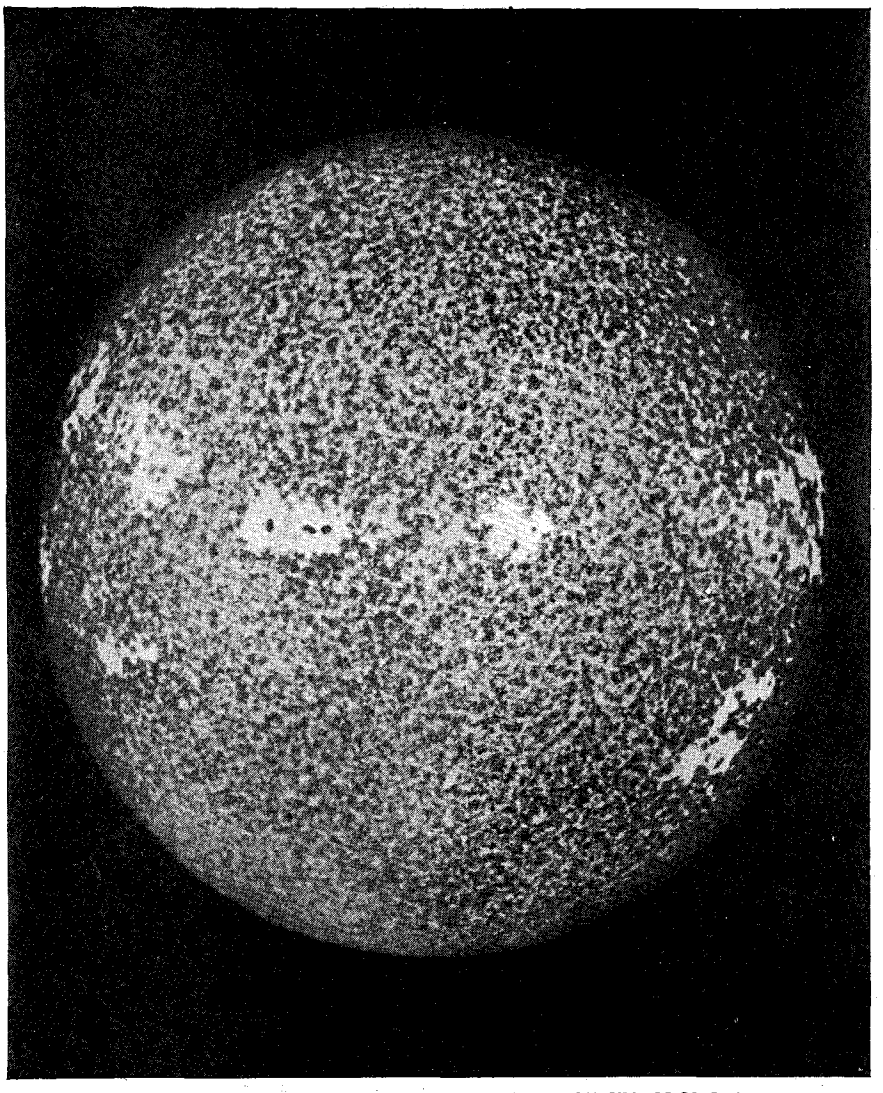


RELATIVE SIZE OF THE PLANETS

Then, if we had the means of examining their physical condition, or of weighing them, we should find another notable difference between the two groups. The inner planets are all solid bodies, of great mean density, while the outer ones are all in a relatively uncondensed state, and imponderous in proportion to their size, so that Saturn, for instance, if it could be thrown into water, would float, while Jupiter would sink very slowly.

In the yawning gap between the two groups closer inspection would reveal to us a great number (more than six hundred are already known) of very minute cosmical bodies, the largest less than five

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE SUN PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE LIGHT OF ITS GLOWING CALCIUM VAPOR AT THE CARNEGIE SOLAR OBSERVATORY

hundred, and the smallest probably less than ten miles in diameter. These are the asteroids, or planetoids, and they form a third group, differing, as we shall presently see, in many ways from the other two, and presenting the peculiarity of being subdivided into concentric bands separated by spaces millions of miles across. In addition to these, we should also, by patient watching, perceive other small, somewhat hazy bodies often displaying trains, or tails, moving in and out among the planets, often crossing the gaps, and traveling indifferently in almost all directions around the sun. These are the comets, with which we are not specially concerned in this article.

Now it requires no stretch of the imagination to perceive, especially if we fancy each planet leaving behind it a luminous track representing its orbit, a resemblance between the vast system of slightly elliptical rings, arranged in concentric groups, which has thus been presented to our view, and some of the nebulæ, with their central condensations and their immense curved arms, separated by broad and more or less vacant spaces. Still, there is one fundamental difference, which is found in the fact that the arms of the nebulæ in most cases have not the form of re-entrant curves, but, starting out from the central mass, they spread wider and wider in space, until they often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

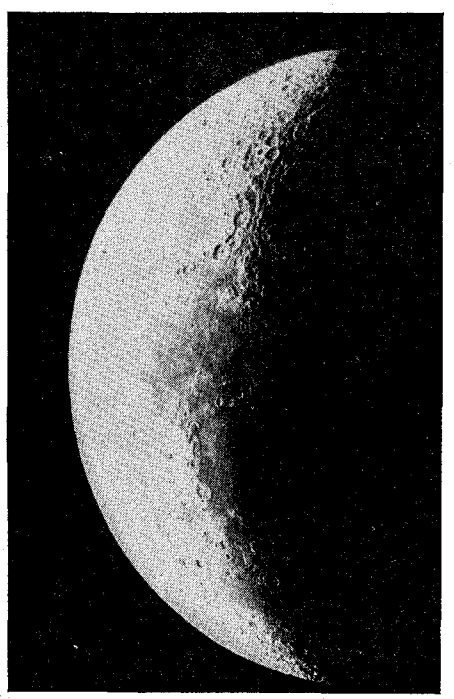
bear a similitude to the spirals of fiery sparks flying from a spinning pinwheel. It is this which presents the greatest apparent difficulty in the new theories, and it is the affair of mathematical physics to show how, by the effects of collisions, and of the mutual attraction of its particles, the matter composing a spiral nebula may be gradually condensed and shaped into an orderly system of bodies revolving round a common center. But our present affair is with the solar system in the shape in which we now find it. We shall, however, in telling the story of this family of worlds, from time to time briefly point out the indications of its nebular birth.

The Story of the Sun.—The sun is the father of his family. It could not have existed without him, and it cannot survive him. The mass, or quantity of matter, in the sun is nearly eight hundred times greater than that of all the planets combined. It is about three hundred and thirty-two thousand times greater than that of the earth. From the beginning of the changes that shaped the solar system out of nebular chaos the sun must have been the dominant factor. Nearly all of the spiral nebulæ exhibit a similar controlling center not yet condensed into a true sun. It is believed that the sun is still contracting, that it is yet in a wholly gaseous state, and that the energy continually radiated away from it in the form of heat is supplied by the effects of its contraction. Its present mean density is about one and two-fifths times that of water. It has been shown that a contraction of its diameter amounting to only two hundred and fifty feet a year would suffice, in accordance with known physical laws, to develop the quantity of heat that the sun radiates annually. Since the sun's diameter is more than eight hundred and sixty thousand miles, it would require ten thousand years for the effects of this contraction to become measurable with our present instruments.

This affords a means of calculating, though not with certainty, the lifetime of the sun. Assuming that it began to radiate heat at the present rate when it was expanded over the whole space inside the orbit of Neptune, it is evident that not more than twenty-five million years can have elapsed since the process began; and, carrying the calculation into the future, it is equally evident that in from five to seven million years to come the sun will have shrunk to half its present diameter, and, since the density will then have increased eightfold, its temperature must rapidly diminish until it is no longer able to furnish a sufficient supply of heat to its planets to keep any of them in a habitable condition. But geologists believe that the earth has been in a condition fit for life during at least a hundred million years. To escape this dilemma it has been supposed that in former ages the rate of the sun's radiation was much lower than at present. Recently, also, the possibilities of energy development suggested by the properties of such substances as radium have been invoked to prolong the calculated life of the sun.

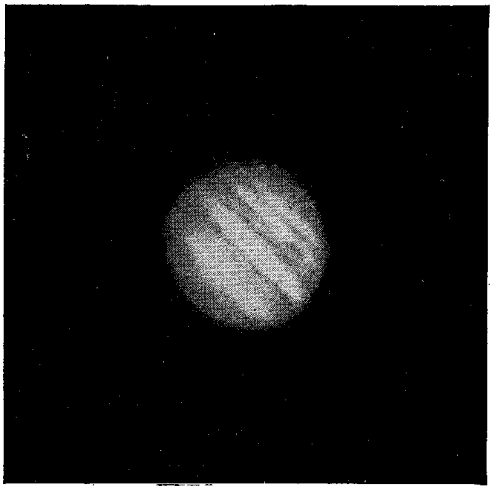
One of the most significant of recent discoveries is what seems to be clear evidence of rapid fluctuations in the amount of solar radiation received by the earth. "It appears probable," says Mr. C. G. Abbot, Director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, "that fluctuations of the sun at irregular intervals of several days, and sometimes of several months, are not uncommon. Apparently the amplitude of such changes sometimes reaches ten per cent, and seems frequently to reach from three to five per cent."

There are also variations in the solar radiation depending upon the presence or absence of sunspots, which are periodical phenomena. All these things show that the sun is one of the variable stars, although the variations are yet so slight that they might not be detected by an observer



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEW MOON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

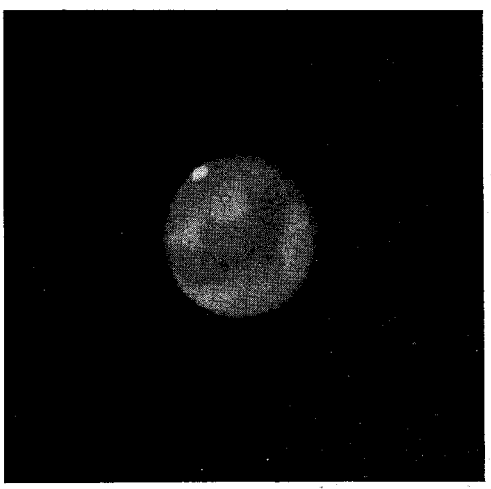


PHOTOGRAPH OF JUPITER

situated in another system. Whether they will increase, and how rapidly they will increase, in the future are questions that cannot be definitely answered, but astronomers have recently had their attention drawn to striking resemblances in the manner of variability of the sun and that of the star Mira Ceti, whose fluctuations are at least a hundred thousand times more extensive than the sun's, though apparently of a similar nature. It is also known that the spectra of sunspots resemble those of the Third Type of stars, which are characterized by indications of a relatively advanced state of cooling.

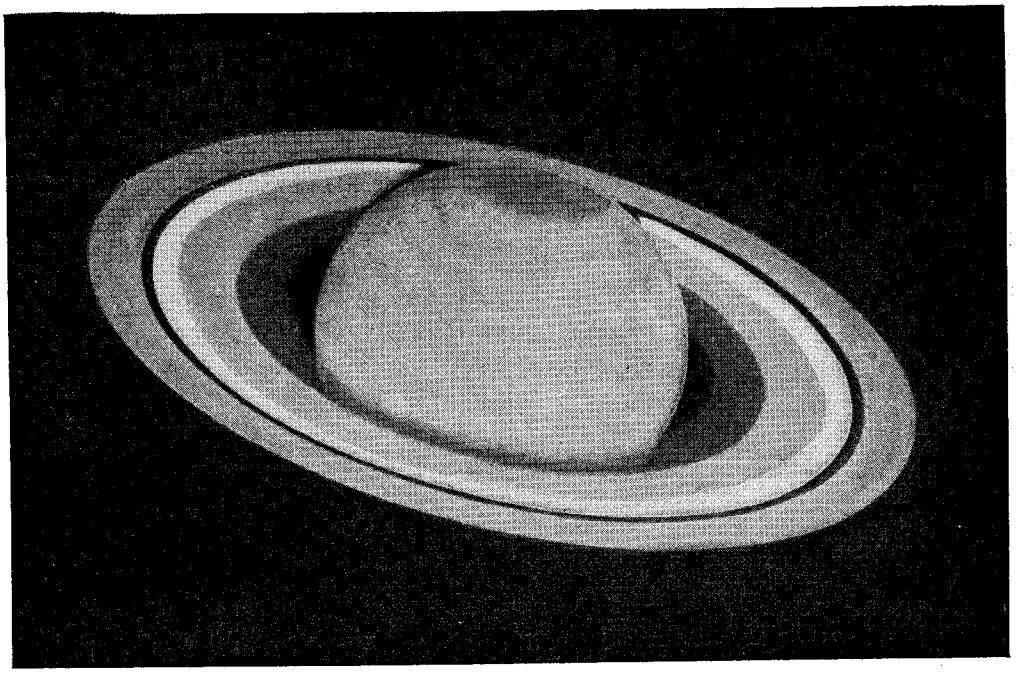
The Story of Mercury.—Close round the sun plays the tiniest of its planetary children, Mercury. Judging from its size only, it might be thought that Mercury was also the youngest member of the solar family. But seen with the telescope, little Mercury shows the face of a time-wrinkled dwarf. Its agility in its orbital movements, due to its nearness to the sun; the extraordinary eccentricity of its orbit, causing its speed to vary in the course of six weeks from twenty-three to thirty-five miles per second, and the amount of light and heat that it receives from the sun to be in the same brief period alternately more than doubled and then more than halved; the apparent absence of any considerable quantity of atmosphere, and the probable total absence of water; its unparalleled density, perhaps equal to that of lead, or even of the metal mercury; the fact that it has lost, if it ever possessed, the ability to turn on its axis with sufficient rapidity to produce an alternation of day and night on its surface; the barren and sun-dried condition which its nearness to the solar furnace would imply, and which is apparently certified by its telescopic appearance—all these things have led astronomers generally to conclude that Mercury is in an advanced stage of planetary evolution, and entirely unfitted for the support of life. It does not follow that Mercury is the eldest-born of the sun's family, for its relative lack of mass would alone suffice to account for its rapid consolidation and the escape of its gaseous envelopes. Mercury's diameter is only about 3,000 miles. Its year is only eighty-eight days.

The Story of Venus.—"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," Venus, when favorably situated, is the most brilliant object in our sky, barring, of course, the sun and the moon. We may also say, at once, that if there is any other planet besides the earth which seems suitable for the abode of creatures bearing some resemblance to human beings, it is Venus. In magnitude this planet is the twin of the earth, its diameter being about 7,700 miles. It is slightly less dense than the earth, so that the force of gravity on its surface is 0.85 of that on the earth. Other things being equal, this might imply a slight superiority of size on the part of its inhabitants. Being on the average 67,200,000 miles from the sun instead of 92,900,000 (the distance of the earth), Venus receives more solar heat and light than we do in the ratio of nearly two to one. But its orbit is more nearly circular than that of any other planet, so that there is but little annual variation; and, besides, it possesses a very extensive atmosphere, which, it has been



PHOTOGRAPH OF MARS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A DRAWING OF SATURN BY E. E. BARNARD

thought, may serve to shield it from the too great ardor of the sunshine. This atmospheric envelope, however, prevents, by its reflection of light, a minute inspection of the surface of Venus with our telescopes. It is, in fact, doubtful if we ever see more than the merest glimpses of the real surface of the planet. Consequently we know almost nothing of its "geography." Percival Lowell, following in the footsteps of the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli, has convinced himself that Venus is in the same predicament as Mercury, viz., that of having so far lost its rotational momentum that it now turns only once on its axis in making the circuit of the sun, so that there is perpetual day on one side of the planet and perpetual night on the other. But this conclusion has never been generally accepted by astronomers, and the observations of Belopolsky, during the past year, indicate that Venus's day is about thirty-four and one-half hours long, as contrasted with twenty-four hours for the earth. It is, then, a fair exercise for the imagination to picture various interesting forms of life, inspired, perhaps, with a high degree of intelligence, dwelling beneath the cloudy veil behind which Venus hides her face. Such speculations gain interest from the fact that when Venus passes between the sun and the earth she comes nearer to us than any other planet ever approaches, the distance being sometimes reduced to about 26,000,000 miles; and it is hardly surprising that, in such circumstances, bold spirits have dreamed of the possibility of communicating, by means of etheric telegraphy, with the supposititious inhabitants of that sunny world. But sober science can offer no aid in these speculations.

The fact that the small planet, Mercury, is much denser than the earth, while Venus, almost as large as the earth, is considerably less dense, might be explained by the supposition that the intersecting streams of matter from which the planets were formed during the condensation of the original nebula varied both in abundance and in the density of the materials of which they consisted. Thus Mercury may contain a greater and Venus a less proportion of heavy metallic elements. If the heavy elements tended toward the center during the process of nebular contraction, we should rather have expected that Venus would be denser than the earth, but such is not the case.

The Story of Mars.—Mars is the outermost of the group of four small planets, and, after Mercury, the smallest of them. Its diameter is about forty-two hundred miles, and its surface 0.28 that of the earth, or considerably nearer one-quarter than one-third. Its mean density is 0.72 that of the earth, or four times

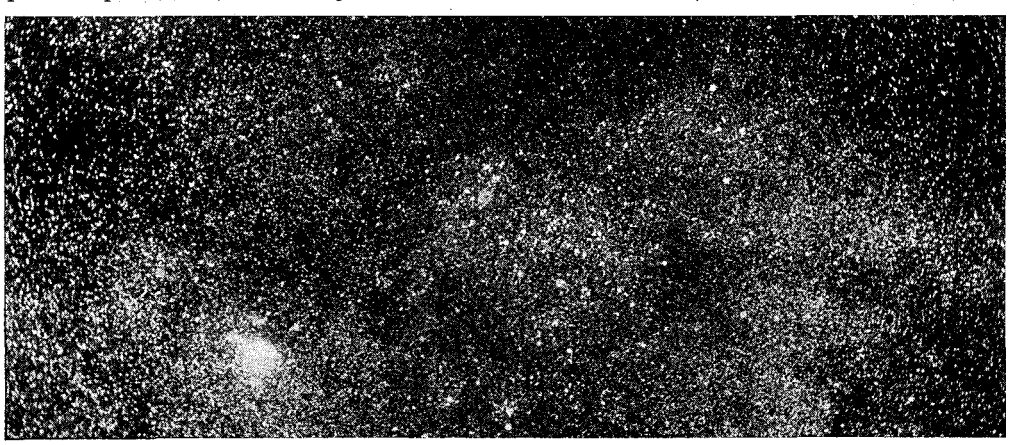
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that of water, and the force of gravity on its surface is to that on earth in the ratio of 38 to 100. Thus any body removed from the earth to Mars would there lose nearly two-thirds of its weight. Calculations made on this basis show that a human being on Mars might attain a stature of twelve or thirteen feet without losing anything in relative activity. This is the foundation of the many speculations that have been indulged in concerning imaginary giants inhabiting Mars, digging stupendous canals and performing other Brobdingnagian exploits.

Such speculations are aside from serious science, and most astronomers attach little weight to them. In fact, the conditions of Mars seem, upon the whole, to negative the supposition that it can be inhabited by beings resembling the inhabitants of the earth, even if it can support any form of life on its surface. At its distance from the sun, it receives less than half as much solar light and heat as the earth, while, on the other hand, telescopic and spectroscopic observations indicate that its atmosphere is very rare, and theoretical considerations show that its mean temperature, as far as solar supply is concerned, must be constantly below the freezing point. The only way to avoid the natural consequences of so low a temperature is to suppose that there is something in the constitution of its atmosphere which counteracts them. But that is pure speculation.

At the same time it must be admitted that there is something very puzzling in the succession of phenomena visible on its surface. In the first place, there are the so-called polar snows. These appear in the form of roughly circular white caps about each of the planet's poles, and, as if to proclaim their meteorological character, they wax and wane with the seasons, exactly after the manner of the alternate advance and recession of the Arctic and Antarctic snows upon the earth. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they consist of real snow, or at least of something in the nature of hoar frost. In the second place, there is something strikingly "earth-like" in the division of the planet's surface into regions of varying color, some of a dusky hue, with slight indications of a bluish or greenish tint, as if they were oceans or other bodies of water, and others yellowish or reddish in tone, such as expanses of barren land or continents covered with a brownish vegetation might be expected to show. It is mainly upon these ruddy or yellowish areas that the famous "canals" are seen, although Lowell has found that the strange lines bearing that significant name often run across the dusky regions also.

The old idea that there are really oceans on Mars has been abandoned, but Mr. Lowell and his followers maintain that, although the planet is almost "dried up," it still retains sufficient moisture to account for the phenomena seen about the poles, and, with artificial aid, to nourish enough plant life to supply the needs of the remaining animal inhabitants. According to this theory, the water furnished by the periodical melting of the polar snows, first in one hemisphere and then in the other, is trained off by the "Martians" in gigantic irrigating ditches, and the location of these ditches is indicated by the narrow dark lines which make their appearance gradually over a large part of the temperate and tropical zones after the melting begins. The visible lines themselves are conceived to be, not the actual canals, but



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MILKY WAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

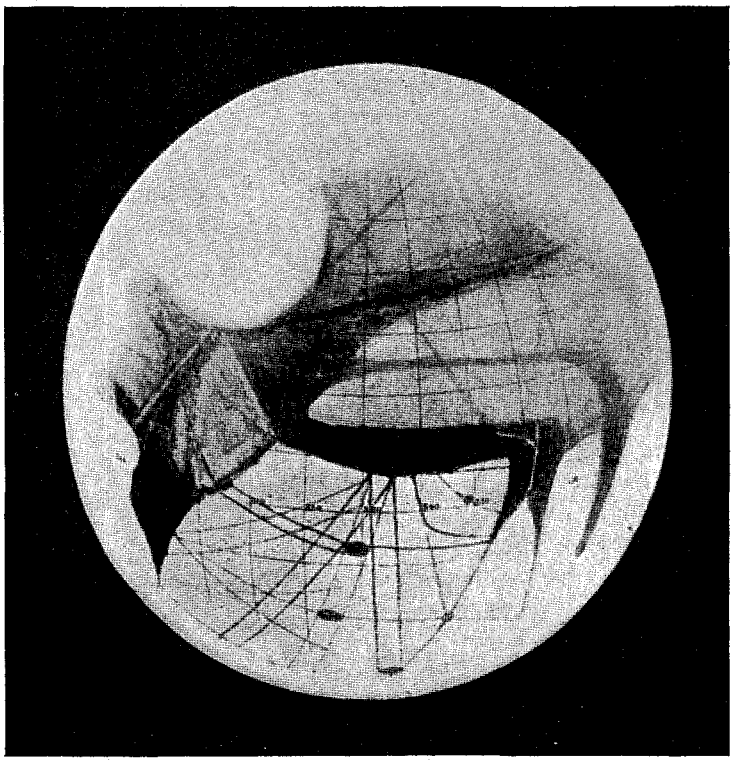
SPIRAL NEBULA IN CANES VENATICI
Photographed at the Yerkes Observatory

the bands of irrigated ground on which the induced water supply has stimulated the vegetation to grow. Upon this basis is constructed a fascinating hypothesis of Martian life, in which we are introduced to a race of supposititious creatures, probably of Goliath-like proportions, though they may differ widely in physical make-up from men, possessing, perhaps, an intelligence greatly excelling ours, and certainly a degree of engineering skill and of knowledge and control of natural forces and agencies which would put all our mechanical science to shame. Concerning all this it can only be said that it belongs to the realm of speculation, and not to that of established, recognized science. Nevertheless it is very interesting, and those who have built it up have, at the same time, made many valuable discoveries about Mars.

Mars's year is of 687 days' length, its seasonal changes closely resemble those of the earth, and its day is 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22.67 seconds in duration (subject to slight correction in the seconds). This accurate determination of the length of the Martian day indicates better than any other statement could do the clearness with which it is possible to see fixed points on its solid surface.

The Story of the Asteroids.—In our imaginary view of the solar system from outer space we saw that a vast gap exists between the inner group of small planets and the set of giant ones led by Jupiter, and that in this gap circulate a great number of little bodies called asteroids. Many hundreds are known, and more are being discovered every year. The four largest are Ceres, diameter 477 miles; Pallas, 304 miles; Vesta, 239 miles;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE DOUBLE CANALS OF MARS
Drawn at the Lowell Observatory

and Juno, 120 miles. The others probably do not average so much as twenty miles in diameter, and many much less. A very curious fact is that some of them show indications of being irregular in shape, as if they were broken fragments of a larger body; and this recalls Olbers's theory that the asteroids were formed by the explosion of a planet of relatively moderate dimensions, which formerly traveled in the great gap between Mars and Jupiter. This theory is not now generally entertained, but it has never been conclusively disproved. The asteroids are more eccentric in the forms and positions of their orbits than the planets, and they are divided into concentric "rings," separated by empty gaps. It is thought that this arrangement is due principally to the attraction of Jupiter acting upon those whose periods of revolution originally bore certain relations to his, and thus drawing them into new paths. In fact, it has been surmised that Jupiter may have "captured" some of the smaller ones and turned them into attendant moons. One of the asteroids, Eros, has an orbit so eccentric that at times it comes within about fourteen million miles of the earth; and advantage has been taken of this to measure its distance, from which all the other distances in the solar system are calculable with increased accuracy.

The Story of Jupiter.—Jupiter is the first and the largest of the group of great planets. Its mean distance from the sun is 483,300,000 miles, and, as we have already seen, it exceeds the earth in size about thirteen hundred times. But its mean density is less than a quarter that of the earth, so that in "weight" it exceeds our planet only 316 times. Its rotation on its axis is extraordinarily rapid, the period being a few minutes less than ten hours. As a consequence the planet is very much flattened at the poles and swelled around the equator. But the significant thing is that this rotation period varies at different parts of its surface, being swifter near the equator than toward the poles. The same peculiarity is observed on the sun; and it is in itself a demonstration that Jupiter is not a solid body like the earth. There may be a solid nucleus within, but we have no direct proof of its existence. What we see is evidently a vast vaporous globe, shining by reflected sunlight, because it is not hot enough to shine of itself. Apparently as a consequence of the rapid rotation, the cloudy surface is drawn out into parallel bands, of various hues, which are known as "belts." There are two principal belts, one on each side of the equator, and a varying number of smaller ones. Close around the poles there are no belts. Continual changes in the form and colors of the belts are suggestive of the play of gigantic forces of transformation. It is often said, with apparent truth, that in Jupiter we behold a huge world issuing out of chaos. Thirty-four years ago an extraordinary red spot made its appearance in the southern hemisphere of Jupiter, near the edge of the great "south belt," and the present

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

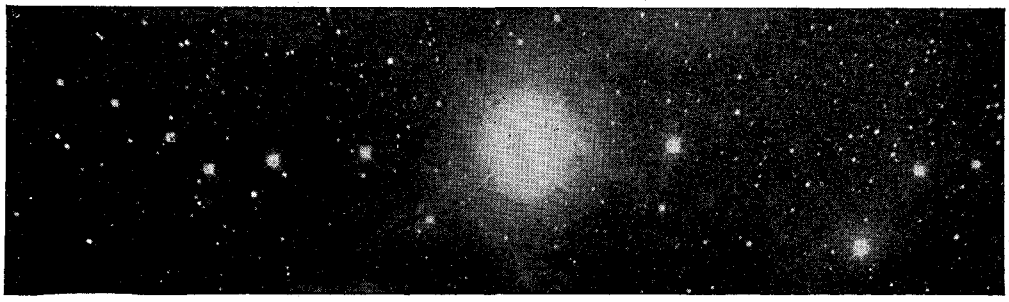
writer had the good fortune to be one of the first to catch sight of it. This strange oval spot, more than thirty thousand miles long, has undergone various transformations, without ever varying much in outline or position. It has led to endless conjectures, but its nature has never been discovered.

Jupiter's distance from the sun is so great that it receives only about one-twenty-fifth as much solar radiation as the earth gets, so that even if it should eventually consolidate into a rocky globe, it is difficult to see how it could develop life bearing much resemblance to that of the earth. Jupiter has four large and four very minute moons. During the transformation of the original nebula some influence must have operated to cause an unusually great condensation of matter at the point where Jupiter was formed.

The Story of Saturn.—This planet, next to Jupiter in size, is in some respects the most wonderful member of the solar family. As everybody knows, it is surrounded above its equator with a series of broad, flat, thin rings, one within another, and placed edgewise with regard to the ball of the planet in the center. The result of this arrangement is a telescopic picture of superb beauty and strangeness. The globe of the planet, greatly flattened at the poles, like that of Jupiter, which it more than equals in swiftness of rotation, is about seventy-three thousand miles in diameter, while the outer diameter of the system of rings is about one hundred and sixty-eight thousand miles. The inner ring, of a gauzy appearance, approaches within about ten thousand miles of the planet's equator. On its outer side this ring merges insensibly into a very bright ring about sixteen thousand five hundred miles broad. Then comes a gap sixteen hundred miles wide, beyond which is another ring about ten thousand miles broad. These rings, although they look solid in the telescope, are known to consist of innumerable minute particles, or bodies, swept along together in vast currents whose common center is the planet itself. Saturn's rings were long regarded as a confirmation, on a relatively small scale, of Laplace's hypothesis that all the planets were formed from similar rings circulating around the sun. Their appearance is certainly suggestive of their having been left off from the planet during its contraction from a nebular state. The ball of the planet shows the presence of belts resembling those of Jupiter, but less clearly marked. Its density is less than three-quarters that of water.

Saturn has ten moons, varying greatly in size and in distance from the planet. Saturn's mean distance from the sun is 886,000,000 miles.

The Story of Uranus and Neptune.—Of these two planets, situated, respectively, 1,782,000,000 and 2,792,000,000 miles from the sun, we really know very little. They represent the result of the consolidation of the outer portion of the original nebula, and their density does not greatly exceed that of water. Uranus has a diameter of about thirty-two thousand and Neptune of about thirty-five thousand miles. The former has four moons and the latter one. Of their surface conditions practically nothing is known. Neptune is particularly famous in that its existence and its position were discovered by calculations based upon the effects of its attraction upon Uranus before it had ever been seen with the telescope. From the motions of their satellites it has been concluded that the rotation of these planets on their axes differs in direction from that of all the others. The satellites of Uranus, and inferentially the planet itself, revolve nearly at right angles to the general plane of the solar system; while in the case of Neptune the motion is actually *backward*, or from east to west. This peculiarity was one of the first facts used to discredit Laplace's hypothesis of the origin of the system, for, according to his idea, there should have been no backward motion.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUGGESTING PAST AGES OF HAREM DISCIPLINE

THE ISLAND OF DESIRE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

THE day tulips first bloomed in Union Square I solemnly swore to keep in their general vicinity. For I knew that after their advent the periphery of Manhattan was no place for people like me—especially West Street.

Where the sea-dogs rolled, like so many ground-swells, past windows full of oilskins and little Metropolitan Towers in mother-of-pearl, celluloid collars in soak, and open-work plates decorated with the flags of all nations intertwined; where cabs bursting with luggage marked WANTED! galloped up to the docks at the last second with their anxious occupants hanging half out of the windows, as palpably outward bound as their luggage—where these things were in evidence was a dangerous place for Grant Winecoop.

It was dangerous for me because I had already hung out of those same cab windows too often for my own welfare. The location of my rooms is to blame for this fact. For Washington Square is too near Greenwich Village, which in turn is much too near West Street, which in its turn is too inhumanly near Europe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since leaving college I had half a dozen times been on the point of really making good in business. And each time the same thing had happened.

Over beyond where Fourth Street gets lost and runs into Twelfth Street I had been taking an innocent sunset stroll, trying to ignore the still, small voice that—night and day in springtime—never stops calling to me from somewhere out beyond Sandy Hook. And then all at once something had chimed in with that voice; it might have been only some important little tug with the catarrh, or the almost audible smell of a tarred rope, or an Italian longshoreman footing a tarantella on a holystoned deck. But suddenly the voice had swelled into irresistibility, and before I knew it I had found myself hanging out of a cab window.

The trouble was that my family was distinctly unsympathetic about these travels of mine. I suppose it is because they have never been

"Hull down on the trail of rapture"

themselves.

In fact, I had such a bad time with my father after the fifth trip that I held out against the sixth for three springs. And then when I finally found myself gliding out from Hoboken's Elysian Fields, I swore a sturdy oath never to return.

Of course I had to break it, though. There's something about Europe one can't stand more than so many months at a time. It's the men, I guess.

Well, when I got home last fall, there was such a serious ruction, and father demonstrated so irrefutably that he would cut me off with a lead quarter if I left again before I had made good, that I resolved then and there not only to keep to the central portion of the island as soon as tulips bloomed in Union Square, but also to stick exclusively to business and the serious side of life, and cut out the Princeton Club and the gang.

I soon found out, though, that this wasn't enough to do. I should have put atropine into my eyes and bought a pair of scientific ear-tabs such as old Herbert Spencer used to produce from his pocket and clap on at table whenever his fair neighbor's conversation bored him and he wished to meditate.

This is how I fell. On an April Friday afternoon I was keeping my vow by riding on the Broadway car, and fighting the still, small voice by reflecting on the sublimity of the Lincoln monument near Dead Man's Curve, when the power gave out and the car obligingly stopped where I could enjoy the sunset down the length of Thirteenth Street. As I looked the golden west was blotted by an even fairer vision. The funnels of a huge ocean liner swung across the street end.

The blood began roaring in my ears somewhat (I realized it afterwards) as the surf roars along the coast of the Riviera. My fingers unconsciously crushed flat—and ruined—the roll of music I was taking home on approval. And the other passengers were already beginning to eye me with curiosity or concern when I pulled myself together, made for the door, and dashed away from that terribly alluring sight.

To shake off the spell of those funnels required a regular campaign of oblivion, including dinner at Rector's, a little tour through the land of vaudeville, a game of squash with the marker at the Athletic Club, and a Turkish bath.

This course of treatment was so effective that, when I came to retire, the funnels had lost their clear-cut, compelling outlines on the ground-glass of my mental camera. I even sneered at them as at so many Harlem factory chimneys, and lay down glorying in the sturdy Anglo-Saxon fortitude of my character.

The next moment it was morning and I was sitting up, sleepy but tingling with excitement. My blood was beginning again to imitate the Riviera surf. What was that loud, hoarse wail floating across the city?

All at once the conscious part of me recognized it, and knew as well that endurance had at last been strained to the snapping point.

I made a leap to the floor, pulled a steamer trunk out from under the bed, and began throwing things into it.

There was a knock, and Lyall came in. I was hardly surprised. For Lyall is the man with the sixth sense. He always knows when anything unusual is happening to a fellow and is always on hand. If you have neuralgia or a hopeless passion, if you need a loan or are thinking for any reason of throwing yourself in front of a Subway train, Lyall will turn up within the half-hour and set you straight. Or if Helen of Troy has just accepted you under pledges of profound secrecy, or if your Western aunt has left you fifty thousand only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten minutes ago, Lyall will be on hand to dine you and wine you in the one case, or, in the other, to levy a fat subscription for that Goodwill House of his that he runs down somewhere in the slums.

"What are you going to do?" asked Lyall, though perfectly aware all the time what I was going to do.

"'I am fevered with the' sunrise,"

I misquoted,

"'I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.'"

"Oh, yes," he laughed; "I know all about that 'schooner in the offing with her topsails shot with fire; and your heart has gone aboard her for the Islands of Desire,' eh? Yes, my boy; but how about your father?"

"Confound you, Lyall!" I exclaimed. "How can I think about father with that thing in my ears?"

I nodded in the direction of the river, where the liner that had waked me with its hoarse bass voice was still roaring admonition to men to go ashore if they did not wish to go abroad.

Lyall at once adopted a different tack.

"Well, then, what particular islands of desire may you be bound for?"

"Greece first," I answered, luxuriously. "Then Brindisi and slowly up through the 'Boot' to my beloved Slavic countries. I guess it'll be mostly Bohemia this time."

"My dear Winecoop"—his voice took on its most persuasive quality—"what is it you're after over there, anyway? Because if it's painting and sculpture and architecture, are you sure you quite realize what we are beginning to do in that line ourselves? For instance, have you been up to the Metropolitan or the new cathedral lately?"

I thought a little before replying. "No, Lyall, it's not so much the art I crave. I suppose it's more the people themselves, with their mysterious charm, their indefinable atmosphere—the romantic humans in their real settings."

All at once Lyall looked relieved.

"Oh, that's it? Well, then, I can cure you."

"Of what?"

"Why, of this *Wanderlust*, of course. I'll write you out a prescription now, and inside of twenty-four hours you'll be a well man."

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" I sneered.

"Certainly," said Lyall.

I laughed, and went on packing. My visitor seized me by the shoulder so that it hurt.

"But I mean it. I'm in dead earnest. What'll become of Goodwill House if your father cuts you off with a lead quarter, I should like to know? Besides," he added, relapsing into the persuasive tone, "even if you're going in spite of me, my course of treatment won't delay you an hour. You can't possibly get a southern route boat before to-morrow. Besides, if you're stubborn, you'll never know what you missed. Now, I'll give you till the middle of the afternoon to pack."

The fellow certainly knew how to tickle my not inconsiderable bump of curiosity.

"Well," I grunted, "if it won't delay me."

At that the fellow actually sat down as gravely authoritative as any M.D. who ever prescribed bread pills for an imaginary neurasthete, pulled out his note-book, scribbled a sheetful, tore it off, and handed it over.

I saw only a jumble of names and numbers. The directions at the bottom ran: "Take Saturday after midday meal. Shake (yourself free of provincialism) before using."

That afternoon I took the Subway to Brooklyn Bridge, threaded my way through the drunken sailors of Park Row, doubled into the narrow squalor of Roosevelt Street, and, with a pitying laugh at my absent physician and a glance at his scrawl, began searching unwillingly for the first ingredient of the prescription, which was "No. 601."

Then something happened. A woman in a drab shawl passed. I first noticed her fixed eyes, so aggressively, Orientally ignoring the very existence of all beings of the other sex; then the shawl half drawn across the lower face, suggesting past ages of harem discipline; and, above, the level, divinely molded brow of a marble Pallas Athene. She went her way, cold, immobile; but in a flash I was wandering again about the streets of modern Athens, alone, rather homesick, and marveling at this race of magnificent women who walked abroad less humanly than a race of nuns.

No. 601, according to the Greek letters on the glass, proved to be the Café Sophocles. There was something very like a sensation inside when I opened the door.

Half a dozen handsome youths were sitting around the stove smoking water-pipes. At my entrance they broke off their merry chatter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"LOST IN THE SPELL OF ITALY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as if startled, and eyed me as though among Americans I were the first that had ever burst into that tranquil haven of the new Hellas. And they were no more surprised than I, who had never dreamed before my first delighted glance around their café that the authentic atmosphere of Socrates's land could ever thus be translated overseas. But I knew enough to pay no more attention to them than the Pallas outside had paid to me, and under this treatment they slowly recovered their normal tone.

Meanwhile I focused on the cup of real Turkish coffee and the delicious, familiar confection impaled in the Greek fashion on a long spit. And these took me back at once to the busy sidewalk cafés of Hermes Street.

Cigarettes followed, of a savor that Fifth Avenue has never attained. Nor had I, either, since my last dip in the waters of Corfu. I remembered how I had dived into that crystalline harbor of the Phæacians in honor of the crafty Ulysses and his record swim, and my regret that the white-armed Nausicaa had not had a fragrant packet of them to offer the hero after his rub-down, and perchance light one for him between her own dainty lips. All this came back at the first puff.

On the walls of the Café Sophocles hung a large photograph of the poor old Parthenon (what the Turks and their infernal powder have left of it), and another one of a rare bronze I knew in the Naples Museum, which happened to be a surprising likeness of the waiter. Three of the lovely long-necked lutes called *mpouzouki* hung over a rack stuck full of letters with Greek stamps waiting for the habitués of the place.

A young fellow who was twin brother of the Hermes of Praxiteles began a game of cards with the living image of the Discobolus. As he studied his hand he hummed himself a plaintive old folk-song that I had once heard a shepherd playing on a yellow reed while his goats cropped among the fallen columns of Olympia. And all at once the Café Sophocles was filled with the same happy tranquillity that I had breathed one morning of sunshine and light airs while wandering in the olive groves of Academe.

Delightedly I realized that these young gods were forgetting my nationality and losing the constraint which the intrusion had brought into this home of theirs.

Presently one of them made a friendly advance. Before falling back on English I used up my small Greek vocabulary on him. The rest looked up pleased. Cigarette cases flashed generously out.

"Had I, then, an interest in things Grecian?"

"Yes, indeed! The more for having been in their land."

"When was that?"

"In 1906."

"To attend the Olympic Games?"

"Yes."

The circle around the fire was visibly commoved. The Discobolus forced his chair upon me. The waiter, unbidden, hastened for a second cup of coffee. The Hermes introduced himself as one of the 1906 Marathon runners.

There followed an hour of Pindaric reminiscences.

Then I rose and put the long-necked lute into the hands of the Discobolus with an entreaty, and he tuned it up with an almost religious solemnity while the rest hushed their talk. After a patient search through his pockets for a quill as plectrum, he struck up, over a drone bass, a wild, minor air, strong with the strength of his native Spartan hills, and sad with the sadness of those remembering vanished happiness in an unhappy time.

At that I gripped each brown hand and left in haste. My one idea was to make for the shipping-offices on lower Broadway before they closed. I thought of Lyall with a sneer. What sort of a fiery and inflaming drink was this that he had prescribed for my fever?

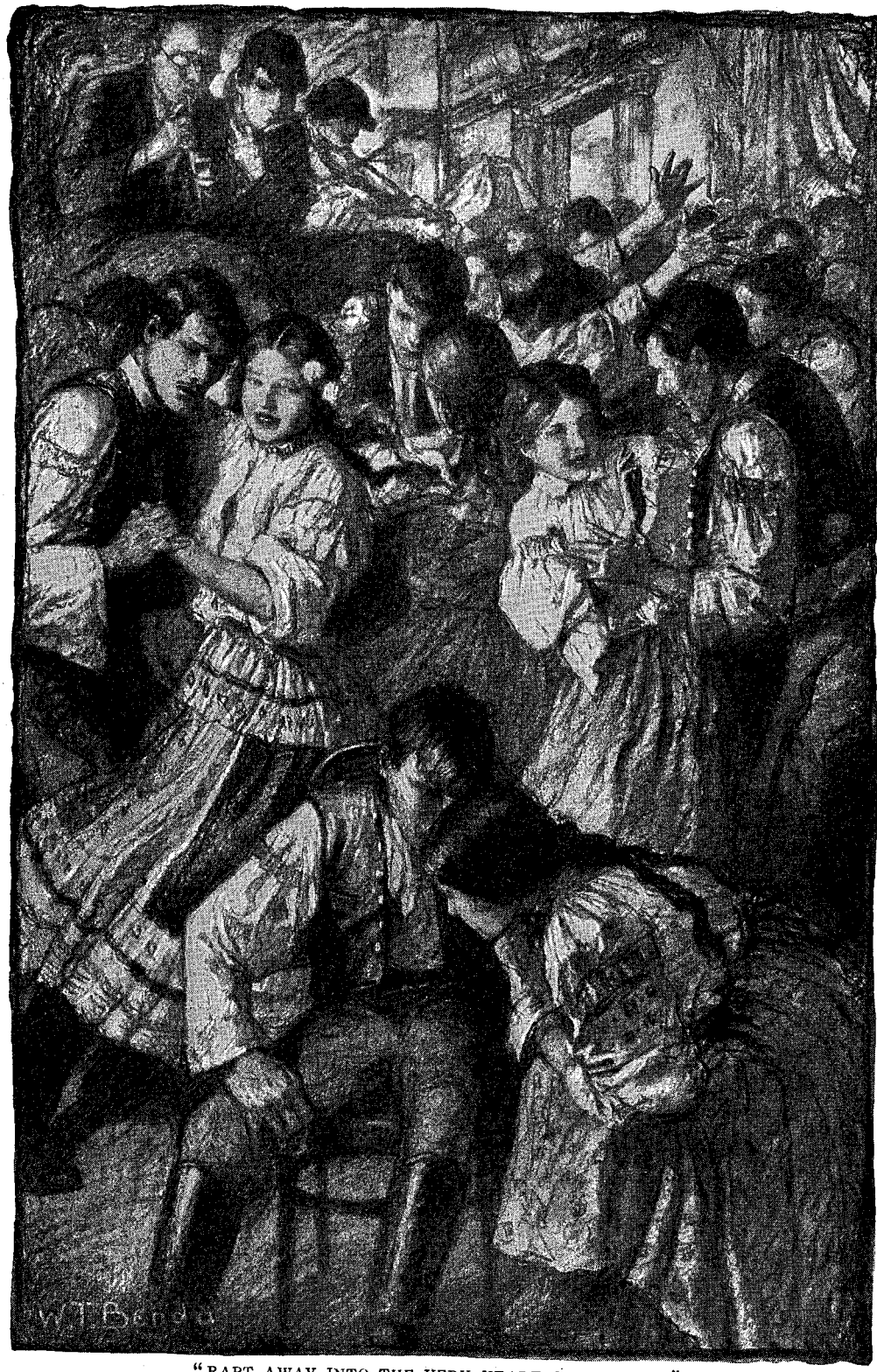
I snatched the prescription from my pocket to tear it up, when these words caught my eye: "Stroll slowly up Mulberry Street to Grand."

Then I remembered promising my friend to taste his draught to the dregs, and turned reluctantly into the din and the foul tawdriness of the new Italy. Roosevelt Street had been almost as quiet, as discreetly reserved, as the summit of the Acropolis. Now Mulberry Street rang with the joyous din of the Roman Corso in carnival time.

In the small triangle of park this uproar melted by degrees into the *dolce far niente*—the "sweet do-nothing"—which the warm south takes like a bromo-seltzer after its daily emotional debauch.

The feline luxury of these folk as they basked in the strong sunlight took me back to certain wonderful afternoons on the Spanish Steps and along the verges of the Bay of Naples, with old Vesuvius smoking lazily beyond the dancing blue waves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"RAPT AWAY INTO THE VERY HEART OF BOHEMIA"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An aged ruffian approached, peddling those long, thin black cigars with straws inside them which you light yesterday and throw away to-morrow. For old sake's sake I let him sell me one.

I strolled up a street filled with a thousand satisfying reminders of the magic land. The wordless bargaining over the prismatic push-carts made me feel again like a child—so keen was it, so superbly did those natural pantomimists carry it on by gesture and expression and pose.

There were tiny shops hung with paper holly that dealt in "Fruits of the Sea," such as prawns and periwinkles, and all kinds of curious shellfish. There were carts full of artichokes and red peppers. But, to my shame as an American, I found the most Italian touch of all in the little book-stalls that were doing a brisk business in such literature as Dante and Hugo and the "Arabian Nights," Swift, Goethe, the Bible, and d'Annunzio.

To make themselves feel more thoroughly at home, the people had stuck up here and there branches of orange and lemon filled with the fresh fruit.

Three goats were devouring a felt hat on some basement steps. Queening it on the floor below sat a girl with flying fingers. She was brown and luring as a gypsy. A large black comb full of brilliants nearly covered the back of her head. Sitting there among the bright-colored rags she was sorting, she looked like a fairy princess arranging her jewels and laces. And I felt like abasing myself before that daughter of a folk with a sense of beauty that could thus make squalor delightful and even thrilling.

Presently, before I knew it, Grand Street had come, and Lyall's prescription directed me to dine at the "Azure Grotto of Capri." (This, of course, is not its real name. It would never do to have it Americanized.)

I found it easily, and, after one suspicious glance around, stifled a sigh of pleasure and genuine relief. For in the New World this was the first Italian restaurant I had found that had apparently discovered neither America nor bohemia with a small b.

There sat the padrona at the receipt of custom, solemnly lighting a long cigar in a candle flame for the grizzled guest who leaned ingratiatingly over her counter in the true classical style. There was the single little mouse-colored waiter running about among the tables as nimbly and silently as the little donkeys that pad the lanes of Florence on their mouse-like feet.

The padrona beamed upon me. Before I was well within the room the padrone, her spouse, wished me "Good appetite!" The little waiter performed amazing acrobatics about my table and chair, all expressive of the loftiest flights of the spirit of Italian hospitality.

Barely seated, I swallowed an orange cordial; then ladled out of a huge tureen a plate of exceedingly "busy" soup, which Hamilcare (for the waiter had already introduced himself) kindly sprinkled with grated Parmesan. There followed *tagliatalli*, the macaroni of the gods, decked with a delicious meat sauce and more Parmesan. Hard upon that came *scalloppini con Marsala*—minute veal cutlets translated into a higher sphere—and all this accompanied by real *vino de Vesuvio* out of a straw-covered flask.

Then for dessert a tall glass of *Zabbaione*, while the padrona arranged my cigar on the candle-rack. For all these mercies my check declared that fifty-five cents were due.

I had forgotten about Lyall, but in fumbling after a nickel for the already grateful Hamilcare (it would have spoiled him to give him more) I drew out the prescription and read its last ingredient, a certain number on East Seventy-fourth Street.

Still lost in the spell of Italy, I wandered towards the Bowery, stopping a moment to see the devoted crowds festooning the houses of Elizabeth Street, arching the roadway with red and white and green bunting, and building wayside shrines here and there for the coming *festa*.

Even the brutal Yankee realism of the Elevated could not shake me out of my reverie. I glowed to think that the dear Italians could make themselves so very much at home in my country—could actually charm one of their hosts, by their magic arts, to fly in spirit across the foam, if only for an hour, and so gain respite from the *Wanderlust* that had been consuming him.

For, as I suddenly realized, the dull ache of the disease was unmistakably better. In fact, for the last couple of hours I had been as unconscious of it as if climbing the olive slopes above Amalfi, or loafing against Giotto's Tower, or watching the gleam of pale St. Peter's dome across the moldering aqueducts that dot the Campagna.

"Seventy-six!" yelled the guard, and, still in a daze, I climbed to the pavement and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went a full block before awaking with a start, not to Italy this time, nor Greece, nor even America, but to the country of Dvořák and Smetana and Huss.

A Bohemian funeral was coming up Second Avenue. First of all was an open barouche overflowing with floral crosses and anchors; then a band, the men pacing slowly and playing, as if they really felt it, a mighty, somber march filled with the lustrous melancholy of Slavonic lands. Then a white hearse escorted by a troop of little flower-girls in white, and followed by a company of patriot athletes with the festively colored scarfs of the Sokols across their breasts and the red and white banners of Bohemia floating aloft. Last of all rumbled a single hack with shades lifted just enough to reveal a mother's face, tear-drenched, convulsed, wholly given up to such an abandon as the undemonstrative Slav yields to only in the few supreme moments of life.

With that stately, tragic music still in my ears, I sought the given number and mounted two flights of stairs to find a large hall filled with dancers in mellow Old World costumes. I stared around in astonishment. This was no other than a Slavonic village green in festival time. Lyall had sent me to the famous Bohemian Peasant Ball!

How charmingly familiar the girls' scarlet stockings and low slippers looked beneath the short petticoats of infinite plaits, overlaid with rainbow aprons! How spirited the embroidered shirts of the men and their gayly braided trousers tucked into the high boots! And everywhere were those touches of clear, bright red which the Slav best knows how to use.

I went up into the deserted gallery as the music stopped and the parading began without which no Slavonic function is complete.

The floor was cleared by two cavaliers who sidled their dummy horses cleverly against the crowd. First came the priest with his acolyte, as in all village processions; then the fat matchmaker under his red umbrella, paired with the village notary, his quill over his ear and his inkpot slung about his neck; the ubiquitous Slovak tinker followed, and the chimney-sweep with ladder and scraper; after them the Jewish peddler from across the border in a flowing kaftan, with his basket of knickknacks; and, last of all, the night watchman, with halberd and lantern and long porcelain pipe.

As for me up there in the gallery, I was rapt away into the very heart of Bohemia among its strange, proud, stolid, gloomy people, apparently so cold and dull and sullen, yet full in the depths of them of color and fire, of music and passionate poetry—people that blossom out so touchingly in response to a little human tenderness, much as the colors of the opal blossom brighter for the warmth of the human hand.

As I sat there the wonder of the day began to dawn on me. Since plunging into Roosevelt Street it was as if I had been borne constantly farther and farther from any America that I had ever known. I began to feel almost like a stranger in some forgotten corner of the Old World, with months between himself and the group of friendly handkerchiefs that had once fluttered him farewell from the pier-head.

Slowly the illusion grew stronger, sharper. As I gazed down at the strange costumes, the high cheek-bones, the small, heavy eyes of those foreign men, an obscure impulse seized me and hurried me out into the street and westward to the park, and set me strolling down Fifth Avenue under the young April moon.

That was a stroll to dream about. For, somehow or other, my vision seemed strangely fresh. The spires of St. Patrick's had never soared so airily for me as in that glowing sky, flushed with the week-end flare of the Great White Way. Nor had the Library ever seemed as noble, nor the Metropolitan Tower as mighty.

Down by Twenty-first Street I caught sight of the old "gang" I had long shunned, straggling home from the Princeton Club. And they, too, seemed positively glorified in my eyes.

I rushed up to them and began shaking hands all around, with heart in each grip. Lyall was with them, and his hand I wrung particularly hard. It was a delight to see and feel such strong, virile, clean young fellow-creatures and to talk their language.

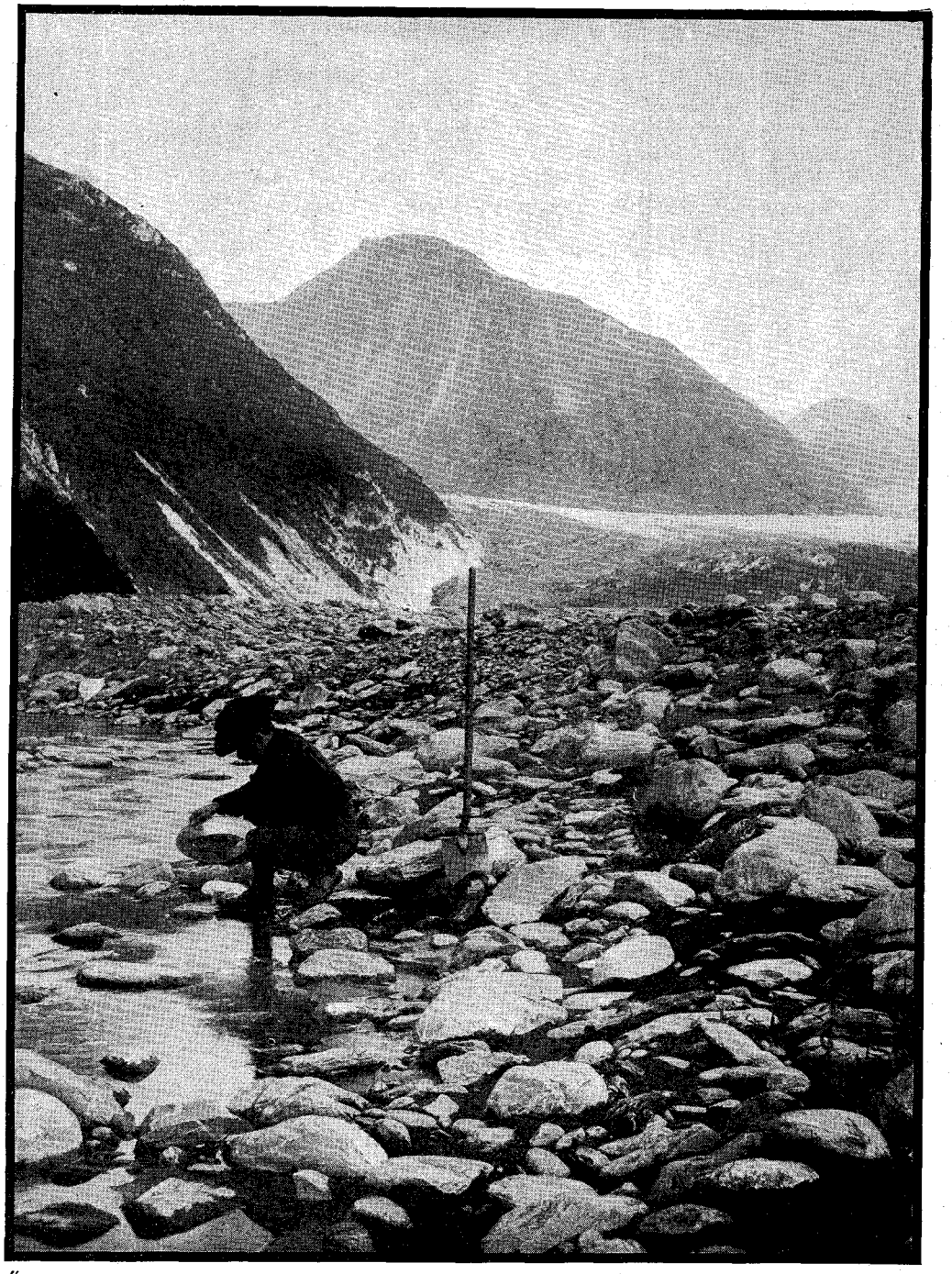
"*Hel*lo, where'd you drop from?" they greeted me.

"Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Been on another of your little trips abroad?"

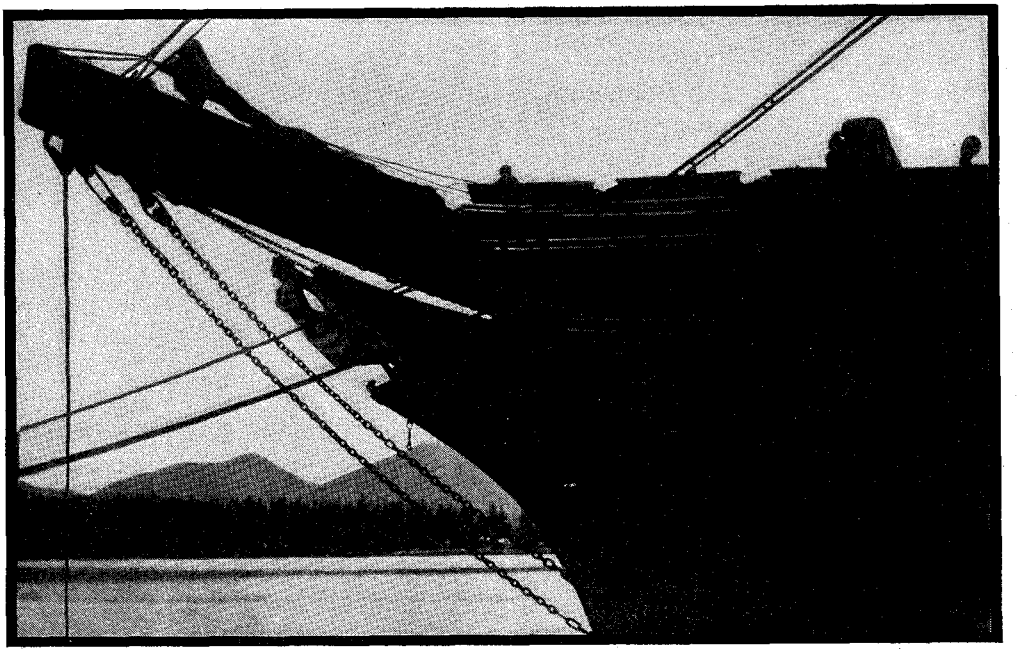
"That's what I have," I answered, and sped a grateful look at Lyall. "It was a corking trip, too. But you've no idea how glad I am to be back!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"WHEREVER GOLD IS TO BE FOUND MEN CAN GENERALLY BE TRUSTED TO GO AND GET IT"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE FLOATING CANNERY "GLORY OF THE SEAS"

FISH, FUR AND FOREST—AND A FEW OTHER THINGS

BY W. D. HULBERT

THE Glory of the Seas lay at the wharf at Ketchikan, her topgallant masts down, her jib-boom gone, and only one stick left of the crowding yards that had once carried her clouds of canvas.

"Going to take a picture of the lady?" some one asked, as I set up the tripod.

Under the stubby bowsprit, her wooden hands folded serenely on her wooden bosom, was poised one of the finest figureheads I have ever seen. He must have been something of an artist who carved "the lady," for her face was comely and strong and good, and there was dignity in her air, in spite of the evil days she had fallen on. One could imagine how joyfully, in her younger years, she had met the tempests of the Horn, or breasted the billows of Hatteras, or faced the typhoons of the China Sea. There were no billows to-day, but instead, borne along on the ebbing tide, there floated under her aristocratic nose a stream of fish refuse that came from the Glory's own scuppers. One of the smartest clipper ships that ever flew the Stars and Stripes was ending her days as a floating salmon cannery, up here on the Alaska coast.

I made my exposure and climbed up over the high black bulwarks. Forward lay the great anchors and the heavy chain cables, now thick with rust, that had so often been her stay in distant harbors. I passed aft. The cabin was still brave with dingy carvings, and deep paths showed in the broad quarter-deck where the skipper and the mate had paced back and forth in their long watches. But amidships certain strange, high, uncouth, flimsy structures had arisen—the sleeping quarters and dining-room of the cannery hands. She would make slow work of it if she had to beat to windward with those tall houses catching the breeze. A scow loaded with salmon lay alongside, and an endless-chain conveyor was hoisting the fish up over the starboard rail—big, handsome, silvery fellows that it seemed a pity to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

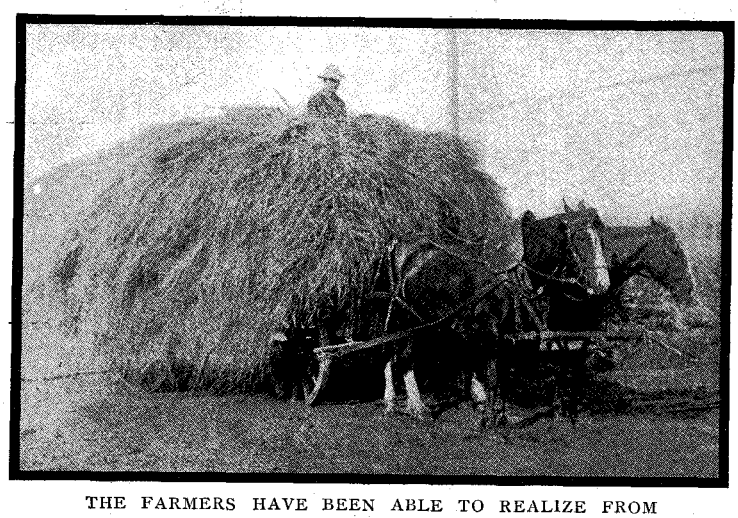
KETCHIKAN, THE FIRST STOP IN ALASKA

take out of the sea. Part of the deck was divided into bins, and men with pitchforks were separating the fish according to their kinds, for there are several different species of Alaska salmon —" reds," " pinks," " dogs," and so forth— each with its own market price. The " reds," which have the deepest color, rank the highest, not because they are any better food than one or two of the others, but for the same reason that a bright-red apple is always more salable than a dull one, no matter what its flavor. Once an Alaskan cannery built on piles over the water fell in a heavy storm, and the greater part of the season's pack dropped into the sea. I should not dare say how many thousands or millions of cans there were, but they were worth a pretty big sum. When the blow was over, they all lay in shallow water, and it was not a very difficult task to gather them up again, but their commercial value was largely gone, simply because the cans had not been labeled and several different kinds had been thrown together in a heap. There was no way of telling which was which except to open them, and to do that, solder them up again, and recook them, would have cost almost as much as they were worth.

On the port side, just forward of the quarter-deck, the " iron chink " was at work— that very ingenious machine that takes the place of a great many Chinamen, and " cleans " and beheads salmon almost faster than you can wink. From the chink they went to a washing-box, and from there they vanished between decks.

As I went forward again a man came up from what had once been the Glory's forecastle.

" Phew! but it's hot down there!" he exclaimed, as he mopped the perspiration from his dripping face.



THE FARMERS HAVE BEEN ABLE TO REALIZE FROM SIXTY TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS PER TON FOR HAY

I climbed down a steep, narrow stairway, and found the big ovens in which the salmon, already packed in the cans and sealed air-tight, were thoroughly cooked. Farther aft was a machine which took them as they came from the upper deck and cut them into pieces of just the right length. Then they were stuffed into the cans, and another machine put the tops on—not with solder, however, for these were the new " sanitary " cans, which are sealed without any soldering. Then to the ovens, and afterward, when they had cooled and had been tested for leaks, the paper labels were pasted on and they were packed in cases, four dozen to a case.

" Been to the creek yet?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No."

"Better go out there and see the fish climb the falls."

I started up the street, following the sign-boards reading "To the Creek," and presently I stood on a bridge with the falls in front of me. They were perhaps ten or fifteen feet in height, though not all in one pitch. At their foot I caught sight of a dark, slender creature that showed a gleam of silver as he turned for a moment on his side. His nose was boring into the swiftest of the current, his tail was beating like the propeller of a torpedo-boat, and by desperate fighting he held himself there for a few seconds. Then he had to let go, and the rushing water swept him back. Now another one jumped clean out into the air in a vain effort to take the whole ascent at a single leap. As I looked more closely at the pool beneath me I could see them everywhere, and all of them were either shooting at the falls or resting and getting ready for another try. By and by a big fellow made a dash at the left-hand side, where the water came down in a succession of shorter steps and inclines. He made perhaps two-thirds of it, and then he stopped and lay still in a little bowl between the rocks, just big enough to hold him. For perhaps a whole minute he waited, gathering his strength, and then he shot half-way up the last little fall, and for a moment one could see him hanging there in the clear green water, writhing and struggling in a frantic agony of effort. The creek was too much for him, and in another instant he lost his balance and went floundering down over the rocks, past the basin where he had rested, back to the pool from which he had started. But the next one made the grade and disappeared in the quiet pond above, to catch his breath, no doubt, in the still water behind some big stone, and presently to go on his way up the creek to the spawning-grounds. It was the climax of his life, and practically the end of it, for, if he came back at all, it would only be to die within a short time.

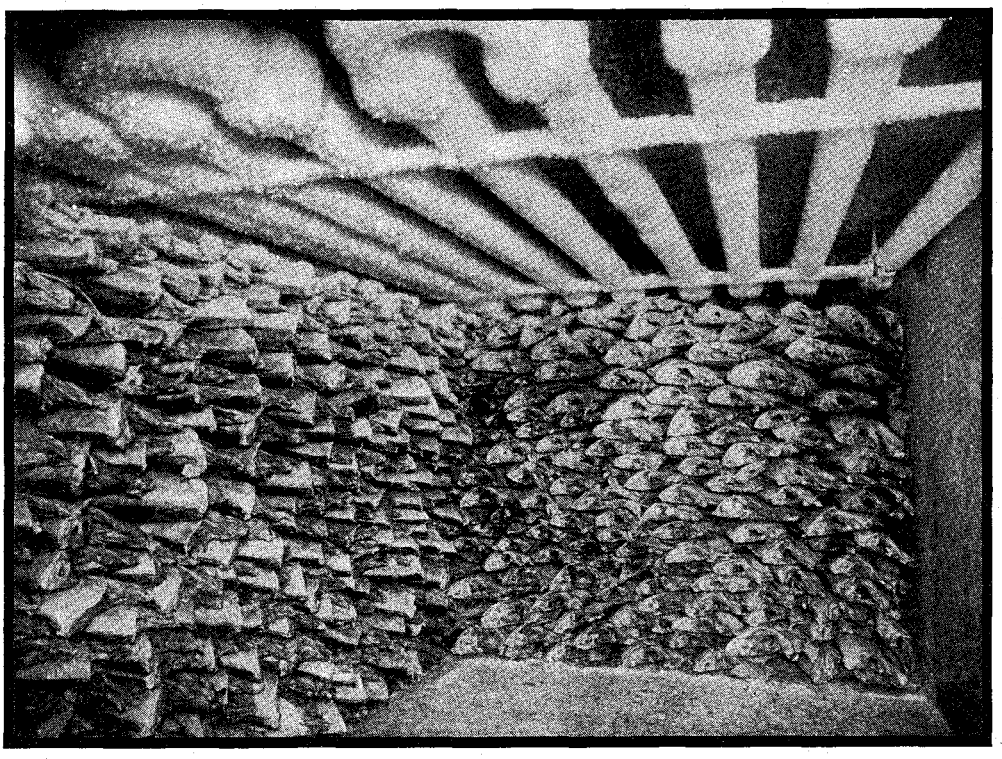
THE PROSPECTOR

There are a number of mysteries in the life of a salmon. He is hatched in fresh water, he goes to sea, and after some years he comes back to die and to leave his children to take his place. But just what he does in the meantime, or where he goes, or how long he stays away, no one positively knows. It was formerly supposed that he was gone four years, but some experiments with marked salmon made up here on the Alaska coast have seemed to show conclusively that he sometimes stays away seven or eight years, or even longer. But, whatever his span of life may be, and wherever his *Wanderlust* may lead him, sooner or later he comes back to the coast and makes for fresh water. In the majority of cases he doesn't reach it. Instead he runs up against a wall of netting, which he follows till it leads him into a sort of heart-shaped inclosure. From this he passes into an immense bag, also of netting, and there he stays till the fisherman comes and carries him off to the cannery.

For some time the Government has been trying to see that enough fish get past the nets to keep the army up to its full strength, but thus far it has not entirely succeeded. In a few localities the salmon are practically caught out. In some others the catch has recently increased, but this does not necessarily mean that the fish themselves are more numerous. Indeed, it may mean the exact opposite. For the last two or three years the price of canned salmon has been high, and in consequence there were thirteen more canneries in operation in 1911 than in

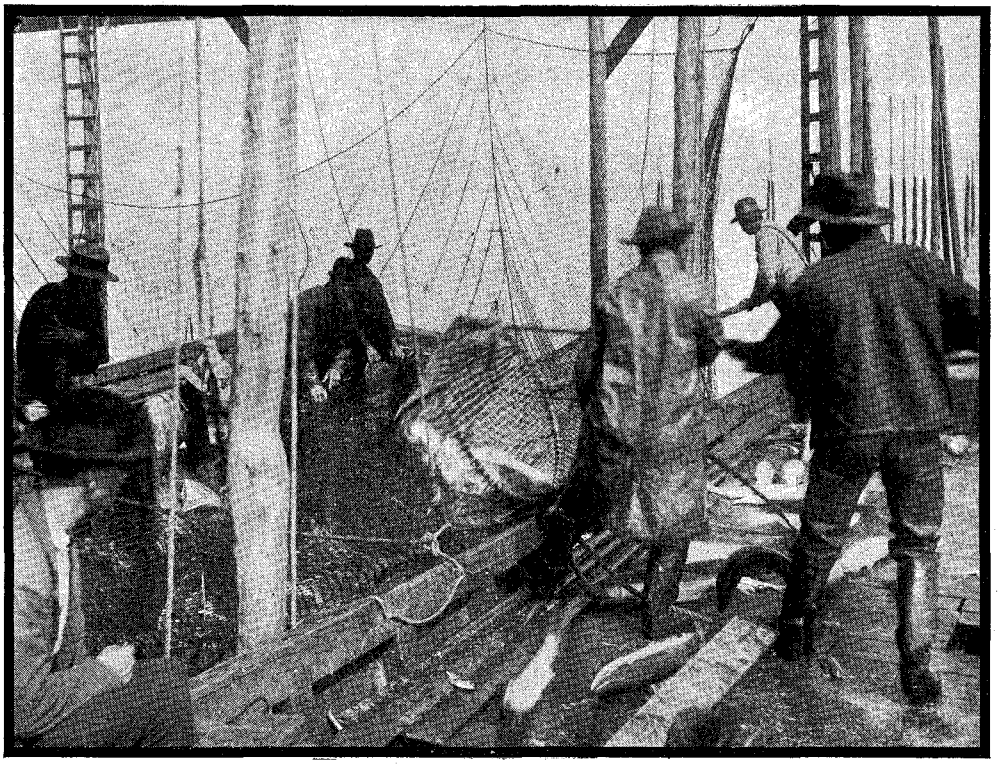
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1910. The catch was large and was probably the most valuable ever taken, but in proportion to the number of boats and nets employed it was smaller than it used to be. It seems clear, therefore, that if things keep on as they are now going, there must sooner or later be a serious shortage. In British Columbia the number of canneries allowed to operate on a given length of coast is strictly limited, and the same thing will probably have to be done in Alaska. In certain parts of Alaska the law now requires that the trap-nets shall be kept closed on Sunday, so that on one day in seven the fish shall have a better chance to reach the streams. There are also stringent rules concerning fishing in the streams themselves. But at present the agents of the Bureau of Fisheries find it difficult to enforce this law as thoroughly as is desirable, largely because the nets are so widely scattered that it is hard to reach them without letting the fishermen know that they are coming. In their annual reports for several years the agents have urged that they be given gasoline launches in which to come and go as they wish; and after my return to the States, while looking up some Alaskan legislation at the Congressional Library, I found that in the spring of 1908, nearly four years ago, Congress appropriated $20,000 for the purchase or construction of a steamer for the use of the Bureau on the Alaska coast. A twenty-thousand-dollar steamboat is not what is needed, but it would seem as if it ought to be possible to arrange to use this money for the purchase of the launches which would enable the agents to enforce the law more effectively than they can at present, and it seemed to me strange that nothing had been done. I asked the Commissioner's office about it, and was told that the appropriation for a vessel was available, that the matter had "received consideration," and that a boat would be built or purchased when the best type had been decided on. I also found that still further back, 1906 or 1907, an appropriation was made of $8,000 for a steam launch "for use in the propagation of salmon in Alaska." Nothing was done with it for several years, and then the money was reappropriated and given to the biological and fish-cultural stations on the Mississippi River. The delay in furnishing the agents with the boats they need may work to the temporary advantage of some of the Alaska cannerymen, but it is injuring the fisheries.



FROZEN HALIBUT AT KETCHIKAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE SALMON CATCH

Scattered along the Alaska coast are a number of hatcheries where more than a thousand million baby salmon have been hatched in the last few years. Some of them belong to the Government, but others are the property of the cannerymen, and there is an arrangement by which these cannerymen have their taxes—or "license fees," as they are called—remitted at the rate of forty cents for every thousand young salmon that they turn loose in the world. The tax on each case of canned salmon is four cents, so that a thousand fry pay the taxes on ten cases. It is probably better to have such an arrangement than not to have the fry hatched at all; but there is coming to be a strong feeling that it would be better to have the Government operate the hatcheries, and to let the cannerymen pay their fees in cash. Many Alaskans believe also that the fees ought to be much higher.

"The cannerymen come up from San Francisco and Seattle," they say, "and they catch Alaska's fish by millions and carry them away, and they don't leave anything behind. They don't even leave any wages, for they bring their own crews from the States."

This is partly true, but not entirely. In western Alaska, and particularly on Bering Sea and its arms, the canneries are obliged to use labor brought up from the States for the season, for the country is almost uninhabited. In southeastern Alaska, where the population is more dense, they employ a good many residents—probably several thousand every year—both white and natives, and the wages that are paid to them stay in the Territory. These sums are growing year by year, and will probably continue to grow as the population continues to increase. But at the best the wealth left behind by the cannerymen is small compared with what they carry away, and it would seem as if they might well be required to contribute a little more to the Territory's expenses.

Salmon are not the only fish, by any means. Frozen halibut from Alaska are sold in large quantities in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and whales, cod, herring, and crabs all help to swell the total. One practice which should be stopped is the making of fertilizer from herring. The herring is too valuable a fish to be put to such uses.

Formerly Alaska's gold was the greatest of her products, but in recent years it has decreased somewhat, while the output of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fisheries has risen in value till now they are not very far apart—each of them probably between fifteen and seventeen million dollars.

SEALSKINS

My farthest west was Resurrection Bay. One thousand miles farther, away up in Bering Sea, are the Pribiloff Islands, the breeding-grounds of the North Pacific fur-seal herd, which probably numbers somewhere around one hundred and fifty thousand—a small fraction of what it once was. From 1870 to 1890 the islands were leased to the Alaska Commercial Company, which in some seasons took as many as one hundred thousand skins. From 1890 to 1910 the North American Commercial Company held the lease, but by that time the herd was diminishing so rapidly that the Government would not permit them to be killed in such large numbers, and in 1909, the last year that the company operated, only fourteen or fifteen thousand skins were taken. Since then the Government itself has held the islands, and each year its agents kill as many young male seals as is thought best and send their skins to be sold in the London market. An effort is being made to find out just how many of these young males can be taken without checking the natural increase of the herd, and it seems probable that the problem will be solved satisfactorily.

What is probably a much more important matter, so far as the preservation of the herd is concerned, is the international agreement stopping "pelagic sealing." Pelagic sealing is the killing of seals on the high seas, where they seek their food and spend a large part of the year, and where they have been slaughtered indiscriminately—both sexes and all ages. Much of the damage has been done by schooners from Japan, over which, of course, our Government has had no control so long as they did not come within three miles of our shores. For a long time it seemed as if the herd was doomed, no matter what regulations were enforced on the islands, but it is hoped that the new agreement between the nations whose vessels have done the mischief will serve to put a stop to it. It will be a great thing for the baby seals and their mothers if the shotguns are really banished from the North Pacific.

THE NATIONAL FORESTS

The National Forests cover a good part of the Alaska coast, and they are not at all popular with the Alaskans, though I think the feeling against them may be abating somewhat. To a considerable extent it rests on mistakes and misunderstandings. For instance, in the Prince William Sound region I was told, over and over again, that the Forest Service had issued an order forbidding the cutting of timber less than eighteen inches on the stump. Alaska trees are of such moderate size that such a regulation would probably work a great deal of real hardship, but I heard the report so often that it seemed as if there must be something in it. At the first opportunity I asked a Forest supervisor about it, and found that no order of the kind had been issued, and that none seemed to be contemplated. There have been a great many cases where the Alaska National Forests have been blamed for evils which were entirely imaginary.

Nevertheless, I think there can be no doubt that in other cases the establishment of the Forests has worked inconvenience and perhaps genuine hardship, partly because they cover so much territory that it is very difficult for the men of the Service to handle the business to good advantage, and partly because the laws and regulations that are in force are better adapted to the States than to the peculiar conditions in Alaska. The native manager of one of the native co-operative stores gave me some interesting views on the subject.

"I suppose they have to have the National Forests to keep the syndicates from getting all the timber," he said, in rather broken English, which I do not try to reproduce, "but it's hard on the natives, and especially on the older ones."

I asked him to explain, and he said that in former years, if a native ran out of money and supplies in the depth of winter, when there was no fishing, he would go out along the shore, cut a few logs, roll them into the water, and sell them to some lumberman. Since the coming of the Forest Service he was not permitted to cut any timber for sale without making an advance payment of a hundred dollars, and often he didn't have a hundred cents. The younger natives, he said, were adopting the white men's ways and learning to take care of themselves in their new circumstances, but he thought it was rough on the older ones, who could not so easily adjust themselves to changed conditions, who had always looked on the woods and the waters as their own, to use as they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had need, and who would not be there much longer.

The Forest Service men, on the other hand, say that a native who is honest and reliable can generally find some storekeeper or trader who is willing to provide the money for the advance payment and furnish him with supplies, taking his own pay when the timber is sold.

I think the men who are in charge of the National Forests of Alaska realize that the service should be in every possible way a help and not a hindrance to the genuine settlement and development of the country, and I think they are trying to do all they can in that direction. But, as I have said, they are more or less hampered by laws and regulations better suited to the States than to conditions in Alaska. One change which has been much desired by a great many people, including some of the men of the Service, is a provision whereby it would be possible for men to acquire title to lands within the forests for "trade and manufacturing sites," on the same terms as in other parts of the public domain.

In some portions of the Territory the forest fires are a serious problem, and one which seems almost impossible of solution. Along the coast the climate is so moist that fires are rare, though there was one last summer that spread over several square miles; but in the interior, where there is less rain, they do a great deal of damage. To employ small armies of men to fight them, as is done in the States, is entirely out of the question, for the simple reason that labor costs from five to eight dollars a day in the interior of Alaska, and is not to be had at any price except at a few scattered points. It is to be hoped that at least a partial remedy may be found, for much timber is destroyed every year, but it is difficult to see how the thing can be done.

ON THE FAIRBANKS TRAIL

GOLD

Gold-mining is an industry which largely takes care of itself. Wherever gold is to be found men can generally be trusted to go and get it. Yet there is one matter in connection with the Alaska gold mines which greatly needs attention. Under the present laws one man or group of men, by the use of powers of attorney and the "association" method, can lay claim to several miles of creek-bed and hold it for years at very slight expense—much to the injury

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of other miners and prospectors. Alaskans are almost a unit in their desire for a change, but Congress fails to take any action, though repeatedly asked to do so.

The total gold production of the Territory has fallen considerably in the last few years, mainly because of the exhaustion of the Nome beaches and some of the creeks of the interior. The mining of gold quartz, on the other hand, is increasing somewhat, and seems likely to increase more rapidly in the future. In some respects the change from the placers to quartz is for the better, for a quartz mine is generally a more permanent affair and more likely to furnish employment the year round.

AIDS TO NAVIGATION

The coast of Alaska and British Columbia is a dangerous one, on which not less than seven wrecks took place in the first nine months of 1911. What is worse, its perils can never be entirely done away with, for fogs and snow-storms are frequent, and in thick weather lights and buoys are of little use and fog-horns are often deceiving. But perhaps that is all the more reason why we should do what we can. Something is being done now, and since April, 1910, thirty-seven new lights have been established in Alaska, one new fog-signal, and eighteen buoys. This is not much more than a beginning, however, especially as most of the lights are small ones. On the "inside route" they answer the purpose, for the courses wind about between the islands in such intricate fashion that lights must often be invisible at a short distance, no matter what their power. But at Cape Spencer, about one thousand miles from Seattle, the steamer bound for the westward takes to the open sea, and beyond that point there is great need of a few large lighthouses with fog-signals attached—particularly on Cape Spencer itself, Cape Hinchinbrook, and Cape St. Elias.

A generous appropriation for aids to navigation on the Alaska coast could hardly fail to save many lives and much property, and to lighten the cost of ocean transportation by reducing rates on marine insurance, which at present are very high.

AGRICULTURE

I was discussing Alaskan agriculture with Mr. Georgeson, the special agent who for many years has had charge of the Government's experiment stations at Sitka, Kodiak, Fairbanks, Rampart, and Copper Centre.

"Do you advise people to come to Alaska to farm?" I asked.

"Not unless they have money enough so that they can afford to come up here and then move back again if they do not like it," he replied. "If they can afford to do that, then I tell them to come and see and decide for themselves."

Mr. Georgeson seems a very honest man.

On a Sunday evening, at a hotel in a certain town in southeastern Alaska, I sat down to supper beside a young man whom I did not know and who did not know me.

"Do you live here?" I inquired.

"No," said he; "I live on a homestead about twenty miles from here." And he added, a trifle importantly, that it was the only valid homestead for a long distance up and down the coast, and that his people had secured it before the coming of the Forest Service.

"Do you think many homesteads would be entered if the Service wasn't here?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I think they would." And then he said, rather naïvely: "Of course they'd be taken for the timber that's on them. They haven't any agricultural value."

And he proceeded to enlarge on the difficulties of farming in that part of the Territory. The principal ones seem to be the scarcity of level ground and the over-abundance of rain and cloudiness. The annual report of the experiment stations for 1909 begins as follows:

> The weather must always receive first consideration in treating of any agricultural subject in Alaska. Success in agriculture and gardening depends on the weather. When the rainfall is light, the summers warm, with many bright days, satisfactory crops can be raised. When the summers are cold and wet, with little sunshine, these conditions are reflected in the growth of the crops.

However, Alaska is a very large country, and conditions vary in different sections. Perhaps the most successful farming, from a financial point of view, has been that carried on around the town of Fairbanks, in the Yukon Valley, several hundred miles back from the coast. In the last few years much gold has been taken from the placer mines of this region, money has been plentiful, and farmers and gardeners have been able to realize such prices as $60 to $100 per ton for hay; 50 cents a plant for celery; 50 cents to $1 per pound for tomatoes (grown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in greenhouses); $2 to $5 per dozen for cucumbers (also grown in greenhouses); 30 cents per pound for fat hogs; 75 cents per pound for young pigs; and, in winter, $2 per dozen for fresh eggs. Strawberries have been raised and have sold for $1.25 to $2 per quart, but the plants were set out in the spring, bore one crop, and died in their first winter. Prices for potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables have been in proportion, and under these circumstances some of those who have taken up agriculture have been decidedly prosperous.

The section which gives the best promise for the future is probably that around Cook Inlet and behind Resurrection Bay, at about the middle of Alaska's southern coast line. The climate here is milder than in the interior, and seems to be brighter and sunnier than in the southeastern portion. Much of this country is rough and mountainous, but there are also very large tracts of valley and plain, both here and farther back, along the Yukon, where grasses grow in great luxuriance and where it would seem practicable to raise stock to good advantage if only there were better means of getting it to market.

THE PROPOSED MATANUSKA RAILWAY

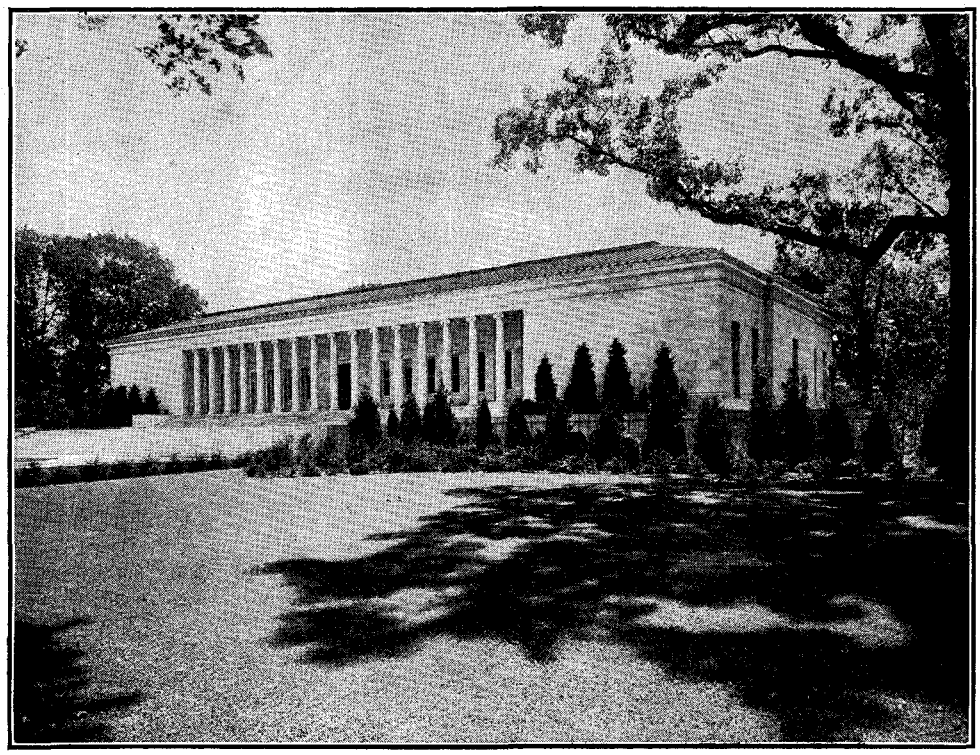
And this brings us around to the project advocated by Secretary Fisher of a Government railway from the town of Seward to the Matanuska coal-field.

Resurrection Bay, between Prince William Sound and Cook Inlet, is some twenty miles in length and is one of the finest and most beautiful harbors on the Pacific coast. The entrance is between high, rocky islands, and the bay itself is surrounded by mountains whose lower flanks are covered with thick, brownish-green forest growth. Above are great stretches of dark alder thickets. Then the tundra, the grass and the mosses, much brighter and more vivid, interspersed with broad expanses of bare rock in dull shades of red, gray, and brown. And then the keen, jagged mountain peaks stand up against the sky, many of them crowned even in summer with glistening snow or the blue glacial ice. Near the head of the bay is an immense V-shaped gap in the wall, and through this gap, in prehistoric times, some glacier or river has poured, driving before it great quantities of earth and stones which have spread out in a broad, fan-shaped moraine, nearly level, but sloping very gently toward the water. Here stands Seward; and that old moraine, with the mountains behind it and the bay in front, makes the pleasantest and most attractive town site on the Alaska coast. As a harbor the bay could hardly be surpassed in any way, and a part of its shore has been set aside as a military and naval reservation and may be used as a coaling station for the navy.

The Matanuska coal-field lies about a hundred and seventy-five miles toward the northeast, and some years ago a railway started in its direction and pushed out for a distance of about seventy miles. There it stopped, and it is believed that its owners would sell it to the Government for a reasonable sum if Uncle Sam cared to buy it and finish it. A portion of it would probably have to be relocated, for in places it does not seem to have followed the best route. The haul from the Matanuska to the sea would be longer than from the Bering River field, and there would be a slight up-grade both going and coming, even after the relocation. On the other hand, the coal of the Matanuska is not as badly crushed as that at Bering River, and the outcroppings seem to cover a larger area. Between it and the inlet, on and near the line of the proposed railway, lies some of the best agricultural country in Alaska. Gold and copper are found in the region round about, and there is more timber than there is around Bering River. And, what is perhaps still more important, a railway from Seward to the Matanuska would be a long step toward a trunk line into the valley of the Yukon, and that is one of Alaska's greatest needs.

If the Government builds a railway to the Matanuska, and if, as seems not unlikely, some private corporation builds to the Bering River field, we shall then have a Government-owned road hauling coal out of one field, and a private one hauling it out of the other. It would be very interesting to compare results on the two lines, and it would be still more so if the Government should not only own its road but operate it. The private line would have the shorter haul, and for a time this would probably be a decided advantage, but the Government road would pass through a richer country, and as that country became settled it ought to furnish a larger volume of freight and of a more diversified character. It would not only be an interesting experiment, but perhaps a very valuable one, to see which could make the better showing, and, especially, to see which could haul a ton of coal a mile at the least cost.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHAT TOLEDO DID

IT is easy enough to build a museum if a rich man will leave a town a hundred thousand dollars or a million dollars. "Easy," one says. But even then it does not always happen; for the city of Columbus, Ohio, has had sixty thousand dollars for museum purposes lying in the bank for the past ten years with practically nothing done; and the city of Cleveland has had over a million and a half for museum purposes lying in the bank for the last twenty-one years, and the Clevelanders are still talking about the plans! So money is not the only thing or the most important consideration. Mr. George W. Stevens, the Director of the Toledo Museum of Art, who cites the above facts, says that any town can have a museum if one man can be found who will devote his entire time to the project, assisted by an organization the members and officers of which will give such time as they can when help is necesary.

Toledo is an inspiring example of what can thus be done. Certainly the example should encourage other cities having similar longings to make a start. Many towns have small art societies desirous of doing something, but unable to see how they are going to get along without a large bequest or some unusual financial aid. The Toledo people started with nothing. After several months' work the Society had a hundred and thirty members, each agreeing to pay ten dollars a year dues.

A room was rented and two or three exhibitions held. Then the Society made an effort for new members, and finally brought the membership up to about four hundred. In consequence it was able to rent an old residence. Wings were added on the ground floor, in which to place the permanent collections. Soon the old building was teeming with activity. After several years the work commenced to count, especially as the Society was talking constantly in the papers and kept art matters before the people every day. The Toledo citizens finally became convinced that the Museum had come to stay, and that its work was a necessary part of the life of the municipality. As a result, plans were adopted for the edifice which has just been opened, and no less than twenty thousand people subscribed sums ranging from ten cents to ten thousand dollars. The Museum now owns property worth over half a million dollars and is entirely out of debt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CYCLOPS OF TRADE

TWO VIEWS OF BIG BUSINESS

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

What shall we do with those great industrial giants called trusts? Shall we treat them as enemies and try to destroy them? Or—shall we treat them as huge servants that can be made to obey us and do our work? Some Americans believe that big business is necessarily dangerous and that it should be disorganized. Others believe that co-operation and combination are natural and necessary phases of modern trade development. The readers of The Outlook are entitled to have both these views presented effectively, that they may be aided in their choice between them. The Outlook believes that the remedy is not disorganization, but proper control. But it wishes to put before its readers the strongest arguments for each view. The following articles, by Mr. Gladney and Dr. Abbott, present the case on the one hand from the point of view of those who believe that the remedy is disorganization, and on the other from the point of view of those who believe that the remedy for the real evils of monopoly is in giving to the government of the people power to bring industry under regulation and control. These will be followed in future issues of The Outlook by other articles taking up equally important phases treated from these two points of view.

THE MENACE OF CYCLOPS

BY FRANK Y. GLADNEY

IF, by some inexplicable caprice, nature should bring forth a prodigious human being of five hundred times the bulk and strength of an average man, he would completely upset and distort the usages and regulations of any community in which he lived and moved and had his being. He would obstruct the streets, ruin the sidewalks, and smash men and trees beneath his feet. To accord to him the fundamental guarantee of equality before the law, and the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, would stretch the Constitution to the cracking point. Freedom of action to him would necessitate flight by others, and where he pursued happiness there others would pursue something else. Conduct that would be perfectly natural, easy, and well intentioned on his part would produce havoc and yet not violate any positive law or regulation of society. If he should cough, he might shatter windows and rupture ear-drums, but surely one has a right to cough. If he should dive into a public bathing pool, bystanders might be drowned, but by what law could we call it manslaughter? Oklahoma's statutory nine-foot bed sheets would not fit him, and for any one to engage him in a friendly rivalry of strength would as surely be attended with fatal consequences as the playful excursus of a sparrow in a tornado. This is a grotesque extravagance, no doubt.

When we turn our thoughts to the world of commerce and trade, the fantastic disparity just sketched has an exact counterpart, the reality of which is verified beyond a doubt by the observation, if not the experience, of every business man. For there are many aggregations of capital energized and directed by a single control of five hundred times the proportions and the power of the average unit of capital in the same business. No one can deny that a concern of $100,000 is every day pitted in rivalry against an organization of $50,000,000, and if the issue of the contest can be made to turn upon sheer strength of capital, the annihilation of the former is as inexorable as destiny. The issue can be, and is being, made to so turn, and the small business enterprise is disappearing like insects before an approaching storm. Moreover, with our present ideas and the established rules and regulations, we seem to be as powerless to control and restrain the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dinosaurs and Cyclops of commerce and trade as we would be to contend with their physical counterparts in biology.

COMPETITION IN LOSSES—THE LONG ARM OF BIG BUSINESS

Take a business that, because of the cost of transportation, is local in character, such as the manufacture and sale of brick or ordinary foundation stone. A concern with $25,000 capital is operating successfully within a circle of one hundred miles radius. It is making and selling good brick at a price that is reasonably profitable to it and satisfactory to the builders. It is a going and successful business, whether our view-point is the proprietor or the community. Its giant rival has, we will say, $12,500,000 invested, not only in brick plants operating in ten or twenty different centers, including the one occupied by the small enterprise, but in allied enterprises as well. Now, if we grant that the existence and financial strength of the small enterprise form the only resistance to the dominance of the large organization in that locality, it is obvious that big business, by lowering prices in that locality below the cost of production, can utterly destroy its small rival. Since a reduction in price will take the business, $12,500,000 can force $25,000 to share equally in a common loss that will ruin the latter. This is competition in losses, not in profits. Profits are the life and losses the death of business. Under normal commercial practices big business makes a big aggregate profit and the small enterprise makes a relatively small aggregate profit, and both prosper in proportion. But when industrial survival is made to depend upon the power to sustain mutual losses rather than to gain proportionate profits, the disparity in capital many times is such that the loss which is only relative to the large concern is absolute to the small one. Subjected to such an ordeal, multitudes of enterprises have gone into permanent eclipse.

Competition in losses as distinguished from competition in profits is not confined to industries that inherently are localized. The principle is operative just as well where the business, because of the negligible cost of transportation, is not localized but nation wide. In any event, the point to come at is to single out the patronage of the small concern, whether that exists in a contiguous trade locality or in certain isolated customers scattered throughout the land, and to that custom exclusively dump down the price so that every sale means a loss. If the small rival could make price-cutting affect the entire volume of the trade, then the aggregate loss would be borne not equally but proportionately by big and little business. Big business, in a vein of lachrymose pessimism, would call that "ruinous" competition. When the loss affects only a portion of the trade and results in the destruction of the small concern, that is called "economic predestination," or a "result of industrial evolution," or it may be designated by any other mellifluous occultation. Where the business is not localized it is necessary for big business to procure a list of customers, and in selling to them at cut prices to avoid the appearance of making a discrimination unfavorable to the volume of its established trade. These things require some indirection and subterfuge; to get the names and addresses of the customers it may be necessary to buy the confidence of a bookkeeper, billing clerk, or expressman. If big business is already selling its own goods to these patrons, then it must make use of a dummy corporation ostensibly self-controlled and independent, but in fact a mere selling agency. Through this commercial decoy the same goods under a fabricated brand, name, and package are offered at a ruinous and losing but compelling price.

Destroying rivals by competition in losses has its limitations in practice, but these limitations are not demarked by the nature of the business involved. In order that the practice may prove effective there must be a very great disparity in the sum totals of financial power whose interests are conflicting. In other words, there must be a monopolistic dominance predicated upon a single interest or upon many interests converged by combination under a unified control. A big department store may have two thousand times the financial strength of a small shop in the adjoining block. Suppose now the big establishment should select all the articles comprising the stock of its Lilliputian rival and offer them far below cost. In the first place, all its own customers would avail themselves of the cut, and the aggregate loss would correspond to the volume of its own trade in these articles and not to that of its little competitor. But this surmountable inconvenience is not the decisive factor. The cut would call forth the resistance and retaliation of other big stores capable of meeting the competition in kind. The overmastering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideal of the organizers of big business has been initially to preclude the possibility of effective rivalry. The industrial trusts control from sixty to ninety per cent of the total volume of business in a given industry. This was what was intended, and this is what has been accomplished. No one denies or blushes to admit the fact. What is more important is that big business could not have been organized, it could not have commanded the staggering sums of capital to back it, except for the knowledge on the part of the wizards of finance that thereby a monopolistic control would be secured and that the enormous inequality in financial strength, negativing the existence of effective opposition, would render existing rivalry helpless and subsequently initiated enterprises easily obliterated. The hundreds of millions that are forthcoming to supplant existing competition by monopoly would not be available except for the well-grounded conviction that future rivalry could be precluded.

COMPETITION IN PROFITS—THE LONG ARM OF LITTLE BUSINESS

When we turn from competition in losses to competition in profits, an equally astonishing condition of affairs confronts us. Competition in losses means the death of little business, but competition in profits just as certainly implicates the death of big business. Big business will not and cannot tolerate competition in profits, but resists it with all the abounding energy that it employs to bring into play competition in losses. It has long been a custom with big business to compel the dealers to close the markets to outside enterprise. These middlemen, the dealers, keep the narrow pass through which the big and little producers must go to reach the public. The ultimate plan of big business is to create its own outlets to the public, but it has not yet got around to that detail. When competition in losses for any reason is inoperative, big business compels the dealer to put up the bars when little business approaches. This may be accomplished in any one of several different ways. Big business may refuse to supply the dealer unless he will expressly agree not to handle rival goods; or, in order to screen the compulsion, it may sell the goods in the first instance at a prohibitive price to be subsequently lowered by a rebate in case competitive goods are not handled. What is the occasion or the necessity for such practices? If it be true, as we have been told so often, that this tremendous concentration of capital has lowered the cost of production, improved the quality, and accentuated the selling potency of merchandise turned out by big business, why not demonstrate this acquired efficiency in an open field? The truth is, there is no such thing as superlative strength or excellence in commercial affairs seeking to avoid the occasion for measuring itself with inferiority. In the sale of merchandise a perceptible though slight advantage in quality or price is utterly irresistible. Every day this fact is demonstrated. Where an invention of merit is brought out, the favorite and effective method of captivating the public is to place it in tangible and ocular contrast with the old and crude devices, so that the excellence of it may be demonstrated by comparison. In the show window side by side are placed vacuum cleaners and the old corn brooms; electric fans and palm leaves; an improved washing-machine and a corrugated back-breaker. And the contrast is fatal to inferiority always. But the same method is employed when the advantage claimed is in the price. Jones says to his customer: "This collar button which I offer you at fifteen cents is sold by all the other stores in town for twenty cents." If the customer accepts the statement, the bargain is closed, and, as the Scripture saith, "When he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

When the advantage is available, whether it be one of quality or of price, there can be no occasion for precluding the rivalry of one whose goods lack the advantage. But big business does shut off such rivalry repeatedly and persistently. It closes the market by coercing the dealer. It uses its power to prevent little business from obtaining raw materials, machinery, and equipment supplies. It forces the railways to discriminate in rates and car accommodations. When all these fail, it swings the club of competition in losses and, stalking amid the ruin of little business, soliloquizes on the wonders of economic predestination.

THE EXPLANATION OF THIS ATTITUDE IS TO BE FOUND IN THE BLOW-HOLE OF BIG BUSINESS

In the attempt to illustrate a feature of our trade that is not more than forty years old and is without any parallel in history, let us suppose that our fancied monster Cyclops is among us, and that, after orienting himself,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he has decided to embark in trade and commerce. His energies are to be directed to crushing stone by means of a huge hammer. He has rivals. These ordinary mortals are breaking stone, and getting therefor twenty-five cents the cubic yard; each hammers out ten yards and earns $2.50. The total cost of maintenance to each—the overhead, fixed charges, in the nomenclature of the hour—as shown by long experience, is $2, leaving a net profit or income, dividend or interest—the name is unimportant—of fifty cents. Well, Cyclops can crush 1,000 yards a day, and at the market price his gross earnings are $250. But what is the cost of maintenance—the amount of his overhead, fixed charges? That is the great problem for him. His demand for food, raiment, and shelter is, of necessity, staggering. Adopting, for the sake of convenience, the ratio of 100 to 1, each day he consumes 300 pounds of beef and 200 quarts of beer, and all other elements in proportion. Cyclops might find that he could not sustain himself for less than $220 per day. But at that, he earns $30 each day, and that is sixty times more than any one of his rivals. Shortly there is friction. Cyclops has a way of attracting patronage that is troublesome. His price is the same as others, and the volume of his business forces accretions. The fact is that the men are losing their trade. There is only one thing for them to do; they cannot vie with Cyclops in volume, therefore they cut the price to twenty-four cents. Cyclops, with a big guffaw, answers the cut. Then they drop to twenty-three cents, and the giant reciprocates. The situation is intense. The day's distillation of the oil of gladness is decreasing in amount. The men can now profit only thirty cents a day and Cyclops but $10. The men ponder the situation in the watches of the night. The next morning they go to the pile with a swift, nervous stride. They have renounced an additional portion of the oil of gladness. Cyclops may not know it, but the clock of destiny has struck twelve, for on this fateful morning crushed stone has dropped to twenty-one and one-half cents the cubic yard. To the little fellows the oil of gladness comes now in drops. But as for Cyclops, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and for the oil of gladness he has only dust and ashes. What, then, is to become of Cyclops? His temptation would be to seize his huge crusher and annihilate his rivals. But just now, reader, we are writing fiction, not truth, so we will say that Cyclops is relegated to the scrap-heap of progress, huge and powerful but inefficient. Now let us turn to reality.

The situation of big business is precisely analogous to that of Cyclops in our fiction. Cyclops failed because his fixed, overhead charges exceeded his earnings when competition in profits forced down the price of stone. Under the circumstances with which we surrounded him, his living requirements exceeded his capacity to produce; or, stated shortly, appetite exceeded food-producing capacity. When a living organism requires for its sustenance more food than it can produce, it is overcapitalized. A parasite is overcapitalized one hundred per cent; it eats all the time, but produces no food. A honey bee is the counterpart of a parasite; it produces many times the amount of food required to sustain it. The parasite is the unattainable ideal of New Jersey and big business; the honey bee is the perfect and unrealizable ideal of unsyndicated industry. Going back now, Cyclops in our fiction was ruined by a strained hypothesis.

In dealing with big business we must put away assumption and forced hypothesis. Here we will start with facts. The facts as to the discrepancy between fixed, overhead charges and earning capacity—the excess of appetite over food-producing power—are notorious and indisputable. They have been compiled and set forth without bias towards big business. In the Census of 1900 these are the figures on overcapitalization of industrial corporations:

Number of corporations listed	183
Number of plants	2,147
Par value of stock issued	$3,085,200,868
Actual value of capital employed	$1,458,522,573

According to these figures, the actual amount of money invested is 47.3 per cent of the amount on which dividends, interest, or profits must be earned in order to enable big business to save its face. In strict arithmetical accuracy they may not represent the actual existing proportions. It makes no difference, they indicate what every one knows to be the fact, that big business has at its center a big blow-hole, whether it be 50 per cent or 25 per cent. The figures will serve our purpose in riveting attention on the blow-hole, whatever may be its actual size, and it is morally certain that they are more than conservative. For since these figures were compiled we have witnessed the widest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general prevalence as well as the most overpowering single instance of overcapitalization that the world has ever known. No thoughtful reader of the daily financial and industrial news imagines that the blow-hole is smaller to-day than it was ten years ago.

Adopting the foregoing figures as a convenient standard, then, big business must earn enough profits out of an investment of $47 to pay interest or dividends on $100. It *must* do so: the necessity is implacable. It cannot pay dividends or interest on just $47 and stop; it must earn sufficient profits on an investment of $47 to pay dividends on the entire $100. Without dividends its stock would become worthless, or all but so; it could not borrow money, and credit is just as essential to capitalistic vitality as food is to the human body. A panic or withholding of credit has precisely the same effect on capital that a famine or withholding of food has on human beings—in both cases the result is extinction or death.

Now, how is big business to earn sufficient money to pay a dividend on its $100 capital stock? It must realize it out of the profits derivable from the use of $47. But, of course, this is not possible where there is free competition in profits. Unsyndicated enterprise can, and does, prosper by investing $47 and earning a fair profit on that $47, but no more. Let us suppose big business desires to earn a profit or dividend or interest of 10 per cent. Then it must employ $47 in manufacturing and selling so as to realize $10, or 10 per cent on $100. But unsyndicated enterprise can realize 10 per cent by earning a profit of only $4.70 on its investment of $47. It could sell at the same prices as big business and realize 21 per cent. But it wants to grow, so it cuts the price. When this starts, big business sees in advance that when it reaches the dead level of no profits, independent industry still has a margin of 10 per cent on which to prosper, and that the latter can earn a profit and thrive while selling at prices which would utterly bankrupt big business.

It is not to the point to suggest that a concentration of capital and using it to produce on a large scale is an economy and lowers the cost of production. It does, but it is just as impossible to make something out of nothing on a large scale as it is on a small scale. There is no common sense and no science of industry and finance that justifies us in supposing that overcapitalization is any more vulnerable in the business of conducting a soup-house where $100 is required, than it is in the business of operating a steel plant where one hundred millions is required. In little or in large, it is an attempt to create something out of nothing. In either case, if no violence is displayed, a rival will appear and take the business at a profitable lower price. The economy incident to production on a large scale is not a piece of wisdom that was born or will perish with big business. It is an open book which others are just as familiar with as big business, and others have ample means of equipping themselves to produce the maximum quantity at the minimum cost. Economy of production is one thing; the attempt to produce something out of nothing is another. The former is the result of means, skill, and application; the latter is a shining and unmistakable mark of the charlatan, of the semi-globular shells and rubber balls of the roulette table and faro bank.

Confronted with the excruciating alternative of perishing of inherent, incurable inefficiency or of destroying by losses competition in profits, it chooses the latter. This is why it must do precisely what in our fiction Cyclops was tempted to do, namely, wield the huge bludgeon of competition in losses and use its immense power to close the market to outsiders.

Such is the power of big business, such is its method of operation, such is the necessity for its destructive autocracy. The most painful fact remains to be stated: It cannot continue; the issue is imminent and will out. Casuistry cannot evade, sophistry cannot conceal, the inertia of mass cannot withstand, it. Moreover, it cannot much longer be postponed by tendering the exasperating consolation that in the long run competition in profits will win out. It will. But that is like pouring vinegar upon niter. No one cares anything about the long run. It is the short run, from red-top boots to six feet of heaving earth marked with a white slab, that is of overpowering importance to every business man. Independent enterprise, unsyndicated industry, isolated capital, conscious of its power and worth, knowing full well that it can thrive if it had the opportunity, that it can compete and prosper if there was any freedom to compete, keenly alive to the fact that it does not carry at its center a huge air bubble, that it can gain a profit at a price below the reach of big business—knowing all this, it knows also that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day by day in the tears and sweat of frantic desperation it is being obliterated by the terrific might of capitalistic autocracy. To say that a small enterprise has a reciprocal right to compete in losses with big business is an affront to common sense. Such a right is parallel to the right of a guinea pig to trample an elephant. To say that a small dealer is free to accept or reject the coercive terms of big business is on a par with saying that the man with money in his pocket facing the black muzzle of a loaded revolver is free to surrender his money or not.

How can any sober, thoughtful man expect this condition of affairs to continue? Can any one point out a single instance of a despotism in government that has not produced a reaction in kind? How can an autocracy in commerce and industry have any different sort of culmination? The former has the outward respectability of established authority, but that does not lessen the momentum of the rebound. The latter is forbidding even in outer aspect, and has nothing with which to invite forbearance or win conciliation. Are these captains of industry, these Napoleons of finance, these field marshals of trade and commerce—are they incapable of being instructed?

"And the Philistines laid hold on him, and put out his eyes; and they brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house. . . . And the lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice to Dagon their god, and to rejoice. . . . And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made sport before them: and they set him between the pillars. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house resteth, that I may lean upon them. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport. . . . And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house rested, and leaned upon them, the one with his right hand, and the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH CYCLOPS?

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

OUR entertaining and suggestive contributor in the first of his articles on big business printed above compares our trusts to Cyclops. The comparison is apt. A corporation is, in the eye of the law, a person. A corporation as big as the Oil Trust, the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, or the Tobacco Trust is a veritable Cyclops. What shall we do with him?

Dismember him? No! Use him.

Gulliver, shipwrecked on the coast of Lilliput, and exhausted by his perilous adventures, fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he found himself bound hand and foot; and when he endeavored to release himself, a shower of over a hundred arrows pricking like so many needles admonished him that comfort if not safety lay in submission. His captors measured individually only six inches in stature; but there were thousands of them, and ten thousand Lilliputians were more than a match for one Gulliver. How, in the discussions which followed, some counseled that they should put the Great Man-Mountain to death, how the serious inconveniences of that course were pointed out and the great advantage of having such a giant as a friend and ally was emphasized, how these wiser counsels prevailed, how the Lilliputians required him to deliver up the instruments by which he might have inflicted incalculable damage upon them—his pistol and powder and balls and scimitar—and then how they made terms with him, by which he was allowed his liberty on certain conditions, among which was his pledge of rendering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needed service both in war and peace, is narrated at great length in the veracious history entitled "Gulliver's Travels," together with some account of his fulfillment of these pledges in the great service which he was enabled to render to the Lilliputians. It may be of interest to our readers to recall a few of the articles to which he subscribed, and which comprised the terms and conditions on which he was allowed to live and be at liberty:

The Man-Mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

The said Man-Mountain shall confine his walks to our principal highroads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

As he walks the said roads he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

The said Man-Mountain shall, at his time of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, toward covering the wall of the principal park and other of our royal buildings.

Lastly, that, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1,724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor.

These articles indicate some of the conditions which we might well require our Man-Mountain to observe. For example:

That he shall not engage in foreign or inter-State trade without our license and under our regulation.

That he shall not monopolize or otherwise interfere with the free and equal use by all citizens of our public highways—the railways of the country.

That in the conduct of his business he shall take the utmost care not to injure any of his Lilliputian companions, in either their persons or their property, or do anything to deprive them of their full liberty of trade.

That he shall employ his great strength in the public service in carrying on those great operations which a Man-Mountain can carry on to much better advantage than a Lilliputian.

Lastly, that the said Man-Mountain shall not have all that he can manage to extort from us, but only such reward of his labor as we shall see fit to prescribe, after taking account of his great size, his great need, and the greatness of his service.

There are certain forms of service which can best be rendered to the community by individuals acting in competition with each other, and subject to no other regulation than is necessary to secure the rights of their neighbors from molestation. Such are farming and gardening; such is nearly all trade in our villages and smaller towns, and much of the trade even in our great cities; such is the publication of books, magazines, and newspapers; and such also many of the mechanical pursuits.

There are other forms of service which can be rendered only by great combinations of organized labor and united capital. Such are the operation of our great railways; the mining of coal, iron, copper, and the like; the extracting of mineral oils from their subterranean reservoirs. The combinations needed for this service should not be prohibited; they should be encouraged, but they should be compelled to carry on their public operations for the public benefit and subject to such regulation as the public may prescribe.

When Andrew Carnegie perceives vast possibilities of a great industry in the proximity of iron and coal in the hills of Pennsylvania, and realizes in himself the executive ability to organize the industry which is necessary to make this wealth of iron and coal of value to the community, he should not be forbidden to do so lest his business get to be too big. The bigger the better, provided it is carried on for the public welfare. But he should be required to take from the Nation a license to carry on such a business, and submit to such regulations as the Nation may prescribe; he should be required to carry it on in such a way as will not only inflict no injury on the persons and property of others, but shall secure for all employed in the work such time and wages as may be needed to provide good homes and adequate education of the children for self-respecting citizenship; and he should be allowed to make as his profit, not all that he can get out of the public, but only such reasonable profit as the public, acting through its constituted authorities, consents to.

When Mr. Rockefeller sees an unorganized oil trade, and perceives the great advantage that will come both to himself and to the public from its organization by the elimination of explosive oils and providing a standard oil in their place, he should not be prohibited from effecting such an organization. But he should be required to do this work under Government regulation, a regulation which will preserve to his com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

petitors in business equal rights with himself in the highways of the Nation; which will prevent the competition in losses which our contributor justly scores; and which will give the public a controlling voice in determining what reward he shall receive for his services.

It is not big business that is dangerous; it is bad business.

These big businesses can be carried on only by big combinations. The only real question is, Shall they be carried on by group combinations voluntarily formed? or, Shall they be carried on by the people in one still bigger combination—the State, or the Nation? The real issue is not between regulation and destruction; the real issue is between regulation and State Socialism.

We ought to treat our mineral lands, our forest lands, our water powers, and our railways upon the same principle upon which we have treated our agricultural lands. It is true that we have given away our agricultural lands, but we have not given them away unconditionally. We have given one hundred and sixty acres to each individual, we have required him to be an actual settler, and we have so hedged about our gift as to prevent great landed estates and absentee landlords. But our mineral and forest lands and our water powers and railways we have allowed to pass into private hands without conditions. We could not make the same conditions that we could make in the case of farming lands, and therefore we have made none at all. We have practically said to the miner, You may have all the minerals you can find; and to the forester, You may have all the timber you can find; and to the miller, You may have all the water power sites you can find; and to the railway pioneer, If you will build a highway you may own it and get all out of it for yourself you can.

It was foolish to do that fifty years ago, but it was natural folly. In the light of half a century's experience it would be criminal folly to repeat the blunder now. We should say to the miner: The iron and copper and coal in the mountains belong to us, the people; you may take these minerals out, but you must pay us in royalties a fair price for the raw material, and you must make such provision for the men who do the work as will prevent labor wars, woman and child labor, unsanitary homes, and National deterioration and disgrace. We should say to the forester: The forests are ours. You may go into them and cut the timber, but you may not denude our hills and impoverish our land for future generations; you must cut your timber under our direction, and you must pay us, the people, a fair royalty on the timber you take. We should say to the miller: The rivers are ours, the unnavigable rivers no less than the navigable rivers; if you wish to harness these water powers, and so set the idle streams at work, do so, but you must pay us a rental for the wild creature you have tamed; and we must see that you do not use him to the damage of others who live on or near the banks of the stream. We should say to the railway pioneer: Build the highway; we will give you every facility for doing so, but when it is built it is the highway of the Nation, and must be so administered as to secure equal rights in its use as a public highway for all the people.

And we should act on the same principle in dealing with the great forces of nature. By our patent laws we have made electricity private property. It ought not to be made private property. To the inventor who discovers a method of using electricity for the public we should say: We will give you a patent; and while that patent lasts a royalty shall be paid you by any one who uses it; but we shall not pay you anything you like to charge; we shall pay you what an impartial tribunal thinks is a fair recompense for your service to the public; any one who pays that royalty may use your patent.

Finally, we should say to all big business, You shall not conduct your business so as to injure the public or do injustice to your neighbor. We should say, as we already have said by the Anti-Trust Law as it is interpreted by the United States Supreme Court, You shall not so conduct your big business as to stifle competition, or fix prices, or deteriorate quality, or limit output; and we should add, You shall so conduct your business as to save for the children their childhood, and for the women their womanhood, and for the community its home life, and for your fellow-workers that joy in their work and those hours of rest from their work which are absolutely necessary for the development of a noble citizenship.

Do not dismember Cyclops. Govern him and use him. We cannot do this? Oh, yes, we can. Ten thousand Lilliputians were more than a match for Gulliver. Ninety millions of Americans are more than a match for Cyclops.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WOMAN OF TWO PROFESSIONS

BY

HELENE BUHLERT MAGEE

IN THE SERIES ON HOME-MAKING
THE WOMAN'S PROFESSION

ONE day last winter, at a tea, I was introduced to a charming little lady, with whom I got on beautifully for a time. We discussed the advantages of bringing up children in the country, the relative merits of private and public schools, the value of courses in Home Economics for girls, and were just stepping, by a neat transition, into the domestic service situation, when my new acquaintance suddenly discovered from something I said that I was a professional woman, and at once drew the conclusion that I must be talking under false pretenses, since I could, of course, know little and care less about the problems of the mother and the home-maker. Whereupon I told her I thought she was a little hard on the professional woman, and asked her if she supposed that because a woman taught or did business in the city she had never played with a doll-house when she was little, and didn't sometimes keep on playing with a house after she grew up.

This grown-up "playing house," however, has its difficulties for the professional woman. She, like a man, is a breadwinner; she has had some of the duties and activities of a man forced upon her. Circumstances have made her dependent upon her own earnings for support. Since she has no home provided for her, she has to face a double problem—the problem meant by nature to be faced by the man and the woman together; she has to earn, to provide the home, and also to make it and keep it. Her special woman's function, home-making, must be maintained upon the remnants of time and strength and love that the profession which supports her home may leave to her after her day's work is done. A man finds in his home entire relaxation and freedom from the "cares that oppress the day;" his home problems are met by his wife, and he sees only the comfort of the results. A professional woman has no wife to keep house for her; she must do it herself, or go homeless.

So there arises this question: "Shall the woman who works outside the home stay entirely outside the home? Shall she allow her self-dependence to force her out of the special profession for which she is supremely fitted by nature—the profession of home-making? Must she give up her birthright, and must the community lose the social value of the home she ought to be making?"

The answer to this question has been made, and is being made, by the hundreds of professional and business women all over this country who are keeping house in apartments, in little homes of their own loving design, in anything they can lay their hands on to turn into a home. And these women are true home-makers, if we take "home" in its broadest sense to mean a place where we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may at once reach out to the world and withdraw from the world to rest among our own thoughts and our own things, where we may have those conditions of living that best contribute to our efficiency, where we may keep our hearts warm by mutual affection and service, and welcome friend and stranger to our own hearthstone. These women are true home-makers and real housekeepers. How do I know? In the same way Johnny knew.

"How do you happen to know so much about the Reform School?" the Sunday-school teacher inquired of that well-informed youth.

"Been there," replied Johnny, swelling with pardonable pride.

I have been there. As a plain "woman" I have kept house in a twelve-by-fourteen foot pine shack in the Montana Rockies, and in a bungalow on a New England hillside; as a "professional woman" I am keeping house now in a college town; and I find the three experiences fundamentally the same as to the problems to be met. Three meals a day are the same eternal question, whether I carry the chickens, alive and squawking, from mountain ranch to pine shack on the back of an unwilling bronco, or whether I differ politely with the provision man as to their age and weight. The breakfast question confronts us all at those seasons of the year when the industrial hen refuses to lay the breakfast egg; and the servant question wears always its own haughty and unfathomable smile, whether on the face of the Western "China boy" or of the New England cook who prefers to live "into the city." The only new element in my present experience is the double problem of which I have already spoken—how to provide the home and keep it at the same time.

In my particular college town living conditions are the same as in most college towns—high rents, high land values, high prices for food. In my particular college salaries are the same as in most colleges—extremely low. Most of the faculty are women, who live either in college dormitories or in boarding-houses in the town. Many of them have a room or two in one house and take their meals at another, or, still more bohemian, lunch and dine wherever their fancy and the modest facilities of small tea-rooms may lead them. These care-free ones shook warning fingers at our bold little group of four instructors when we had the temerity to suggest renting a cottage and keeping house together. "It will be ruinously expensive," they assured us, "and a terrible care. Think how hard it is to get maids to come out here in the winter! Think of the furnace—and no man in the family! Think of the Increased Cost of Living!"

We did think of these things—and kept straight on. We succeeded in renting for nine months a small white furnished cottage, rather dilapidated, but with a charming air of old New England gentility and grace, whose owner tactfully departed for a year in Europe just as we decided to abandon the safety of dormitory and boarding-house for the uncertain but alluring joys of a possible home.

Now for the actual experiment, with its facts and figures. We had to face and conquer the same problems that any housekeeper of moderate means has to face and conquer. With food supplies at soaring prices, we had to learn how, as Mr. Wallace Irwin says, "to make boiled codfish wear the same expression as turtle soup;" with maids all preferring to "live into the city," we had to have help or go hungry, since we were away at college for the best part of every day; in short, we were obliged to make high prices, reluctant service, and low salaries, like the lion and the lamb, lie down together.

This necessity led us to co-operation. The same sum of money that would have enabled each of us to live narrowly and in one room in boarding-house or dormitory, when multiplied by four, made an amount which made it possible for us to keep house with great comfort and some small luxuries, such as cream, and boxes of grapefruit, and unlimited wood fires. We kept exact household accounts for the entire nine months, from which I have drawn up the following budget:

Rent	$360.00
Heat	72.25
Light	24.20
Laundry	15.00
Food	375.00
Service	225.00
Repairs	50.00
Extras (express, newspapers, telephone, etc.)	30.00
	$1,151.45

Thus the expense to each member of the group was reduced to $287.86. Of course in any such co-operative housekeeping, where each member of the group lives upon her own salary, the items of clothing, amuse-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, travel, doctors' bills, saving, and so on, do not come into the budget at all.

This is enough, perhaps, to say about that first year of experiment, for it was only the trial year, which, proving itself beyond all dispute a success, led to the establishment of a permanent home, which is now so much a part of our lives that we often wonder why all, instead of some, professional women are not home-makers.

At the end of that fourth year two of us from the group of four, having gained an intoxicating sense of our own power to overcome the dragons of Help, Furnace, and Increased Cost of Living, decided to build a house of our own, but not a house for ourselves alone. We had an idea that we wanted to share our home with our friends, or even with acquaintances who might turn out to be friends. So we built a house for the express purpose of co-operative group housekeeping, hoping the while that the process would prove to be one of home-making as well.

The house was planned very definitely for its purpose. For instance, realizing that a group of professional women living together need individual privacy, instead of dividing the forty-eight by twenty-seven foot space of the first floor into one large living-room, a dining-room, and a kitchen, as an ordinary family might have done, we put in a smaller living-room for the common use of us all, and, in addition, two studies, each with a fireplace, besides the dining-room, reception hall, and kitchen. On the second floor the house contained five bedrooms and two baths. The third floor was finished off separately into a little suite of three rooms, kitchenette, and bath, destined for the use of two other members of the Faculty who also had a desire to make a little home of their own.

The house was ready by the opening of the college year, and the family of five moved in. The financial arrangements in the new house were necessarily somewhat different from those of the previous year. Since we two members of the group owned the house, we were its landlords, and the other three members paid rent to us according to the number of rooms each had for her private use. There were several possible combinations in which these rooms might be used. One person could have a study on the first floor and a bedroom on the second, or she could make one room serve both purposes; two friends might share a bedroom and a study, or two bedrooms and a study. The reception hall, living and dining rooms, kitchen, and laundry belonged, in effect, to us all as one family.

We two owners furnished all the house except the privately used rooms. It was a beautiful opportunity for one partner to pull out of dark garret corners and storehouses the old pieces of mahogany that her thirst for a home and the things of a home had, from time to time, prompted her to buy and, squirrel-like, bury until the season of need for them should dawn; and an equally welcome chance for the other partner to put into use the household gear of a former home.

The management of the new household was divided into two parts. Under the first came the following items, which we two owners met just as any landlord meets the expenses of the houses he owns and rents:

Heat.
Continuous hot water.
Janitor service.
Taxes.
Insurance.
Repairs.
Interest on investment.

The other, or housekeeping, budget included the following list, to which are appended the figures covering the expenditures for the nine months:

Food	$630
Service (cook and housemaid)	290
Light	35
Telephone	20
Gas (for cooking)	40
Laundry (flat work)	20
	$1,035

The laundry was all done by the two maids, except the flat work, which we sent out. So the expense of laundry is included in the sum which each member of the group paid into the household purse each month.

Thus far we have succeeded in keeping inside the allowance we made ourselves for the nine months' housekeeping. If, however, owing to the high prices of food, or extra luxuries on which all agree in desiring, the allowance should not be sufficient, we should, according to our mutual agreement at the beginning, simply divide the deficit equally among us, as would be done in any co-operative business enterprise.

Lest any housekeeper think our expenditure for food too low, I will explain that lunch was not counted in, as most of us were away for lunch several days in the week, and when we were at home for that meal we paid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the household purse a small additional sum.

The problem of our service needs a word of explanation. We have never yet encountered any serious trouble with our help. During the first year we had a capable young Irish working housekeeper, who cooked, served, washed, cleaned, and generally "did" for us in a highly satisfactory manner. When she suddenly decided not to return to us the second year, we personally conducted a French-Canadian mother and daughter down from our holiday in Nova Scotia, and trained them into our ways of living. Our housekeeper had to teach cooking and all the other branches of household arts pretty vigorously for a while, but teaching is her profession, and a change of subjects always brings refreshment to a teacher! We have no particular theories about the servant question, except that we believe in running the kitchen on a combination of humane and business principles. We make our maids feel that our health and comfort depend very largely upon them, and that their share in our home-making scheme is a dignified and important one. We do not demand extra work without extra pay, nor do we demand overtime from them, any more than we expect our college to demand it from us.

Our housekeeping involves a division of labor which we find most advantageous. Each of us has taken a particular task which she has kept permanently. The housekeeper does her best to provide nutritious and delicious meals out of her moderate allowance for food; to keep harmony and contentment in the kitchen; and to accomplish, without appearing to do so, the thousand things that all housekeepers do everywhere—things that begin at 7:30 A.M. with deciding what to do when the milkman doesn't bring the milk, or the cream, or both, and end at 10 P.M. with putting the cat to bed. She has to face all the trials of all housekeepers; to meet those dramatic occasions when each member of the household elects, simultaneously and all at once, to bring home a guest to dinner—and the table only seating seven at a pinch! to go into the kitchen and get dinner at a few moments' notice when she arrives home to find the cook in bed with a headache; to keep an eye out for cobwebs on the ceilings and "gray kittens" under the bureaus—and all the rest of it. Usually these housekeeping duties are a rest and a relaxation from college work; sometimes, when they pile up after a trying day, they seem the last straw, and the camel's back cracks ominously; but, taken all in all, they are a part of the day's work which, if taken away, would be sorely missed.

Another vital factor in the household is the Fire Department. This is a most able department, under whose efficient management come all the fires in the house. The manager orders wood and coal, making it her business to know what kinds are best, and at what seasons of the year they are cheapest; she runs the two heaters—one for the continuous hot water in the house and the other for the hot-water heating. This duty includes managing a janitor who, though politely indulgent to the vagaries of a "lady boss," is still most conservative, not to say "set" in his own ways. She regulates drafts, lets air out of radiators, and lays scientific piles of kindling in all the fireplaces. This member is also the family carpenter, selected by unanimous vote because, when she has occasion to pound in a nail, she uses neither her slipper nor a hair-brush, but goes straight to the tool-box for a real hammer, and does the thing with a few well-directed shots which hit the bull's-eye every time.

A third member, an architect by profession, keeps the household accounts after the most approved business methods, pays the bills, and handles all the household funds. She never makes a mistake in addition, and has a pretty accomplishment of doing sums in her head at any time upon request.

The other two members have rather lighter functions, a fact which they feel so keenly that they are always on the lookout for fresh fields of usefulness. One takes care of all the house plants; the other manages the somewhat intricate telephone bill, while they both help the other three functionaries whenever the opportunity arises.

Such has been, and still is, as one may guess from the way I have already slipped into the present tense, our method of housekeeping. I think there is no member of the group who would not say that it is also home-making. What the home means to us all as a place of rest, of enjoyment, and of varied opportunity, would be a hard thing to analyze or express. It is an escape from the strain of the dormitory and the monotonous loneliness of the boarding-house; it is a quiet corner of the world in which to do the academic work which means much to us all, and which can be done most efficiently under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happy and favorable living conditions. The enjoyment of a home needs no explanation nor description. Nobody needs to be convinced that home life is the best life. The pleasure that a group of professional women take in their home is the pleasure that any human creature takes in living among his own—his own books and sticks of furniture settled comfortably about him, his own table at which to eat, his own hearth fire at which to toast his toes and warm his heart, his own friends reflecting his contentment in their faces. In a college community this purely human love and need of a home is augmented by the unusual opportunities for entertaining. College girls, far from home and tired of dormitories, like to go into a real home for ten minutes or an hour or an evening; and a group of five college women like ourselves has many friends living at greater or less distances who can come for week-end visits. We can give our hospitable instincts full satisfaction. We have informal teas once a month, when we open the whole house and entertain easily, with no burden on any one member. We have special afternoons when we are at home to students, sometimes one of us alone, sometimes two or three together. We have many pleasant little dinner-parties of an informal nature; and our Sunday night suppers, when we ask in our friends and, invading the kitchen, make sandwiches to eat around the fire, are just as nice as that kind of Sunday night supper anywhere.

There are other things I should like to tell about; for instance, our opportunity for having all our hats made by a little French milliner who comes spring and fall and stays a week. The cost to each of us is slight, the work most satisfactory, and the week a profitable one to her, as she saves her board and makes good wages besides. We engage a seamstress in the same way. Indeed, I could tell about many other things we have done and do, but I will refrain, lest I be accused of undue enthusiasm on the subject of the professional woman as a home-maker.

APRIL

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

April's at the door.
Don't you hear her rapping?
On the rough tree boles
Tapping, tapping, tapping!
Light as thistle down
Blown o'er springing grasses;
Bright eyes from the hedge
Watch her as she passes.

April is a witch;
Every moment changing.
Now she's in the breeze;
Now a sunbeam ranging.
Here a silver rain;
There a snowdrop fragile;
Or a bluebird free,
Winging light and agile.

But the last sweet change
Leaves a slender maiden,
Looking backward now,
Flushed and blossom-laden.
Speed her on her way;
Do not seek to hold her;
April's playtime's past;
The world's a whole month older.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator had been looking for the Holland of picture and story, and had almost concluded that such a land existed only in the imagination of artist and writer. He had gone to Delft hoping there to realize his dream; he had found only expensive blue earthenware. He had gone to Dort; there the sunsets make golden lanes of the canals, which flow like lambent jewels through the low, far-horizoned meadows; but no people of the right sort play their parts in this perfect setting. The Spectator, jammed in with many Spectatoresses, experimented further by going by steamer to the island of Marken. The Marken fisher-folk look well; they look well on post-cards, but they would never do for stories; there is nothing about them suggestive of love-making, marriage, and death; the island has the air of posing for tourist-laden steamers.

Disappointed in Marken, the Spectator still pursued the phantom, going to this or that place as book or friend suggested. One Sunday he almost captured the dream. The way to Scheveningen by the old Scheveningen road is a dimly lit, pale-green space running between a tangle of mossy forest which opens suddenly on the blue North Sea. Down this sun-flecked roadway swayed Dutch women and girls looking very much as they should. Their full skirts were properly full; their caps and kerchiefs gleamed in the June sunshine. But a stroll in the back streets dissipated the illusion; all the younger generation were in hopeless leather shoes and the ordinary dress of the European poor; and the streets and houses also failed to stir the Spectator's blood. They have no little touches of beauty such as are so often found in the meanest streets of Italy, where perchance a single pot of pink geraniums glowing against the gray walls of a narrow street, or a wisp of an Old World tune, or an old woman with a jar on her erect head, riot in one's fancy like a line of lilting verse.

The Spectator was about to abandon his search for the Netherlands of his dreams when he conceived the idea of reading Baedeker through page by page. He soon came upon a map of a little city fluted on the outskirts by the blue loops of a canal. Here, on Thursdays, the Spectator read, a butter market was held. So off he started for Middelburg. The train, after crossing many marshes and meadow lands dotted with black and white cows, rumbled into Middelburg. The Spectator dismounted from the train in the shadow of a great windmill, entered a bus, and was rattled merrily to his hotel. He was soon ushered to his bedroom, a room so large that it was capable of being arranged into all the subdivisions of a Harlem flat. The washstand was a far cry to the bed, and the carved dresser a goodly distance from either. As it was late, supper was brought to the Spectator's room: Edam cheese, huge sweet strawberries, eight sorts of bread, and smoked beef cut into iridescent films. The Spectator felt happy, and happier still when he sank into a springy bed and went to sleep with far-off chimes dripping down silvery bits from "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

The next morning the Spectator, after eating twelve different kinds of bread and six varieties of cheese, ambled to the fluted outskirts of Middelburg. There, coming across the numerous bridges, were green wagons over which white canvas, stretched on circular supports, framed in family groups making, as it were, tondo pictures. In the foreground would be the father, his face wrinkled into lines of canniness and friendliness; beside him two or three small sons, garbed like their daddy in Dutch caps, gold earrings, gold neck-buttons, and black suits. Behind, but peering over the shoulders of the men folk, would be a Dutch mother in a crisp white cap and gold ornaments which dangled beside her face; over her shoulders a white kerchief, and about her neck a bright coral collar. Near her the faces of little girls showed sweet from beneath starched bonnets and gleaming ornaments. Over the group the white canvas threw a softened, more tender light.

By ten o'clock the city square, with its lacy Gothic hall as a background, was filled with country folk, who made a series of ever-varying pictures. The mothers, in voluminous skirts, swayed majestically up the streets, their flat butter-baskets over their coral-red bare arms. They were usually accompanied by wee girls, also in long swelling skirts, their sabots resounding sturdily on the pavement, their faces expressing wonder at the curtailed garments of the women from foreign lands, a few of whom had discovered this enchanted city. Sometimes there would be wizened old women from the fish market, their baskets of silvery fish beside them, their faces close together the while they imparted to each other vivid fish market gossip. Or again one might see on the outskirts of the crowd a waggish Dutchman puffing his pipe at a rakish angle, his hands in his bloomers' pocket, his hair falling in a fringe from beneath his cap. Best of all were the groups of little boys and girls; the little girls veritable little women in tightly fitting waists, long skirts, and white embroidered bonnets, the total cost of which costume, the Spectator was told, would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be eighty dollars. The little boys were miniature men in their long, squarely cut trousers, black velvet vests, and frock coats. At times all these different folk would gather into circular groups, the elders talking and gesticulating in friendly fashion, the little ones playing a sly game of hide and seek in the folds of their mothers' expansive skirts.

At noon the butter market opened, and the populace gathered to sell the week's churnings. The market is an open square, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade, and shaded by a great linden tree. Beneath the colonnade Dutch matrons exhibited their snowy baskets of creamy butter to merchants who had come from distant cities. Meanwhile family groups strolled in the open space under the linden. The Spectator can close his eyes and see even now the cool, open court, the slender columns of the colonnade, the rows of white-capped women seated along the walls behind their butter-baskets, and the grandmothers and babies in their dignified, picturesque costumes, played over by the shifting leaf shadows of the linden tree.

In the late afternoon all the green canvas-topped wagons, with their family loads, turned their high backs on Middelburg and faced toward the distant *polders*. The Spectator sat day-dreaming in a hooded willow chair in the quiet garden of his hotel. Long John, the slender tower rising above the old Abbey of St. Nicholas, where once had met the Knights of the Golden Fleece, chimed silvery things from its distant height. Puffed clouds, like golden galleons of old, voyaged serenely over the flushed evening sky. The Spectator drew a deep breath of joy. He had found the Holland he had hunted for, the Holland of picture and story; even more, he had had a glimpse of life honest and sweet to the core.

THE NEW BOOKS

Paradise Farm. By Katharine Tynan. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.20.

This might rightly be called a sweetly pretty story, yet that would only partially characterize it, as it shows through its roseate romance an appreciation of truth and reality. A runaway couple hide themselves in the rose-embowered cottage of the mistress of Paradise Farm and add their mysteries to the painful mystery of the death of the former crabbed master of the farm. A typical honeymoon is passed, and the young artist and his wife stay on, completely captivating simple, loyal-hearted Mrs. Cripps. The plot is not complicated except so far as it is necessary to bring out the different characters in the pretty drama. A pleasant, gracefully written little tale.

Cable Game (The). By Stanley Washburn. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The unthinking man takes up the morning paper at his breakfast-table and sees telegrams from special correspondents in various parts of the world. Does he realize what it means to prepare those despatches? A book has just appeared whose evident purpose is to show the intense single-mindedness of a genuinely eager newspaper correspondent and the tenacity of purpose with which he gets the news at any hazard. During the Russo-Japanese War Mr. Stanley Washburn was the special correspondent of the Chicago "Daily News" in the Far East. He lay in the trenches before Port Arthur, and in his chartered steamer passed repeatedly among the mines outside that fortress. He it was who authenticated and reported to the Hague Peace Conference data concerning the mines, thus establishing the criminality of the nation which had set afloat in neutral waters these death-dealing agents. When the war was over, Mr. Washburn's next "beat" took him to southern Russia to investigate the tumultuous events then centered at Odessa. He went thither by way of Suez. When he arrived at Constantinople, he found communication with Russia cut off. Despite the warnings of officials, diplomats, and weather prophets alike, he chartered a steamer, got together a motley crew, and set forth into the treacherous storms of the Black Sea. In the present volume one shares with him the perils of winter in a small boat, the wind-driven sleet, the ice-coated decks, the stiffened ropes. The story is very newspaperish in places, but is worth reading throughout. Certainly it holds the reader's attention from start to finish. It is a vivid, human, red-blooded recital. It is humorous too. The chief contributor to this feature is Morris, Mr. Washburn's Man Friday.

Railway Conquest of the World. By Frederick A. Talbot. (Conquest of Science Series.) The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.

Here we have the story of the building of railways the world over told with recognition of the fascination of the life and achievements of great railway engineers. The author has picked out the greatest marvels of the advance of the railway, and, needless to say, he had before him a wealth of material. The greatest tunnels, the triumph of the engineer over the Rocky Moun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tains, the invasion of the Far East, the just-finished railway-over-the-sea at the end of Florida, the plans of the Cape to Cairo railway, the longest so-called toy railway in the world—these are only specimens taken at a venture of a great variety of topics capable of picturesque and at times even of romantic treatment. The book is one that ought particularly to interest boys, although it is not ostensibly written as a boy's book. There are many scores of photographs judiciously selected, and therefore not merely good as pictures but good as showing the precise points to which attention should be drawn.

Story of French Painting (The). By Charles Henry Caffin. The Century Company, New York. $1.20.

Who would not like to have accurate knowledge about French painting? Especially in these days of impressionism and neo-impressionism, who does not wish to be instructed as to just why Manet painted that way and Monet this way, or as to just what particular methods and ideals such names as Carrière and Cézanne, Degas and Renoir, stand for? In previous publications Mr. Caffin has instructed us concerning Dutch and Spanish painting. In size and binding his volume on French painting is like the other earlier books, and the text is quite as interesting. Indeed, the text is more interesting to all who believe with Mr. Caffin that the French have been the only race since the Greeks and the Renaissance Italians to whom art is not only a natural but an inevitable expression of their attitude towards life.

Historie of Ye Town of Greenwich (Ye). By Spencer P. Mead, LL.D. The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

Greenwich, Connecticut, is one of those old New England towns which are near enough to a metropolis to have both an ancient and a modern history, and is one of those picturesque towns that make one of an inquiring turn of mind eager to know what has happened under the elms and in the old houses. The town has a fine landmark in the great stone spire of the Congregational church, designed many years ago by Eidlitz, and the church itself is a beacon visible for many miles up and down the Sound. At this time, when all historical material is gathered and arranged with the utmost care, a history of Greenwich has a certain timely quality. It has been prepared while the material still exists, and the locality is the seat of one of those springs which flow into and feed the larger stream of history. The modern thoroughness and impartiality in the writing of history which has come in with the development of the scientific study of history gives importance to such a volume. Mr. Mead was led to prepare this volume, he tells us in his Introduction, by a genealogical work which interested him, and in the research for which he had collected a considerable mass of material; and his rapid summary of the sources from which he has drawn his history shows that he has had access to many sources and suggests the thoroughness with which he has done his work. Beginning with the story of the Indian occupancy, Mr. Mead gives a rapid account of the exploration of the first settlers in the colony of Connecticut, and records the fact that the first settlement of the town of Greenwich was made on the eighteenth day of July, 1640, the land being purchased from the Indians. Indian troubles followed in the course of time, as they did in almost every other colony. There were skirmishes, which the settlers regarded as battles. The names which appear in the records of the first town meeting, in 1669—Reynolds, Lockwood, Heusted, Mead—are prominent in the community to-day. Mr. Mead has given his narrative concreteness by printing the names of the early settlers, of the men who served in the French and Indian War, in the Revolution, and in the Civil War. He gives a full list of landowners from the first Indian deed—from 1640 to 1752—and the genealogy of a number of the best-known families. All this is embodied in a very substantial volume, which will be of interest chiefly, of course, to residents of Greenwich, but which will find its way into many local libraries, and will be consulted by future historians.

Maria Theresa. By Mary Maxwell Moffat. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Maria Theresa was a peculiarly human, interesting, and attractive woman. In any situation she must have been a marked personality. But as an Empress, reigning at a time when Austria's influence was specially felt, her place in history is sure. In the present volume Mary Maxwell Moffat draws a vivid portrait. Yet at the same time she gives us much incidental information concerning the extraordinary events of the period in which Maria Theresa lived (1717–1780). These events are the more sharply outlined in their international import because of the use of the despatches and letters sent by Ambassadors at Vienna to their home governments, a use freely indulged in by the author. Of course the reader who would pass quickly from event to event—as he can more easily in Dr. Bright's admirable biography of Maria Theresa—may be impatient with the detail in this larger book. But the leisurely reader will welcome it all.

Egyptian Conception of Immortality. By George Andrew Reisner. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 85c.

That Egyptologists have on some important points not yet reached agreement appears in Professor George Andrew Reisner's account of "The Egyptian Conception of Immortality"—Harvard's Ingersoll Lecture for 1911. He traces it from the prehistoric race to the time of the Ptolemies, together with the funereal cere-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monies which in successive periods were associated with it. Its salient peculiarity, the Osiris belief, he regards as a Semitic importation from Asia, a form of the Tammuz or Adonis story, and as originally designed for the glorifying of royal personages. Dr. Budge, in his recent work on "Osiris and the Resurrection" (see The Outlook, January 20), regards it as indigenous to Egypt, and as developed in response to the hunger of the heart for a humane theology. Professor Reisner's *obiter dictum*, that the Christian and Mohammedan ideas of immortality are essentially the same, is hardly creditable to his insight.

Mary Tudor, Queen of France. By Mary Croom Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times, 1630–1676. By Hugh Stokes. The John Lee Company, New York. $4.

Wife of General Bonaparte (The). By Joseph Turquan. Translated by Violette Montague. The John Lane Company, New York. $4.

Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly. By Violette Montague. The John Jane Company, New York. $4.

Princess of Adventure (A), Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berry. By H. Noel Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75.

A number of interesting books have just been published concerning notable women connected with French history. One of them was that daughter of Henry VII who was married in her girlhood to Louis XI of France. She protested vehemently against this marriage with Louis, as well she might, and only yielded in expectation of his early death. Into this biography of Mary Tudor the author has well supplemented the previous biography by Mrs. Everett Green, using material which has been brought to light since the publication of the earlier book.

Next in historical sequence is the more sensational story told by Mr. Hugh Stokes. The biographical part of the book is hardly as interesting as Mr. Stokes's account of the political conditions which characterized the early years of the reign of Louis XIV.

Coming to more modern times, we have a translation of M. Turquan's biography of Josephine—presenting a view startlingly different from that ordinarily taken. We have not been accustomed to think of Josephine as an indifferent and selfish lover, and we rather rebel at the change in our conceptions when the author presents his case in a gossipy, not to say trivial, manner.

Even less satisfactory is Violette Montague's "Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly." This book has some slight historical merit, but in the main seems like a repetition of old scandals.

More to one's sense of the fitness of things is Mr. Williams's book. The Princess was that unfortunate Duchesse de Berry, the heroine of Dumas's "Les Louves de Machecoul." After much comparatively dry information concerning the Neapolitan and Hapsburg progenitors of the Duchess, we have more interesting pages in the description of life in France under Louis XVIII and Charles X. Then follows a sifting of the scandal which clouded the Duchess's life. The author attempts to prove—and with plausibility—that she was married to her Italian lover long before her imprisonment. Our only regret is that the biographer does not adequately recount the history of the Duchess's last years. Certainly her life covered a period worth examining in detail—from her marriage to the Duc de Berry, and through the confusion and dissensions prevailing not only in France but in the royal family itself, to her exile, when, single-handed, she began the conspiracy for the rising in the Vendée which was to culminate in her capture at Nantes, just as Dumas describes.

Truth of Religion (The). By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by W. Tudor Jones, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

This massive volume of over six hundred pages is the last and greatest work of Rudolf Eucken, the veteran philosopher of Jena, who received the Nobel Prize in 1908. Closely reasoned and elaborately discursive, it amply rewards careful reading for its tax on time and thought. Eucken's general aim is to exhibit the solid nucleus of religion, together with its rights. The fundamental contention from first to last is that religion is secure and effective only when it is based not on a part of life—intellect, or feeling, or will—but on life as a whole, life not of the individual only, but also of society. Religion so based is essentially the evolution of a new, a spiritual life. This, in conscious unity with a cosmic spiritual life that is both above and in this world, develops with transforming power, creating a new world in art and science, morality and right. In the achievements of an advancing life of genuine morality are found the decisive proof of genuine religion. Religion cannot explain the evil of the world, but, better than that, can overcome it. Eucken begins with a view of the universal crisis in religion, and the problem it presents. To meet this he next sets forth the fundamental basis of universal religion, and exhibits the futility of the opposition it encounters. To overcome this is the effort of "characteristic religion," *i.e.*, the various historical and positive religions. In a comparative estimate of these, according to their efficiency for moral development in life and act, Eucken goes on to show the supreme substantial worth of Christianity. But this having been obscured under its existing forms, he proceeds, in conclusion, to show the need of detaching it in its eternal simplicity from its present temporary accretions, and presenting its substance in intelligible form. We seem to him on the verge of this, and the ensuing recognition of spiritual life as the foundation of all genuine culture. The cardinal points of this great work are these two: the fundamental reality is the Absolute Spiritual Life, named God; the union of the human and the divine constitutes the nucleus of all genuine religion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

Eleven of the principal railways of Illinois discontinued on the first of the present month the sale of liquors on all of their trains in that State. A State law, concerning the application of which there was some doubt, led the roads voluntarily to adopt this regulation.

Now that the public is becoming accustomed to truth-telling in regard to the labels on food and drugs, perhaps some day greater accuracy in describing the wood of which furniture is made will be in order. The "Scientific American" says that fifty different woods are sold under the name mahogany, twenty-five under that of cedar, and more than a dozen each under the names rosewood, satinwood, and boxwood.

The Eskimo is said to be the best inventor among uncivilized races. He made the original oil heater, a water-tight boat, an ice arch used for building purposes, water-proof clothing, and perfect types of fish spears and harpoons. For originality, however, it is doubtful if he has equaled the Polynesian in the invention of the catamaran or the Australian in that of the boomerang.

The big guns used by the navy are destructive not alone to a possible enemy, but to the man behind the gun, so far as his hearing is concerned. To protect the gunner's ears an ingenious device is used which allows ordinary vibrations, as in speech, to pass, but impedes the large sound waves which result from the firing of heavy projectiles.

The melancholy story of Eugene Aram is brought to mind by the sale recently in England of relics of the unfortunate schoolmaster, consisting of an extra-illustrated copy of his "Memoirs," with autograph letters, and with letters from Lord Lytton, Captain Marryat, Thomas Hood, and others, and a portion of a skull said to be that of Aram's victim. The relics were appropriately purchased by a King's coroner!

After the mechanical piano-player comes the automatic violin-player. This is a German invention, and it is said that it will reproduce almost any effect that can be attained by the most accomplished virtuoso. Three violins are used, each with a single string, and these are played upon by a revolving circular bow composed of three thousand horsehairs, the violins remaining stationary.

English and American readers can shake "hands across the sea" in merriment over the blunders of their respective newspapers in describing the other country's affairs. The geographical mistakes of English papers are fairly matched by the genealogical blunders of American journals. One of the latter mistakes (The Outlook unwittingly reprinted it) referred to Queen Mary's son as her "brother." Let us add that this is not the first time that a youthful-looking mother has been mistaken for her son's sister.

The pressure of rising real estate values in New York City is continually forcing changes in buildings and business. The building at Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street, once famous as Delmonico's restaurant, is a case in point. Occupied by Delmonico for twenty years, then for ten years known as the Café Martin, the building's site has become too valuable for use by a restaurant, and a twenty-story office building is to be erected. The Fifth Avenue Hotel, near by, succumbed to the same forces several years ago.

An electric machine for cutting umbrella covers is in operation in a Brooklyn factory. It cuts 350 thicknesses of cloth, slicing them "much as a big round cheese would be cut," on a table to which the cloth is clamped. Every time the knife makes a round trip it cuts out 350 umbrella gores, or enough for fifty complete umbrellas. By hand-cutting, only sixteen gores are cut at a time.

Alabama is to have a "Good Roads Day" on which the public roads in every county in the State are simultaneously to be put in good condition. Good roads require for their maintenance more than one day's work in a year, but even one day devoted to them is a step in the right direction when it means one day more than formerly.

An artificial light by which, it is claimed, colors can be matched as well as by daylight has been put on the market. This is an arc light with an arrangement of screens for cutting out the excess of red, orange, and violet rays. The many manufacturers who require a clear north sky for color-matching, and find their sky cut off by an adjacent sky-scraper, may find this invention useful.

The lavish expenditures of the French Panama Canal Company are indicated by the fact that the scrap iron and other useless material left by the Company at Panama have been sold by the United States Government for over two million dollars.

The famous French sculptor Rodin has been accused of "inventing" new methods in his work. As to this he says: "I invent nothing; I rediscover. I do not imitate the Greeks; I try to put myself in the spiritual state of men who have left us the antique statues. The 'École' copies their works; the thing is to recover their methods."

A writer in the "Edinburgh Review" says that some sailors assert that Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power" has done England more harm than any other book ever published, because it opened the eyes of other nations to the value of command of the sea. The "Review" writer wonders what book, in its turn, will open England's eyes to the vital importance of command of the air, which is being rapidly acquired by Continental powers.

Among centenary anniversaries to be celebrated this year is that of the admission of Louisiana to the Union as a State, which event occurred April 8, 1812. One of the conditions of admission was that navigation on the Mississippi River to its mouth should be forever free to all citizens of the United States. It was in the same year that the first steamboat appeared on the Mississippi, forerunner of the splendid fleet of the river's golden prime, from 1830 till the Civil War.

The United States Treasury employs two intelligent women clerks as "waste-basket searchers." Recently one of them found a package containing $10,000 in bills which had accidentally been tossed into a receptacle for waste. One wonders whether the elation of the discoverer of this package fairly balanced the chagrin of the clerk who had discarded it, when the latter was confronted with the "find."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suggestion and Psychotherapy

By GEORGE W. JACOBY, M. D.

The noted New York neurologist here popularizes for the intelligent layman a subject of tremendous social and scientific importance about which every one is talking, very little known. He asserts "the influence of the mind in the causation and cure of disease;" but his conclusions with regard to this influence are based purely on scientific facts, analyzed and argued with impartiality.—*With illustrations. $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.65.*

Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint

By RAY MADDING McCONNELL, Ph. D.

Late Instructor in Social Ethics, Harvard University

A thorough and penetrating study of the question of crime in all its legal and social aspects—a subject which has lately taken on a popular interest approximating its great importance to society, especially in this country.—*$1.75 net. Postpaid $1.88.*

Moods, Songs and Doggerels

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

This first collection of Mr. Galworthy's verse fulfills, in beauty of form, music of language, and imaginative vision, the poetical promise of some earlier writings, notably "The Little Dream."

$1.00 net. Postpaid $1.10

A Retrospect of Forty Years

By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

A collection of reminiscences of famous men and important events by the distinguished lawyer and writer.

Edited by His Daughter, Harriet Allen Butler

"One of an interesting coterie in the life of his times—social, political, and literary—Mr. Butler writes from an outlook that makes his pages continuously entertaining."—*Boston Transcript. With portrait. $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.85.*

Recollections Grave and Gay

By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON

"This autobiography is to others what 'Trilby' is to other novels—delightful to read at top speed, and completely disarming to the critic."—*$2.50 net. Postpaid $2.70.*

Lord Broughton's Recollections of a Long Life

"We cannot do anything like justice to books which contain a pen picture on practically every page. One of the richest of gold mines."—*Pall Mall Gazette. 6 volumes. $18.00 net.*

By George Barton Cutten, Ph. D.

Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing *$1.50 net*

"Dr. Cutten has done an important service to medicine, to religion, to psychology, and to practical life by gathering together for us here in America, where surely no nation needed it so much, the scattered details of the history of mental healing."
—*The Nation.*

The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity *$2.50 net*

"A really valuable contribution to the psychology of religion."
—*The Independent.*

Elements of Physiological Psychology

A Treatise of the Activities and Nature of the Mind from the Physical and Experimental Points of View. By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D., Emerson Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale University, and Robert Sessions Woodworth, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology in Columbia University. *$4.00 net*

"The work undoubtedly fills a gap which has been of late quite noticeable in the English literature of the subject."—*Professor R. M. Ogden, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.*

PLAYS

By John Galsworthy

The Pigeon

A Fantasy in Three Acts.

60 cents net; postpaid 70 cents

This play, so gently ironical and genially sympathetic, is a striking instance of the writer's versatility. The characters are various types of reformers, sketched with delightful irony, and several picturesque vagabonds, of whom the most picturesque is the romantic Ferrand, and the most interesting, the pretty and pathetic Guinevere Megan.

The Little Dream

An Allegory in Six Scenes.

50 cents net; postpaid 53 cents

"Can there be found anything more poetic in thought, more exquisite in expression? Truly, in these few pages, Mr. Galsworthy has outdone himself."
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Justice

The Play that Changed the English Prison System. *60 cents net.*

"Endowed with an appalling and inescapable significance."—*Life.*

HISTORY

The Great Duke. By W. H. Fitchett. 2 vols. With maps and portrait. *$3.00 net.*

The Spanish-American War. By Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick. With maps. 2 vols. *$7.00 net.*

Memories of Two Wars. By Brigadier-General Frederick Funston. Illustrated. 8vo. *$3.00 net; postpaid $3.30.*

Life in the Legion. By Frederic Martyn. *$2.00 net.*

The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States. By General Francis Vinton Greene. With maps. *$2.50 net; postpaid $2.75.*

Charles Scribner's Sons **Fifth Ave., New York**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER SCHOOL for SALE near NEW YORK
Receipts $2,000 per summer. Will sell to a man of social and educational qualifications for $600 cash. Address 5,715, Outlook.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency 70 Fifth Ave. New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools.
Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CALIFORNIA

California Hospital Los Angeles **School for Nurses**
Three years. Ideal private hospital. 150 beds. Maternity, medical, surgical, eye and ear departments. Surrounded by tropical gardens. Superior training. Illustrated booklet free. Write.

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium, dancing, sports.

CONNECTICUT

INGLESIDE—A School for Girls
Founded by Mrs. Wm. D. Black.
New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.
School year opens Tuesday, October 1st, 1912.
MRS. WILLIAM BLACK PELL, Patroness.

ILLINOIS

"Home-Making, the New Profession"
Is a 100-page ill. hand-book; it's FREE. Cookery, diet, health, children; home-study *Domestic Science* courses. For home-making and well-paid positions.
American School of Home Economics, 521 West 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

IOWA

HOME STUDY
College and university courses leading to degrees.
IOWA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Esenwein

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.
250-page catalogue free. Write to-day.
The Home Correspondence School
68 Besse Place, Springfield, Mass.

NEW YORK CITY

The Metropolitan Hospital Training School For Nurses
BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY
offers a three years' course. Applicants must be between 20 and 35 years of age, and have had one year in high school or its equivalent. An allowance is made as follows: $10.00 per month the first year, $12.00 the second, and $15.00 the third. Classes are formed every two months. AGNES S. WARD, R.N., Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
20 min. from Philadelphia. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. Social and family life distinguishing feature. Miss Sylvia J. Eastman, Miss A. A. Sutherland, Principals. Ogontz School P. O., Box J, Pa.

EUROPE

Institute Athenaeum-Munich
26 Herzog Rudolfstrasse 26
First class boarding school for boys. Day scholars. Individual training. Outdoor sports. Bracing climate. Entrance any time.

Exceptional Opportunity

We have just completed our new pipe organ. It has over twenty combinations and more than eight hundred pipes. It is designed especially for teaching and practice purposes. Professor Archibald T. Davison of Harvard is our teacher on the organ. Exceptional opportunities are offered to any young woman who desires to specialize on the organ, and she may begin her work IMMEDIATELY. We shall be happy to have you write us at once or, better, come and see us in regard to terms and conditions.
Mount Ida School GEORGE F. JEWETT, Newton, Mass.

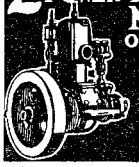
BIG BARGAINS IN BOOKS *DROP A POSTAL*

Send now for our Clearance Catalogue No. 32 containing Lists of the very NEWEST publications. Thousands of brand new books of Publishers' Remainders at prices cut in halves and quarters, including Literature, Science, History, Travel, Biography and Fiction.
THE TABARD INN BOOK COMPANY
125 South 13th St. - - Philadelphia

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men, may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free book deals with
—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock-bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods
Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation; yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet". Send to
SYSTEM, Dept. 42-4 Wabash and Madison, Chicago

360,000 HALLOWED HYMNS NEW & OLD
ALREADY SOLD TO THOUSANDS OF CHURCHES
ROUND OR SHAPED NOTES
256 PAGES 100 NEW SONGS SCRIPTURE READINGS
$25. per 100, not prepaid. 35c per copy by mail
Returnable samples mailed to "earnest inquirers"
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York or Chicago

2 HORSE POWER **AMERICAN MARINE MOTORS $38** COMPLETE
OTHER SIZES 2 TO 20 HORSEPOWER PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.
AGENTS WANTED.
Send for complete marine engine book FREE.
AMERICAN ENGINE CO., 410 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package
CRESCO FLOUR DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS And Mild Cases of KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES AND OBESITY
Makes delicious foods for everybody.
Unlike other goods. Ask your physician.
Leading grocers. For book or sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.A.

Bronze Memorial Tablets
JNO. WILLIAMS, INC., Bronze Foundry, 544 West 27th Street, New York. Write for illustrated booklet. Free.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Greatest Gift to Growing Minds

Answers Every Question a Child Can Ask

What is electricity?
How does a camera take a picture?
Why is iron colder than wood?
What makes coal burn?
Why has a star five points?
Why do we dream?
What makes the heart beat?
Is there gold in the sea?
Why does a match strike?
Where did the water in the oceans come from?

Under the Spell

15 Great Departments of Knowledge

The United States and All Other Countries
Natural History
Plant Life
Stories and Legends
Men and Women
Our Own Life
Book of Wonder
Famous Books
The Earth
Poetry and Rhymes
School Lessons
Golden Deeds
Familiar Things
Things to Make and Do

The Book of Knowledge

The Children's Encyclopaedia

Simplicity the Secret

It is a great achievement to arrange the important and essential knowledge of the world in such a comprehensive scheme, and tell it in such simple language that the mind of a child might not only grasp it, but enjoy it and remember it. It is this *simplicity of style and statement, coupled with sound learning*, which is the secret of the success and usefulness of THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, not only to children, but also to adults, especially those who have not been able to complete their training in the schools and colleges.

President John H. Finley of the College of the City of New York, in his introduction, says: "Suppose a boy of ten were to spend fifteen minutes a day in reading these pages, . . . he would at thirteen know more about the earth and the life on it than the wisest men knew a few generations ago."

The Most Profitable Investment

We expend time and care in selecting the proper food for the growing body, because we realize that it is a profitable investment, but it is equally important and imperative that the growing mind should have the food which will stimulate its rapid and healthy development, and *it is the most profitable investment.* Let the children, especially between the ages of five and eighteen, read THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, and study the wonderful educational pictures, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. It means a saving of time and money, *better work in the school and happier children in the home.*

10,000 Wonderful Pictures! 350 Colored Plates

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE will never be surpassed in the value of its educational pictures; pictures of the starry universe, The Sun and His Family of Worlds; pictures of animals, foreign and familiar; pictures of flowers, trees and shrubs; charts and diagrams of our own marvellous bodies; portraits of famous men and women, artists, authors, statesmen and scientists; pictures of our own country and a hundred other countries, showing the cities, the people and their customs; reproductions of beautiful paintings and sculpture; the picture-story of important industries; the whole beautiful, wonderful world is before us in nearly 10,000 pictures, which *tell a story or illustrate a fact in a way that can never be forgotten.*

The Press, the Pulpit, the People Endorse it

Let the Children Decide

They will be delighted with the beautiful illustrated booklet mailed free, giving the contents of the 15 *Departments of Knowledge*—The valuable pamphlet, "THE MIND OF A CHILD," also presented.

Mail Coupon for TWO FREE BOOKLETS

The Grolier Society, 2 West 45th Street, New York

FREE COUPON

THE GROLIER SOCIETY, 2 West 45th Street, New York:
Please mail me descriptive booklet of THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, and pamphlet "THE MIND OF A CHILD."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Outlook 3-30

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Open Court Publishing Company

NEWLY PUBLISHED

WAVES OF THE SEA, and Other Water Waves

By VAUGHAN CORNISH

A fascinating book, not only for the person who desires to obtain an introductory study to physiography and wave phenomena in relation to it, but for the general reader who is an admirer of water in action—the gushing of cataracts, whirls and eddies, and every type of water structure are explained in the author's refreshing style. The book is profusely illustrated with remarkable photographs showing to a fine degree the weirdness and fascination of many of the peculiar wave formations. If you are interested in any way in the study of physical phenomena, such as earthquakes, atmospheric disturbances, or sand and earth formations, you will find a scientific treatment of all wave action with its relation to this phenomena, given in this book.

Lovers of water and its peculiar and fascinating action under certain circumstances, will find in Mr. Cornish's volume a wealth of interesting material of such a nature as to justify them in being particularly proud to have it in their libraries.

Illustrated, Cloth, $2.50 net

EGYPT

The Lure of this Land of Mystery Has Never Been Portrayed so Impressively as in this New Book Entitled

EGYPTIAN AESTHETICS By RENE FRANCIS

It offers an attractive introduction to the study of Egyptian History and Art. Its crisp descriptions of the Egypt of to-day make interesting reading for the traveler and general reader alike. The author has employed a truly narrative style which carries the reader along in delightful fashion, as if taking a walk through an enchanted country accompanied by the keeper of the treasure house. The lure of this land of mystery—its hatefulness as well as its charm, is thoroughly known to the author of this book. **Cloth, $2.00 net**

ON THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS By EUGENIO RIGNANO

Translated by Basil C. H. Harvey, U. of C.

The Outlook says—"The questions this volume discusses are of the gravest consequence, not only to scientists but ultimately to us all, and upon the answers to them will depend to a very large degree the future of the race. It is a contribution to the attempt to understand the nature of living matter." **Cloth, $3.00 net**

One of the Many Curious Designs

Illustrated in the Following Book

ASPECTS OF DEATH IN ART

By F. PARKES WEBER

A curious and interesting treatise of the mental attitude towards the idea of death as illustrated in works of art, especially medals, engraved gems, jewels, finger rings, etc.

This book makes its appeal to the collector of rare coins, to those interested in old and peculiar specimens of jewelry, and to all those who appreciate curious and peculiar forms of art. **$1.50 net**

All bookdealers, or sent direct on receipt of price.

Our catalogue, containing complete list of publications, will be sent you on request

NOTE: Our advertisement in last week's Outlook dealt with the interesting features of The Open Court Magazine for March. The Open Court Magazine publishes during the year the best articles on subjects of art, religion and science, which can be procured. Rare manuscripts are frequently published in the magazine, and translations of the best foreign authors are made for publication, with a view of giving distinct contributions to many subjects. **Price, $1.00 a year**

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

If you have not yet bought a copy of

Religion and Life

(By Rev. J. K. Smyth)

it shows that you do not realize what an unusual book of condensed sermons it is.

$1.25 at Bookstores

"A Book About Guaranteed Mortgages" Sent Free

GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGES

Our First Mortgage Trust Bonds

are secured by first mortgages on New York and Suburban Real Estate, deposited with the Windsor Trust Company for the further protection of bondholders. Exceptionally desirable for investors of moderate means who can enjoy all the advantages of safety and income. Purchase payments of $10 to $100 and upwards at your convenience secures at once the ownership and income of these bonds. Cashable upon short notice—interest payable semi-annually.

Yielding 5 to 5½% NET

WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR BOOK

One of our several plans may prove exactly what you are looking for.

Under Supervision of New York Banking Dept.

NEW YORK MORTGAGE CO.

Dept. B, 1475 Broadway, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED